Commentary

Volume Fifty-One, Number Four, April 1971

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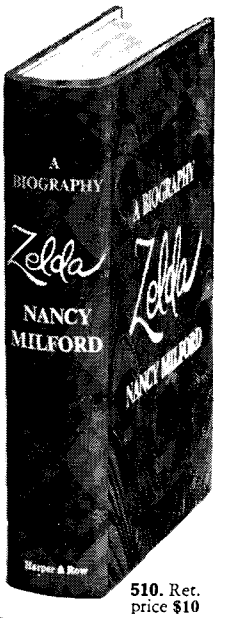

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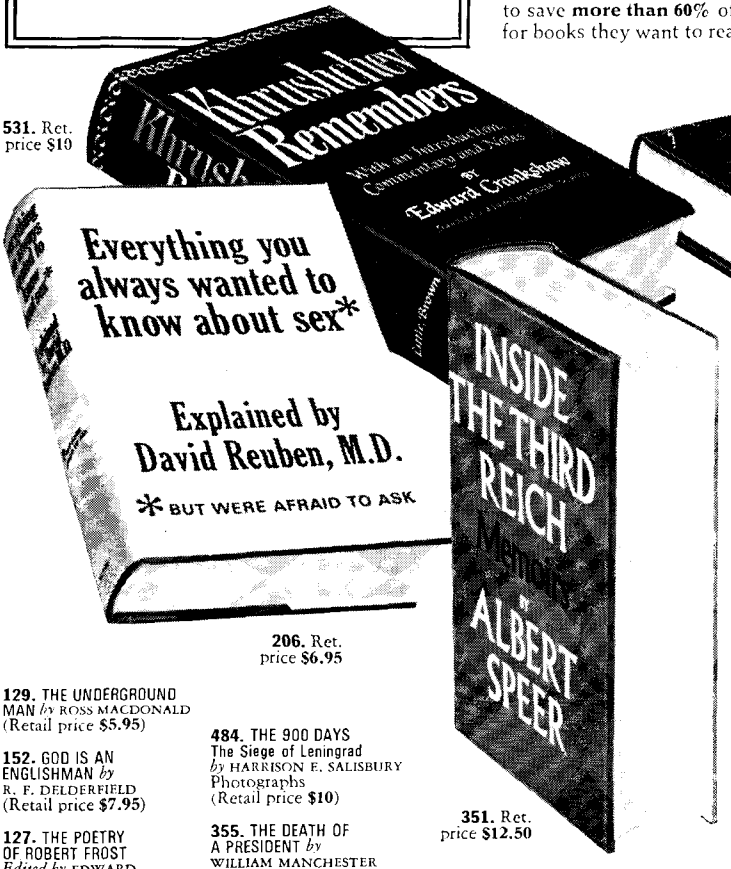
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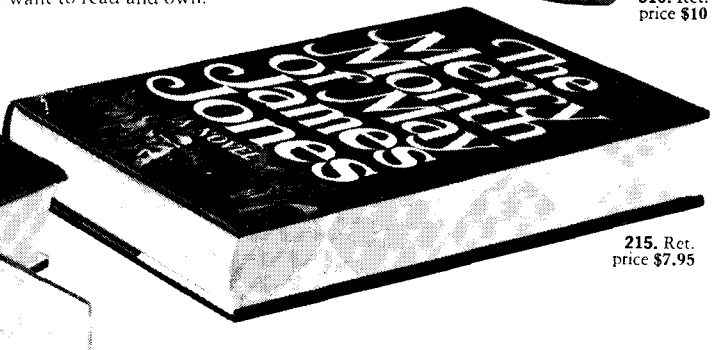

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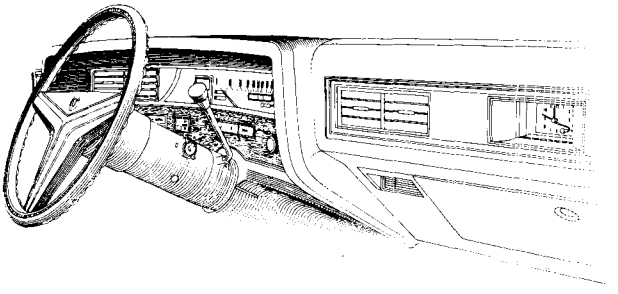

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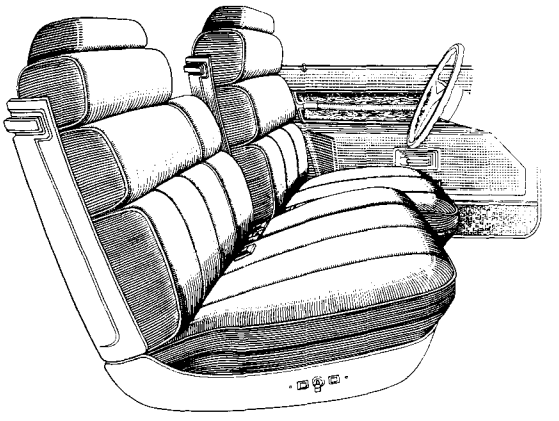

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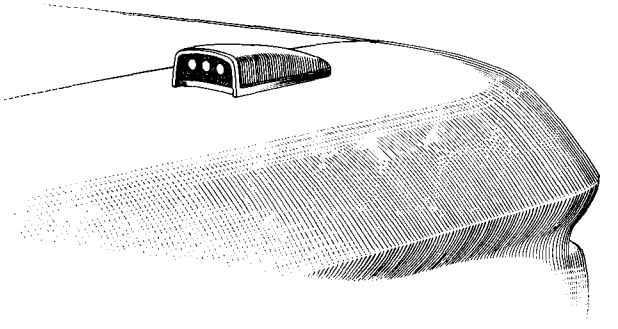

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Commentary

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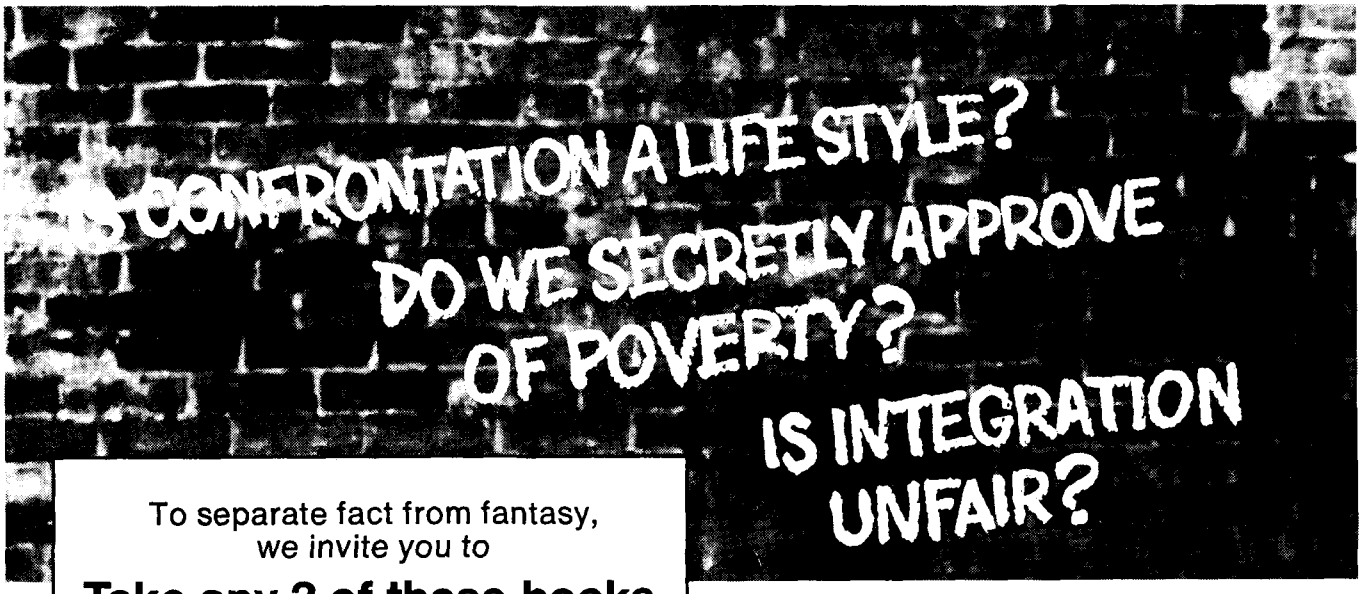

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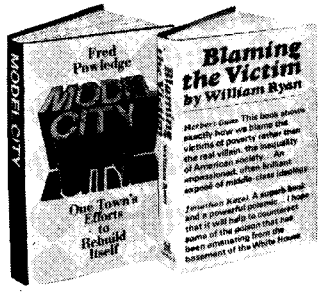

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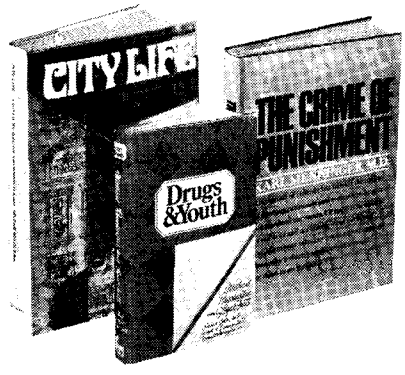

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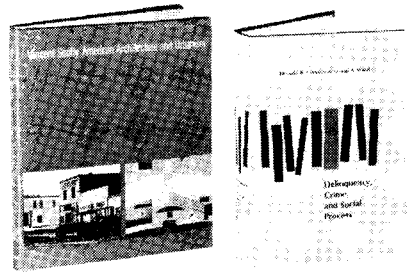

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Speak of the Devil

Norman Podhoretz

IN THE playful spirit of Milton Himmelfarb's piece on the movement to limit population growth (p. 37), let us imagine for a moment that the Devil really exists. Only a few years ago it would probably have been harder for most of us to perform such an act of outlandish imagination than it is today. To all but a very few—the name of Norman Mailer comes to mind as a lone exception in the American literary world—the idea of the Devil was for a time even deader than the idea of God. Not everyone, to be sure, agreed that God was dead, and it was still possible in certain circles to profess a belief in Him without calling one's sanity into question. But I doubt that a similar tolerance would have been extended to anyone who professed to believe in the reality of the Devil.

Today all that has changed. The idea of the Devil is everywhere. *Rosemary's Baby* fascinates millions, and they do not, apparently, find it an implausible story. The Rolling Stones and Jean-Luc Godard sing, again to many millions, of their "Sympathy for the Devil." Cults and churches explicitly worshiping the Devil are suddenly discovered to be springing up—enough of them to provide material for a growing descriptive literature. Charles Manson appears among us.

Well, then, let us imagine that the Devil exists, and that he is even now "going to and fro on the earth and . . . walking up and down on it." If he exists, he is by definition the principle of evil personified. The principle of evil, again by definition, is the opposite of the principle of good which is, of course, personified in the figure of God. It follows inexorably that what the Devil wants of us must be the opposite of what God commands us to do. On that point, the Bible—surely our most authoritative source on the nature of God, if He exists—is simple and entirely straightforward. God wants us to live. "Life and death" has He set before us, and He exhorts us to "choose life." The Devil, then, must want us to choose death; and so, by all the accounts we have of him, he does, however rarely he may risk putting it in those unwily terms. Another word for the choice of death over life is suicide. Suicide is thus the supreme act of obeisance to the Devil. If the Devil exists, he exists for the purpose of tempting or seducing us—God's creatures—into the taking of our own lives. All at once if possible, gradually if necessary. He will settle for gradually.

God, according to the Bible, commands us to be fruitful and to multiply. This too is entailed in the choice of life over death. Being imperfect, which is to say mortal, we cannot choose to live forever. But we can choose the longest possible life—all the life there is for mortal man to live—if we accept our rightful place in the chain of the generations. If we honor our fathers and our mothers, our days (so it is specifically written in the Ten Commandments themselves) will be lengthened upon the earth. And if we are fruitful and we multiply, our days will be further lengthened through our issue on the earth. To choose life is therefore also to choose the breeding of life. Thus, according to the Bible, saith the Lord.

The Devil, if he exists, does not command us to be fruitful and to multiply. If he exists, he exists for the purpose of tempting or seducing as many of God's creatures as he can into a refusal to choose the breeding of life. He is nothing, we know, if not cunning. The Bible suggests that he lures us into suicide through playing on our fantasies of eternal life which spring in turn from our fear of death. *Lo mot t'mutun*, says the serpent to Eve in a statement so emphatic that, if accurately translated, it would have to read: "You shall not surely die dead."

Here, incidentally, we have a strong clue as to why the opiates are such wonderful instruments of the Devil. To subject oneself to the influence of heroin is to run from the fear of death into a persuasive fantasy of immortality. But the laws of the human organism are such that the user requires a larger and larger dosage to produce the same sensation until, finally, he must choose between death in the form of an overdose and life in the form of a return to the unillusioned consciousness of his own mortality. In this fashion are the innocent, who are innocent in every sense except in the sense of being free of the responsibility to choose, seduced step by step into the taking of their own lives.

With just such cunning manipulation of the laws of the human organism does the Devil lure us away from fertility and into the service of sterility. As he seduces into suicide not with the praise of death but with the dream of an escape from death, so he seduces into sterility not with denunciations of the generative act but with the promise of sexual riches and sexual delights free of all troublesome consequentiality: onanism and sodomy, copulation without end and without issue. Above all, without issue; without issue above all.

Would he not, if he existed, be pleased with the size and condition of his American flock? Could even he with all his cunning have ever dreamed that so many would come to preach sterility and even to sterilize their very own selves in the name of a greater piety toward nature, a greater sense of responsibility to the future, and a greater reverence for life?

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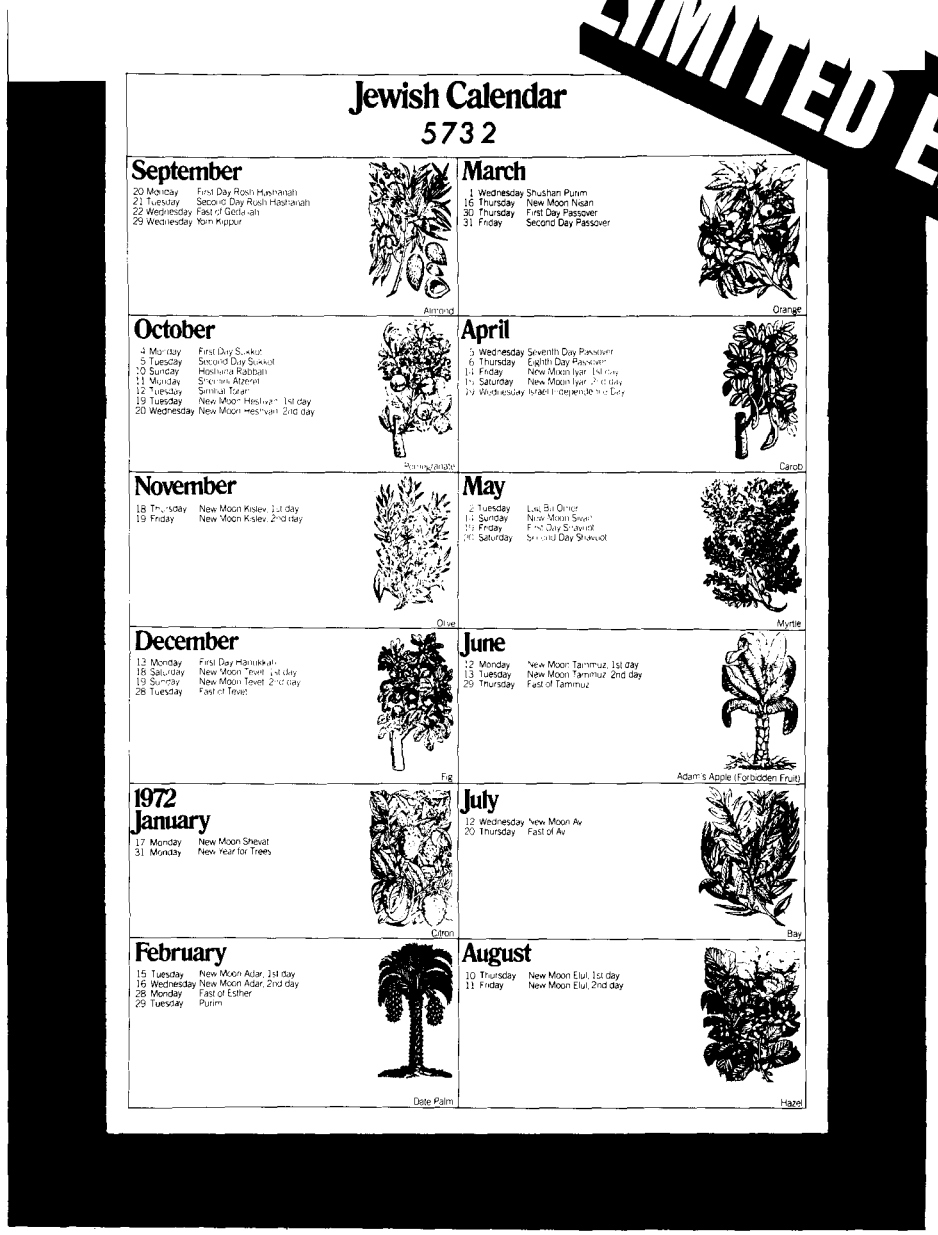

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(an informative advertisement)

Today's buyer is entitled to an honest discussion of Imported vs. American cars.

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We listen.

We know people are confused by the sudden wave of foreign and domestic small cars on the market these days.

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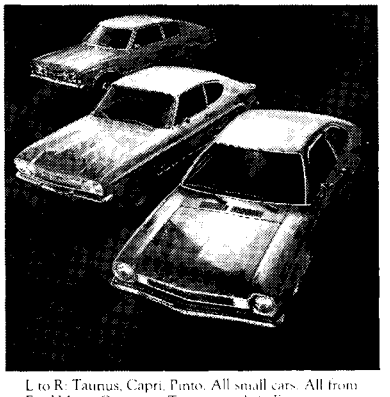

L to R: Taunus, Capri, Pinto. All small cars. All from Ford Motor Company. Two are made in Europe.

As a matter of fact, we currently produce a long list of compact and sub-compact automobiles. Three of them—Pinto, Maverick and Mercury Comet—we assemble here. The others—cars like Cortina, Escort, Taunus and Capri—we build abroad. Capri we import. It's made such a tremendous hit in Europe as a sports/personal car, we decided to sell it over here through Lincoln-Mercury dealers.

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Here are the facts.

Right now, foreign cars account for more than 13 per cent of all cars sold in this country. Their popularity is well-earned.

Generally speaking, they're inexpensive to buy, cheap to run and simple to maintain.

Moreover, they have a hand-built-in-the-Black-Forest-by-elves kind of mystique to them which, legend or not, is an envious credential for any product to have. But more on that later.

Typical European highway.

Good as the imports are, they aren't without a few shortcomings. First of all, most imports are not specifically designed for American roads, which are significantly different from those abroad. (Note the illustrations).

Typical Japanese highway.

Because of that, many tend to be ill at ease on our long superhighways. They tend to be slightly underpowered. They tend to be skittish in crosswinds. And

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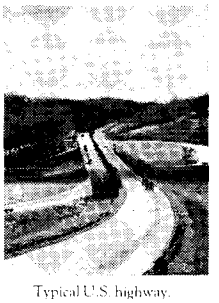
anybody who's been in one on an expressway, on a gusty day, knows what a white-knuckled experience *that* is.

Furthermore, most imports tend to be a bit cramped inside for large American physiques. The average American is approximately 4.3 inches taller and 31 pounds heavier than the average Japanese.

On the other hand, domestic small cars like Pinto and Maverick were designed and engineered from the outset to be driven by American-size people on American-type roads. And in the case of Pinto, the objective is achieved with the traditionally good gas mileage you'd expect from an import. Last summer, for example, we ran a Pinto and a leading import through the same simulated city-suburban gas mileage tests. Despite Pinto's 15 extra horsepower, both cars averaged over 25.5 mpg.



Typical U.S. highway.

WHAT ABOUT STABILITY?

In addition, Pinto, Maverick and Mercury Comet have suspension systems that are specifically tailored to U.S. highways. They all use ball-joints and coil springs in front, leaf springs in rear, special shock absorbers at all four wheels. Nothing exotic, really. But each setup has been calibrated by computer for the kinds of roads you're most likely to encounter. The result is a ride that is neither "mushy" at speed, nor "choppy" around town, yet firm enough to assure safe cornering and tracking. Furthermore, all three cars are noticeably wider than they are tall, and have very low centers of gravity, so there's no unnerving "top-heaviness" in crosswinds. Pinto even carries the luxury of rack-and-pinion steering, as do many sports cars—Ferrari, Porsche, Jaguar, Triumph, MG—as well as our own Capri.

SMALL CAR COMPARISON CHART

	Domestic				Imported			
	Vega	Maverick	Pinto	Mercury Comet	VW (Super Beetle)	Capri	Datsun (PL 510)	Toyota (Corona)
Length, oa.	169.7"	179.4"	163.0"	181.7"	161.8"	167.8"	162.2"	166.9"
Width, oa.	65.4"	70.5"	69.4"	70.6"	62.4"	64.8"	61.4"	61.8"
Wheelbase	97.0"	103.0"	94.0"	103.0"	95.3"	100.8"	95.3"	95.7"
Height	51.9"	53.0"	50.1"	53.0"	59.1"	50.7"	55.1"	55.1"
Track, front	55.1"	56.5"	55.0"	56.5"	54.3"	53.0"	50.4"	51.2"
rear	54.1"	56.5"	55.0"	56.5"	53.3"	52.0"	50.4"	50.0"
Turning circle	33.0'	36.9'	31.5'	36.9'	31.5'	32.0'	31.4'	N/A
Curb Weight, lbs.	2202	2626	2030	2633	1918	2115	2041	2170
Engine displacement, (cu. in.)	140.0	170.0	97.6	170.0	96.6	97.6	97.3	113.4
Horsepower	90	100	75	100	60	75	96	108
Price*	$2091	$2175	$1919	$2217	$1985	$2395	$1990	$2126

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for comparable vehicles. Dealer preparation charges included for Vega only; destination charges, state and local taxes are not included for above vehicles.

ARE IMPORTS BETTER BUILT

Back to the mystique of Old World Craftsmanship. Contrary to popular belief, foreign cars are built by neither elves nor Samurai warriors. They're produced in large factories, on assembly lines—the same way cars are built in this country. And generally speaking, European and Japanese quality standards are neither higher nor lower than ours. As such, their cars have many of the same strengths domestic cars have. They also have many of the same weaknesses. Despite legend, elves have the same capacity for an occasional goof as anyone.

The point is simply that integrity in the car business lives on this side of the ocean as surely as it does in Wolfsburg. Consider these facts:

• *Volkswagen recommends an oil change every 3,000 miles; a chassis lube every 6,000. On the other hand, Pinto, Maverick and Mercury Comet are designed to go 6,000 miles without an oil change; 36,000 miles without a chassis lube. (And over the long haul, that can save a lot of money. Grease and oil do cost money.)*

• *Pinto uses an imported engine and drive line. Yes, it's built in Europe. Prior to its introduction in this country, it had undergone more than 50 million miles of owner use—so you don't have to put up with the traditional "bugs" of a new design.*

• *If something does need fixing, there are more than 6,700 Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealerships across the country. VW has 1,660. Datsun 880. So if your Pinto needs a voltage regulator in Keokuk, Iowa, you can get one installed in Keokuk. The nearest VW dealer is in Quincy, Illinois.*

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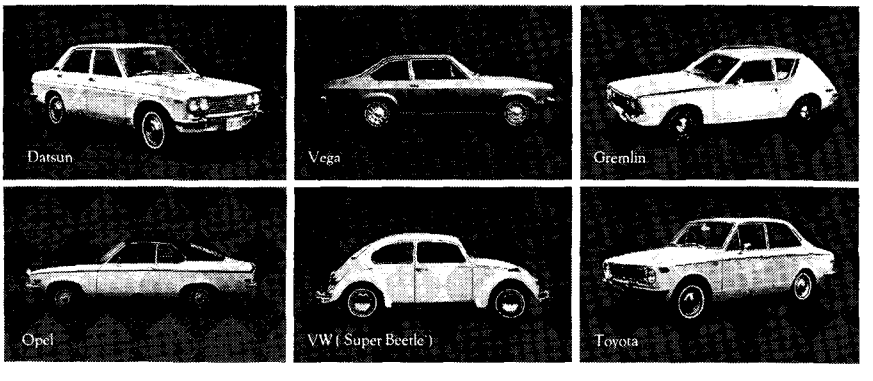

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Letters from Readers

The Uses of Pain

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Johanna Kaplan is eloquent in her distaste for noxious inversions of sickness and health, misery and joy, that flourish under the lay celebration of pronouncements like those of R. D. Laing. As part of the "culture that accepts and applauds" Paul West's *Words for a Deaf Daughter* "on its own terms," however, I must deplore her willful misreading of it [Books in Review, January]. To celebrate a child's deafness is one thing; to celebrate the uniqueness of a child who happens to be deaf and otherwise disordered, skewed and narrowed though her repertory of verbal acts may be, is certainly another. In her zeal to excoriate what I agree can be a kind of dewy-eyed nastiness, Miss Kaplan affects an insensitivity that hardly dignifies her position.

West's book is the response—part private, part public as certain lyric and confessional modes can be—of a poet and teacher of language to a situation designed as if for his private hell. A linguistically-crippled daughter to whom he could never *explain* things, with whom he could never banter, is far more of a trial for an articulate parent, a man whose life is in the world of language, than for some forbearing, perhaps beautifully and silently patient soul whose verbal and intellectual life is conducted at subsistence level. Miss Kaplan's unawareness of this is perhaps not unrelated to her refusal to allow the super-verbal parent of such a child to play language games with and about her.

For *Words for a Deaf Daughter* is, indeed, "words"—aside from one more or less narrative and descriptive section, it consists of elaborate imaginative exercises and performances, some of which work, some of which don't, including a series of improvisations on each of the words in Mandy's limited vocabulary. (Miss Kaplan makes not the slightest effort to describe the structure of the book, to indicate what it is *like* in its various parts—but what are minute particulars when one is in pursuit of Error?) By quoting out of all conceivable context, she makes what are some momentary lapses and misfires, some of the failures of nerve which look awkward but to which the author is certainly therapeutically entitled from time to time, appear to be central. I hope that her failure to understand some of the things that West *was* celebrating—his own world of language, to which, indeed, many normal people are deaf, and the redemption of Mandy's poverty in, if not from, his own word-hoard—was only a failure of the Imagination and not what, in her review, looked so much like brutality.

JOHN HOLLANDER
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As the editor for Paul West's *Words for a Deaf Daughter* I am outraged by Johanna Kaplan's review of the book. Annoyed at the outset that Mr. West does not either feel or admit personal guilt at having produced this extraordinary child (where, for that matter, is his self-pity?), Miss Kaplan proceeds to ignore completely the facts of the matter: that the Wests have done everything possible to help Mandy overcome her handicaps; that her progress in the last few years has been almost astonishing; that she now reads, writes, and speaks (though according to Miss Kaplan she doesn't even speak); that her father's greatest hope for her is that eventually she will function normally and happily in a world that is light years away from her own. To suggest that her parents prefer her as damaged as possible is not only untrue but intolerable; that anyone could read this book with any attention at all and come up with that conclusion is incredible, a special kind of deformity all its own.

FRANCES MCCULLOUGH
Harper & Row
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Johanna Kaplan's review . . . is an example of the kind of matter-of-factness which lends nothing to an appreciation or an understanding of the human condition. Too often the intuitive, artistic sense of life which is basic to emotional survival is checked at the door to an academic understand-

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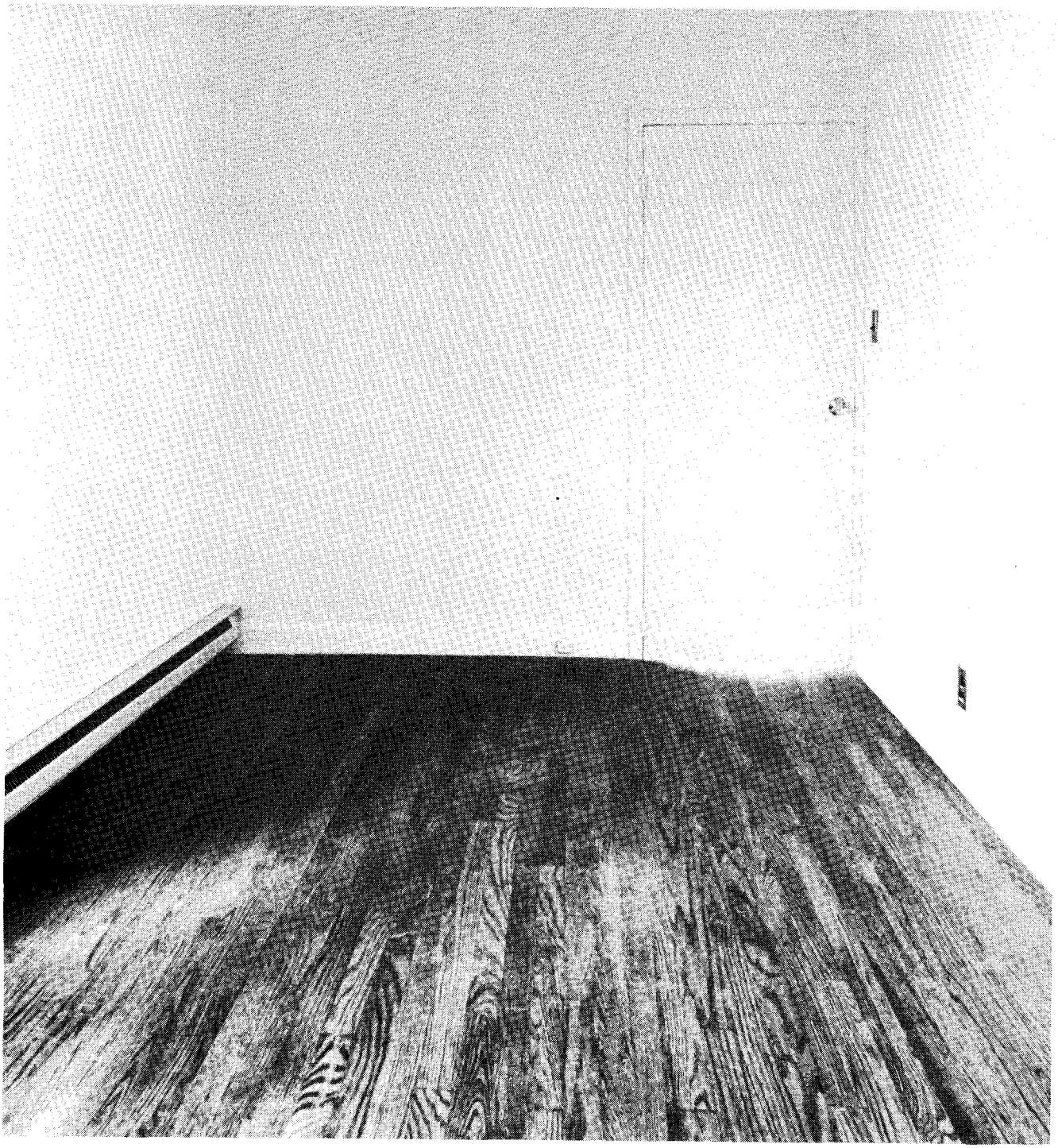

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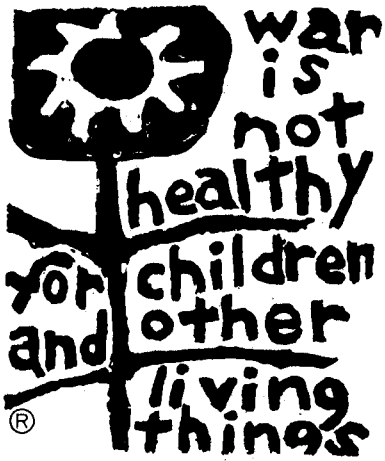

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ing of human behavior. Miss Kaplan has learned that all parents of children with handicaps feel guilty and, therefore, comments on Mr. West's lack of expressed guilt, ramification of his personal tragedy. She does not pause to consider that perhaps Mr. West has gone beyond self-indulgent guilt and pity, beyond the limitations of the literal interpretation all "normal" people would have of such deficits as Mandy's. Apparently Miss Kaplan thinks that a parent of a handicapped child could feel true satisfaction in his offspring only through elaborate self-deception.

Having worked with neurologically-damaged children, I know that the degree of emotional disruption in a family with a handicapped child has little relationship to the extent of the child's handicap. For the emotionally resilient parent, such a child offers satisfactions of an entirely different nature from those which usually accrue to the parents of an unafflicted child. A handicapped child only becomes a life-long emotional burden for those parents who cannot make such a transition.

Although I have not read Mr. West's book, the very quotations Miss Kaplan gives as examples of his lack of understanding or inconsistency of thought impress me as representing a most unusual awareness of the complexity and ambiguity of his own feelings and an exceptional sensitivity to Mandy's condition. It seems to me that only a very barren soul (or mind) would not be moved by the poignancy of Mr. West's wish for Mandy: "Not only do I want you to be the supreme romantic. . . . I want you to be able to go and buy a pound of butter."

Miss Kaplan is obtuse enough to complain about Mr. West's revelation of his complete love and acceptance of his child in all her imperfection; she insists instead that he would have benefited his readers more by giving a cold-turkey description of "what life with Mandy is really like." Mr. West did describe the *essence* of his life with Mandy and I suggest that this approach has more truth than a play-by-play description of all the practical problems he and Mandy must face. It has been my experience that a parent with this kind of capacity to love rides over such difficulties with an ease born of the wisdom of his love.

MARILYN BENTZ
Kirkland, Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Johanna Kaplan seems to feel that Paul West's book belongs to the literary genre which sees madness and "tripping" as a special gift to be welcomed for the fascinating visions and perceptions it can provide. As one who is professionally engaged in psychoanalytic therapy with children, I would agree with her in mistrusting and disliking this point of view.

But my reading of the book leads me to feel that Miss Kaplan has done Paul West a considerable injustice. In his book he reveals a much greater complexity of thinking and emotions about this subject, and there is ample evidence of his desperation over what has happened to his daughter, the pain and agony he feels over this, and—far from welcoming it—his longing that it should not be so.

Miss Kaplan infers that West is, as it were, exploiting his daughter's condition, rather than genuinely trying to help her. But it would seem that he has taken the professional advice given to him, and is trying to provide the best milieu in which to help her. One can raise some questions as to how such a child can best be treated. But this must be a very intricate problem with a child who has this particular combination of disorders, and would be a matter for his professional advisers to decide.

It seemed to me that, faced with this situation, Paul West is trying to understand whatever he can, and since his daughter can explain so little, he can often only, as he puts it himself, borrow "risky analogies," and use his own imagination and empathy to fill out the silences. As a writer and poet he must employ his own gifts and craft on this voyage, and in its narration. One would think that the writing of this book must have arisen from the inner struggle to come to terms with such a tragedy.

I think it is true that all who live or work with such children do find themselves profoundly moved by the children's fragility and vulnerability, which touches off deep emotions within themselves. This experience does often change the way one looks at the world, and one's scale of values. I think it is this kind of experience that Paul West is describing—which is a far cry from saying that he actually welcomes the tragedy for the insights it may bring.

KATHARINE REES
New York City

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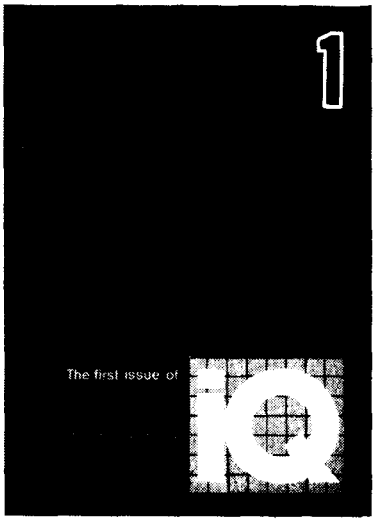

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To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . I want to thank Johanna Kaplan for so eloquently attacking this one example of what is pervasive in the world we live in—the romanticization of the pain of others. Miss Kaplan shows a real instinct for the hurt child (in children and, alas, in all of us). . . . A fine review—it provides a welcome and much needed "minority report."

Charles W. Patterson

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

As the father of a "special" child I read Paul West's *Words For a Deaf Daughter* with a special interest. Nowhere in it did I note the pattern of sleepless nights (try sleeping while a "special" child performs some of his unique nocturnal aesthetic acts) or the sheer physical and psychological drain (try considering a life of never-ending diaper changes)—not to mention the constant marital strain, the escalating economic burden, the utter lack of the usual range of social freedoms, and all the other special adjustments besetting the members of a family faced with the problem. It is one thing to endure adversity, it is another to contrive saccharine celebration out of it. For life with a "special" child is simply not a bowl of verbal cherries. So my thanks to Johanna Kaplan for insightfully blowing the whistle on the perverse inversion which informs the Paul West book. Indeed, perhaps it is just this kind of "inspirational" inversion which makes it easy for a society to continue blithely to ignore these millions of suffering children by failing to provide them with adequate education and treatment facilities.

Josh Greenfeld

New York City

Johanna Kaplan writes:

I don't share Mr. Hollander's belief that pain is less painful for people who are not publicly articulate. Having a deaf or disabled child is a terrible anguish for any parent, and to suggest that poets, above all other groups of human beings, suffer more over the arbitrary misfortunes of life is an elitism that I cannot sympathize with. Moreover, I must question again, as I did in my review, the impulse behind creating "elaborate imaginative exercises and performances" or "language games" over the person of a hurt child: for me, it bears little relation to compassion.

I'm sure the Wests got their daughter all available help; that is not what my review was about. I would like to thank Mrs. McCullough for letting me know that Mandy has made so much progress.

As for Miss Bentz's comments, it seems to me that any serious appraisal of the plight of handicapped children and their parents must begin with an unadorned acknowledgment of the difficult truth, particularly because it *is* difficult: fraught with ambivalence, pain, and downright unpleasantness. I consider that confronting one's own feelings—hardly academic—far from being self-indulgent or self-pitying, is an essential first step, not one that Mr. West has gone beyond, but rather, as evidenced by his book, one that he has yet to realize. "Elaborate self-deception" is precisely what I found so unfortunate and deplorable in Mr. West's book, but then, what with the barrenness of my soul (or mind), I admit that I find myself positively awed to be discussing a book with someone who has not read it.

Probably Miss Rees and I are not so far apart in our points of view, though it strikes me that out of her own empathy for the situation, she engaged in a kind of reading between the lines that the lines themselves simply do not bear out. I certainly agree that people who live and work with handicapped children *are*, in their cores, moved and changed by the children's extreme distress and groping, and that if Mr. West had, out of inner struggle, genuinely tried to come to terms with his dilemma, he would have written a different book, and I, a different review.

American Jews

To the Editor of Commentary:

Earl Raab's jeremiad ["The Deadly Innocences of American Jews," December 1970], or at least that portion of it wherein he posits the notion that America's political environment is generally becoming more hostile to Jews, seems unwarranted by the present reality. Hostile when Ottinger in New York, Grossman in Arizona, Gross in New Jersey, and Metzenbaum in Ohio all ran for the U.S. Senate in the 1970 elections? Hostile when Goldberg in New York, Mandel in Maryland, Licht in Rhode Island, Levin in Michigan, and Schapp in Pennsylvania were major party candidates for Governor in their respective states and when three of them won? Hostile when more Jews (almost 20) ran for the U.S. House of Representatives than ever before in American history? Hostile when the first Jew ever was elected to the Supreme Court of Illinois? Hostile when, despite the unprecedented number of Jewish candidates, the use of anti-Semitism as a campaign tool or tactic was virtually nonexistent?

Similarly with Raab's notion that Jews are now feeling a "sense of unexpected impotence in America." Impotence when in June 1970—before there was a clear identification in the minds of the general electorate between American and Israeli interests in the Middle East—some 77 Senators and 221 Congressmen of all shades of political opinion and diverse geographical bases of political power publicly requested Secretary of State Rogers to give immediate consideration to Israel's then-pending request for planes and other military hardware? Political impotence when during the course of the recently concluded campaign in which the crisis in the Middle East was raised as an issue, the question most often put before the electorate was not the desirability of support for Israel but rather which candidate would do more?

Milton Ellerin

Stamford, Connecticut

To the Editor of Commentary:

Earl Raab has presented us with a picture of the position of American Jewry which forces a restudy of many accepted slogans. However, Mr. Raab's views of our "deadly innocences" should not prevent American Jews from doing all they can, within the framework of law and reason, to influence our government to aid our brethren in Israel and Russia. As Mr. Raab points out, "some more, if still relatively few, Jews" might have been saved by more forceful action by the American-Jewish community during World War II. We once again face such a situation, but such chances are seldom offered twice. Who knows if it is not for this that we have been raised to our present position—which still is that of the most comfortable and numerous Jewish community in the world.

Rabbi Philip Zimmerman

Long Beach, New York

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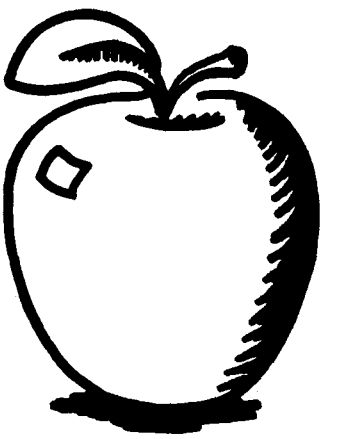

Announcing the ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY. A rigorously independent source of organically raised foods, vitamins, cosmetics and household products. All delivered direct to your door. All certified to contain *no added pesticides, preservatives or chemical additives of any kind.* You may apply for membership by mailing the coupon below. *Membership does not obligate you to buy anything.*

Dear Fellow Human:

This is not a scare ad. If you can read—let alone smell, taste and breathe—you're probably scared enough.

Because you know that a flood of poisonous chemicals has invaded your family's diet. Robbing your food of its flavor and wholesomeness. Robbing you of your health, and perhaps years of life as well.

You know that 20 states have issued bans or warnings against their fish, poultry and game because of mercury poisoning that has caused blindness, brain-damage and death.

That doctors now suggest infants should not drink their mother's milk, because the DDT content of mother's milk in America is now *four times higher than the maximum permissible "safety" level.*

That of 20 top brands of fish sticks, 51% tested out as bacteriologically contaminated.

That the paraffin-wax coating applied (for "visual appeal") to 70% of all fruits, vegetables and produce sold in this country is a potential cancer producer, which cannot be washed off or cooked out.

That to fatten profits, 80% of the entire American beef supply is now being "primed" with a dangerous growth hormone called *stilbestrol,* also a potential cancer producer.

That even drinking water is now so contaminated that, according to the Wall Street Journal, *bottled water is one of the fastest growing businesses in the United States!*

"Organic foods"—what are they? (And how can they help?)

"Organic" doesn't describe the food—*but how it has been grown and prepared.* Quite simply—organic food has NOT been sprayed, stimulated, bleached, colored, fortified, emulsified and processed to within an inch of its life (and yours). Some people call it "Health Food." Others say "Natural Food." We say only this: Remember how good food used to taste? And how good it was *for* you? That's what organic food, and The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY, is all about.

Towards a "total organic environment"

More than just a supermarket by mail (or a collection of wild-eyed food "faddists.") EFS was inspired by the findings of doctors, biologists, dieticians and ecologists who were alarmed at the contamination of our food supply and the accelerating destruction of our environment.

Through the support of members like yourself, The EFS is encouraging farmers, cattlemen, and manufacturers all over the country to STOP polluting our food, our air, *our lives.* Encouraging them in the only way practical—*by making it worth their while.* A farmer won't stop spraying poisons on his crop because you hand him a copy of "Silent Spring"—*but because you promise to buy that unsprayed crop.*

Similarly, bakers will stop emasculating their bread; poultrymen will stop force-feeding their hens with arsenic to make them lay faster; food-processors will stop flooding us with phosphate-laden detergents and non-bio-degradable containers—*only when they can be sure of selling their ecologically sound products at a fair market price.*

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What is a "fair market price"?

Does it mean organic foods must cost more? Of course it does! (And don't believe anyone who tells you otherwise.) But they need not cost very much more, *when you order through the nationwide resources of The EFS.*

That is because EFS prices are based on *yearly* averages. From coast to coast, our manufacturers, livestock raisers and farmers promise to abide by our strict organic principles. (And we check to make sure!) In return, EFS promises to accept and distribute their organic output—every day, every month, every season. So that the price-level of organic foods need never be more than a few pennies above that of "contaminated" products.

And even these low prices can be lowered—as, month by month, we bring more and more of the earth and its products under organic cultivation. (Our goal: the United States in seven years, most of the world in ten.)

How the Society works for you

Members may order as much as they wish from the Society. Or just a few things, like a special honey, "natural" vitamins, chemical-free cider, etc. *But no member is ever obligated to buy anything.*

Free with your membership

You will receive regular *date-limited* mailings of the ECOLOGICAL OPTION LIST OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS. Each is from 4 to 11 pages filled with factual reports and large photographs of more than a dozen *carefully checked* ecological products—which you are entitled to order through Society auspices at once. *Please save these LISTS.* Building to nearly 100 pages a year they will grow into the only such Comprehensive Catalog of Organic Products in existence—a unique *photographically illustrated* market-place (for members only) of organically grown fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, fowl, eggs, cheeses, dried fruits, honey, nuts, breads, juices, cookies, cakes, candy, grains, cereals, flours, vitamins—all the foods you normally buy for yourself and your family. The Society will deliver them to your door. Or, as with certain perishables and non-shippables, advise you where and how to obtain them if available in your locality.

More than just foods

Your ECOLOGICAL OPTION LISTS will help you achieve a "total organic environment" by also offering "natural" cleaners—without harmful chemicals and phosphates. Biodegradable paper-towels, containers, waxes and polishes—that perform without polluting. Beautifying cosmetics—that literally nourish your skin. Also: non-poisonous insect repellents, non-deprivational light-bulbs, home tap-water purifiers (so you won't have to buy bottled water), organic toothpaste and baby products, appliances such as blenders, juice extractors, yogurt makers, seed sprouters, and much more.

FREE if you act promptly

"EARTH-1," a non-synthetic cleaner for things and people too

No, you won't see it on network TV. Even though it's a marvel in the dishwasher or washing machine. And cleans hands, faces, cars, baby things, walls, floors, fine fabrics, glass, pots, grease—anything at all—much better than those so-called "miracle" detergents. But EARTH-1 is *not* a detergent. Or even a soap. It contains *no* synthetic solvents or cleaning agents. So it is non-toxic and non-irritating. No harmful chemicals to hurt you. And no phosphates or NTA to pollute our lakes and streams. Why won't you see it on TV? Maybe because it's not very expensive. Only half-a-teaspoon does a whole floor. And just one drop does a whole family's hands. Or a whole baby. Accept this sample supply as a free gift (if you promise to try it), and *keep* it free even if you later decide to cancel membership. *Quantity, 4-oz. Intensified concentrate, enough to make up to 8 gallons cleaning solution.*

Also free

The EFS Newsletter ($3.50 a year to the public) and the Society's profusely illustrated 90-page *Guide to Organic Living* ($1 to the public). Both will keep you alert to what is happening in—and to—your environment. And what you can do about it *now.*

Their frank reports name names, tell you which companies are culprits, what commercial foods are (barely) tolerable if no organic substitute is available—*with a complete breakdown by brand name.* Plus what supermarket items to buy—and beware of. What so-called "popular" foods *really* contain (in plain, frightening English). And how to neutralize them, if possible.

You'll also learn how to read between the lines of pending legislation . . . and phoney product labels. How to put the latest facts about diets, drugs, pollution and population to work in *your* neighborhood—for *your* family.

Don't just hope things get better —help us make them better.

Ask yourself these disquieting questions. Who really cares (and in whose *interest* is it to care) about the quality of your environment? And the safety of your family's diet? What has the government done? What has private industry done? There is, in the last analysis, only you. And the thousands like you who are aware—and concerned—enough to get behind EFS now. *While there is still time.* Please mail the application on this page today. Putting it off for tomorrow could mean there might be no tomorrow.

The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY
114 East 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Yes, please enroll me in the EFS. Membership does not obligate me to buy anything. But it does entitle me to receive (1) free ECOLOGICAL OPTION LISTS, (2) a free subscription to the EFS NEWSLETTER, regularly $3.50 to the public, (3) a free illustrated 90-page Guide to Organic Living, regularly $1 to the public, and (4) the privilege of ordering from OPTION LISTS at member prices plus postage. Naturally, anything I order through the Society must satisfy me fully, or I may return it for a prompt refund. Enclosed is my one-year membership fee of only $5 to help defray the cost of the above benefits, and support the work of EFS in restoring our environment by bringing more land and livestock under organic cultivation. I am free to cancel membership simply by returning my membership materials within 30 days and you will refund my $5 in full.

☐ Yes, include free supply EARTH-1, mine to keep whether I remain a member or not.

CO-4

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Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ $5 membership fee enclosed. Or charge:

☐ Master Charge #_____

(Exp. date_____)

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Earl Raab's article carefully and properly lists caveats for Jewish Americans. . . . But what does Mr. Raab suggest as alternatives? Greater militancy—or more subdued pressure? Should the Jews in America follow a cloistered, introverted pattern—or should they maintain determined expressions of positive justice and morality? Should they bring forth their mighty men . . . or?

A troubled Jewish American who is also an American Jew, reared in the New York City of the 20's and now enjoying the suburbs, earnestly seeks guidance—positive guidance.

MAX E. LEWIS
Great Neck, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Without presuming to evaluate the article by Earl Raab as a whole, I should like to comment only on its last page.

That page contains a reference to "a classic American-Council-for-Judaism 'dual loyalty' panic." The concept of "dual loyalty," or at any rate, the loyalty of American Jews to Israel, has always been a basic tenet of organized Zionism. It was bluntly enunciated in 1957 by the then president of the World Zionist Organization, Dr. Nahum Goldmann, as follows:

> Diaspora Jewry must have the courage to proclaim and defend its relationship of partnership and responsibility vis-à-vis Israel. It has to overcome the conscious or subconscious fear of so-called double loyalty. It has to be convinced that it is fully justified in tying up its destiny with Israel's. It has to have the courage to reject the idea that Jewish communities owe loyalty only to the states where they live.

Again in 1959 he was quoted in the New York *Times* as saying:

> . . . Dr. Goldmann challenged the Jews of America and of other countries to gather courage and declare openly that they entertain a double loyalty, one to the land in which they live and one to Israel. Jews should not succumb to patriotic talk that they owe allegiance only to the country in which they live. . . . They should live not only as patriots of the countries of their domicile, but also as patriots of Israel.

In 1961 Premier Ben-Gurion stated that Zionists in the United States are expected to exhibit a fundamental difference from other Americans in this matter of complete attachment to the United States. Said Ben-Gurion of American Zionists who do not act like good Zionists, "They are reluctant to say that they are not Americans and not part of the American homeland like any other Americans." These declarations were augmented by the statement of a former president of the American Jewish Congress, Rabbi Joachim Prinz, who, according to the July 23, 1969 issue of the *Jewish Telegraphic Agency Daily News Bulletin*, said: "I have dual allegiance. My loyalty to Israel is part of me and there are many Jews who think and feel likewise."

Surely it would require the most acrobatic sophistry to deny that these declarations spell out a deliberate intention to divide if not compromise the national commitments of Jews who are citizens of other countries.

It is inconceivable that such pronouncements and many to the same effect by other leaders did not cause grave misgivings among a great many American Jews who had never heard of the much-maligned (and much-suppressed) American Council for Judaism. It is an irrefutable fact that the Council has never raised the issue of "dual loyalty," either for itself or for any other American of Jewish faith. The Council does not believe that support of the State of Israel is necessarily in conflict with our national responsibilities as American citizens.

By the very logic of its position and principles, the Council is unable to raise the "dual loyalty" question. It has been the Council—and no one else—which has consistently denied the existence of a nationality common to all Jews. The Council has repeatedly affirmed the conviction that the bond of unity among Jews is religion—not nationality. The question of dual *nationality* has indeed concerned the Council, but that is quite another matter.

Mr. Raab goes on to say: "The uncertainty of the Jews in America today coincides with their highest point of preoccupation with the security of Israel. It is precisely at this point that it becomes critical to develop a clearer consciousness of American-Jewish identity, of the relationship between being Jewish and being American."

The Council does not presume to have solved all the problems of Jewish life in the United States. But it does believe that long ago it successfully—and generally along the lines Mr. Raab seems to suggest—removed the "uncertainty" in the relationship of American Jewry with the State of Israel.

Let the Council be opposed, if it must be, for what it really advocates or opposes, and not for views erroneously ascribed to it.

RICHARD KORN
The American Council for Judaism
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The hard-headed and eminently sensible article by Earl Raab was most pertinent and worthwhile. But I think that there are two significant aspects of this problem which Mr. Raab has overlooked. One is demographic, the other cultural, but they are so closely related that they must be examined together. According to the latest statistics, roughly 40 per cent of American Jewry lives in the greater New York metropolitan area, and this is saying a good deal. Nowhere outside New York could American Jews conjure up any inflated notions of the effectiveness of their political clout. Jews in Wheeling, West Virginia, Omaha, Nebraska, or even San Francisco—from where Mr. Raab writes—are all too conscious of the realities of their minority status and the limits beyond which high Jewish visibility in politics becomes unwise. Such knowledge in itself, in a purely practical way, serves to disabuse them of the naiveté of which Mr. Raab complains.

The Jewish capacity for illusion and self-delusion is a recurrent motif in Jewish history. But in our own time, perhaps the greatest illusion of all is for American Jews to confuse intellectual and cultural prominence with real integration into the political and social structures of this country, to mistake literary eminence and artistic distinction (and even growing social acceptance) for political status and real power. In New York City, of course, this illusion has reached a point where myopia has set in and many New York Jews (and even numerous Gentiles) have come to think that all of America is Jewish. . . . New York City is indeed the center of American culture . . . but, I need hardly add, to be indispensable to culture is not to be indispensable. . . .

Jews have been physically more

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Outfox the Fellow in the Bright Nightgown

A CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION OFFERING

He was a two-quart-a-day man (double martinis on waking, if you will). Yet he detested messy drunks, and never missed a performance because of liquor.

He was an insomniac of such proportions that sometimes he could only achieve sleep under a beach umbrella on which a garden hose sprinkled imitation rain. Yet he referred to death (mysteriously, but without real aversion) as "the fellow in the bright nightgown."

He was unforgettably, incomparably, uniquely W. C. Fields, and his lesson was that style, style, style is all. Rhetorical style. Theatrical style. Psychological style. *Style, the surest outward sign of substance, of a special and original inward view.*

And so, it is to this sure, true, blithe spirit, "Uncle Willie," that we dedicate a new magazine. Our name: AUDIENCE. Our purpose: to outfox the fellow in the bright nightgown by keeping you alive to beauty, to humor, *to today.*

THE PEOPLE

AUDIENCE celebrates excellence wherever excellence is to be found — brownstone, commune, playing field, concert hall, garret, campus, proscenium, foundry, ghetto, chateau, Volkswagen bus.

Our Editorial Board is something else again:

Alan Arkin, Saul Bass, Saul Bellow, Robert Bolt, John Cassavetes, Charles Eames, Philip Johnson, Marisol, Inge Morath, Gordon Parks, Anne Sexton, Robert Penn Warren, Tom Wicker, John A. Williams.

THE GRAPHICS

AUDIENCE is published every other month — a magazine for enjoying at leisure. It comes to you in hard covers, without advertising — a magazine for saving. It is designed by Seymour Chwast and Milton Glaser, whose Push Pin Studios recently became the first American design group ever honored with an exhibition at the Louvre. Their pilot issue of AUDIENCE, by the way, has already won top honors from the prestigious Society of Publication Designers — an unheard-of coup first time out.

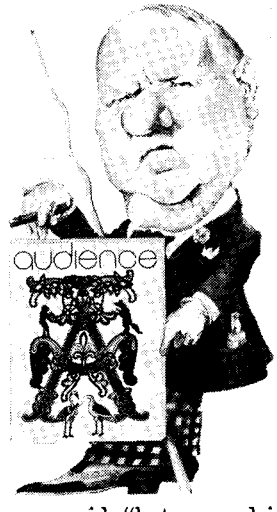
Specifications? Probably not even a Medici Pope could have commanded a book more opulent, more lavish. 216 square inches to the open spread. And depending on the contents of individual issues, a positively sensuous interlacing of papers. Papers for art reproduction, of a weight and quality for framing, and color plates by the bin. Rich tint papers for text. Typefaces of custom design. Foldouts. Stitchins. Endpapers. And for permanence, heavy board covers. In graphics, too, AUDIENCE is a celebration of style. A celebration of excellence.

THE DEAL

Where available in a very few expensive metropolitan bookstores, AUDIENCE will carry a cover price of $4.95 the issue, or $29.70 for the full volume year, numbers one through six. *A reward for becoming a Charter Subscriber, however, is saving almost half this cost — provided you're prompt in using our coupon:*

Volume I, Number One is now on the press, and as much as we'd like to accept all comers, the print order for this first edition has now been set — an accommodation to collectors.

"Don't let 'em bamboozle you, son,"



Fields once said, "but never drink anything stronger than gin before breakfast, either." Our magazine is guaranteed to please. But if, for some reason, our Volume I, Number One issue *should* leave you feeling bamboozled, return it, and so much for AUDIENCE and you.

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE ISSUE

"It was Fields who taught us that a man's ideas are not, ultimately, as important as his imaginative stake in reality, and that Earl Long, in his pajamas, with his stripper, is indescribably preferable to Billie Sol Estes, with his Sunday-piety and sex-segregated swimming pool."

John Clellon Holmes has written the dedication of our premier issue to W. C. Fields with "Uncle Willy and Us" Drawings, Edward Sorel.

"Nijinsky had a pair of feet you'd have had to see to believe. His heels and the base of his toes were equidistant from his ankles. No other mammal with feet like that had ever been seen outside Australia."

Nelson Algren writes on a standing skirmish between the dancer and his impresario, Diaghilev, by way of proving an Algren theory that integrity in art is "a matter of who swings the mackerel." Illustration, Milton Glaser.

"Q. If you could change one character trait in yourself, it would be?
A. My shyness."

Answer on a Playmate Data Sheet, required of each candidate before her photograph, posed nude, is considered for a Playboy foldout. The hilarious piece is by Tom Meehan, and it's called "We Like to Find a Late-Maturing Girl." Illustrations, Robert Grossman.

"In a village somewhere in the Ukraine there lived a poor man called Todie. Todie had a wife, Shaindel, and seven children, but he could never earn enough to feed them properly. He tried many trades and failed in all of them. It was said of Todie that if he decided to deal in candles the sun would never set . . ."

Blend Sholem Aleichem with Hans Christian Andersen, and you get Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Shrewd Todie and Lyzer the Miser," one of two fables clearly marked for posterity in the issue. Illustrations, Seymour Chwast.

THE COUPON

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IRMA SHORELL

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*BANISHES BLEMISHES

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Irma Shorell

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secure in the United States than perhaps in any other modern country, and although—as Mr. Raab points out—anti-Semitism still exists, it has never become an instrument of official public policy. Unlike Europe, the United States has never seen the growth of anti-Semitic political parties. Yet what everything really comes down to is the fact that the ultimate fate of American Jews depends on how one sees the ultimate fate of the entire country. It is certainly in the Jewish interest to see that radical polarization does not take place, even though a great many young Jews want exactly that. . . .

STANLEY COHEN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

EARL RAAB writes:

If Jews are to come to maturity in America, they must look beyond the anachronistic "defense-agency" arithmetic of Jewish security: how many Americans think Jews are shrewd and tricky; how many individuals of Jewish name are elected to office; or even how many public officials are willing to sign a non-determinative letter of support for Israel or Soviet Jewry at some given time. My article indicated that an increased number of individual Jews might well be elected to office—and indeed some instances were cited—but it questioned whether those individuals or their election would be seriously related to special political and ethnic needs of the Jewish community. It is particularly significant that these special political and ethnic needs are more and more divorced from the conventional "liberal" political agenda, with which Jews have traditionally been allied; at the same time, of course, other Jewish needs remain separated from the conventional "illiberal" political agenda with which Jews cannot become allied.

This new contretemps requires a kind of fierce independence of course for a Jewish community which is conscious of its own needs. It is not a course that can be easily encapsulated by Mr. Lewis's "alternative" phrases. "Militancy" has become such an absurdly-used word. Militancy on behalf of world Jewry? Of course. The article points out that there are margins within which we can make a difference on occasion—and, as Rabbi Zimmerman points out, we must push those margins as far as possible. And I think we will. American Jews have generally cleared their heads, in different fashions, about the fact that they have a prime stake in loyalty to, responsibility for, shared destiny with Israel and world Jewry. Without panic, they can live with that *and* with their prime stake in, loyalty to, responsibility for, shared destiny with America—a dual "whatever" that the American Council for Judaism always had difficulty accepting. What many Jews have not cleared their heads about is the nature of the America in which they have that stake.

As in the case of world Jewry, Jewish—by all means—militancy on behalf of a better and more equitable America must flow out of a more introverted sense of their own needs and values. And it is America's politically *open society*, as defined, which the Jewish community must, above all, pursue and protect; this is the guideline around which all "determined expressions of positive justice" should turn. Militancy is not a guideline but a flag which can be marched in any direction.

French Jews

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Renee Winegarten's article ["Jews in the Mind of France," November 1970] perfectly describes those subterranean currents in the spiritual tradition of France. From Napoleon to Charles de Gaulle there have often been pressures upon French Jews to renounce their authenticity as Jews so that they might "deserve" full recognition as French citizens. (Clermont-Tonnerre: "To Jews as individuals —everything; as a nation—nothing"). Contrary to the American democratic attitude, French rationalism, despite Barrès, Sartre, or Gide, denies Jews the right to be different. Therefore, that tenacious provincial animosity, with its recent explosions in Orléans. These resentments are nourished by best-sellers, in the style of Drummond, like *Le château de la Juive* by Guy de Cars; in this novel, Eva Goloski, a refugee from Warsaw, "the dirtiest ghetto of Europe," is characterized as a depraved super-Shylock, debasing French society by means of her "Jewish splendor in all its aggressivity." This formula reminds us of Charles de Gaulle's definition of the Jewish people: *un peuple dominateur, sûr de lui-meme.*

RABBI CHAIM LEHRMANN
West Berlin, Germany

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THE JEWS

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Their Role in Civilization
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Sociology

To the Editor of Commentary:

Although reading Stanley Rothman's review of my book, *The Coming Crisis in Western Sociology* [Books in Review, December 1970], leaves no doubt that we differ on many issues, I take comfort in the fact that we do share one human quality, namely, a capacity for confusion. I am confused by Mr. Rothman's infinite ability to misunderstand my book, while Mr. Rothman seems to have confused me with Elsie Dinsmore. Somewhat cynically Mr. Rothman manages to transform a love for "the good, the true, and the beautiful" into a symptom of naiveté. With all humility, I must suppose that Mr. Rothman would also upbraid Socrates for a similar fault.

Apparently, Mr. Rothman regards me as some sort of a self-righteous prig. . . . Thus, his heavy-handed accusation: Lo! Gouldner thinks "all men are inherently good" is supposed to make me bow my head in shame. (Mr. Rothman does, however, convince me about the evil of banality, if not the banality of evil.)

When Mr. Rothman mentions more specific criticisms, the slapdash quality of his judgments becomes even more obvious. For him to claim that Talcott Parsons was *not* polemicizing against Marx is tantamount to declaring that the WCTU is not against bartenders. And my conclusion to this effect is not, as Mr. Rothman says, undocumented, but is nailed in with page after page of documentation. Moreover, to say that my criticism of Parsons is "largely *ad hominem*" is also delightfully unthoughtful; I devote at least 175 pages to analyzing Parsons's work—does Mr. Rothman mean that all of these 175 pages are *ad hominem,* or only a majority of them, that is, 88 pages? I would say that Mr. Rothman's remarks would lead one to suspect that he is a former Harvard student defending a Harvard professor, except for the fact that he would say that such a remark was "largely" *ad hominem.*

But absurd is worse than *ad hominem,* and Mr. Rothman is absurd when he maintains that David Riesman, C. Wright Mills, and W. H. Whyte were more influential than Parsons in the sociology of the 1950's. Here he manages to defend this absurdity by confusing his audiences. While the general public certainly knew more

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about the first three sociologists mentioned above, professional sociologists—and it is their views alone that were at issue—treated Mills as a pariah, Whyte as a clever journalist, and Riesman as an outsider; and all of them were suspect by reason of their popular success. Parsons was undoubtedly the most influential voice of the 50's inside of sociology. Perhaps Mr. Rothman, not being a sociologist, is unaware of this. Clearly, however, it is Mr. Rothman and not I who takes a "cavalier" view toward history when he makes such flip statements. And he is surely an imaginative reader, to say the least, when he reads me as saying that sociologists should be "primarily" concerned with the social consequences of their findings. I wrote the book and I read it, but nowhere can I be found saying that.

In Mr. Rothman's last paragraph, I am branded, first, as a dangerous revolutionary who "proposes overturning [the Establishment]," and, in the very next breath, I am castigated for having become the darling of the "Establishment" press. Mr. Rothman again plays fast and loose with the facts, stating that *The Coming Crisis* received two "ecstatic" notices in the New York *Times*, when the fact is it received four. (The Establishment must surely be thankful that COMMENTARY, at least, could not be taken in, even if the *Times* has grown a bit careless.)

It is obvious that the reason Mr. Rothman actively dislikes my book is primarily because his ideology differs greatly from mine; it would have been less confusing and more honest if he had simply said so, rather than attempting to portray me as an uncritical exponent of New Left subjectivity and to exalt himself as a faithful defender of "objectivity."

ALVIN W. GOULDNER
Washington University
St. Louis, Missouri

STANLEY ROTHMAN writes:

I never attacked Alvin Gouldner for loving "the good, the true, and the beautiful," but only for assuming that he knew what it was and, indeed, had a corner on the market. Socrates, with whom he modestly compares himself, would never have had the *chutzpah* even to think such a thing.

Parsons's influence is not to be denigrated. The fact that most sociologists today (including Mr. Gouldner) rely to some extent

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upon a functional approach is partly the result of Parsons's work, and his *reputation* as a theorist among professional sociologists has certainly been higher than that of Riesman, Whyte, or Mills. This is quite different from arguing, as does Mr. Gouldner, that most sociologists embraced Parsons's system whole or even adopted substantial segments of it. Most undoubtedly felt that they should try to understand what Parsons was doing. However, few really mastered his system and fewer still tried to apply it, except for deriving some general ideas or using specific portions of it in a very eclectic way.

There is an obvious difference between a polemic and a disagreement. Parsons disagrees with Marx within the context of his own concerns. As any reader of his work knows, Parsons's style is rarely polemical, and Mr. Gouldner's efforts to prove that Parsons sought primarily to refute Marx are quite simplistic. His letter adds nothing to the argument.

Perhaps I am confused as to Mr. Gouldner's position regarding the role of sociologists, but little clarification is to be gained from an author who argues, to quote but two among dozens of similar statements:

> In short the problem is: What are the social and political consequences of the intellectual system under examination? Do they liberate or repress men? (p. 13)

> . . . a Reflexive Sociology is and would need to be a radical sociology. . .because it seeks to transform as well as to know the alien world outside the sociologist. (p. 489)

To be sure, Gouldner qualifies these statements by paying obeisance to the "cognitive validity" of an intellectual system, but the thrust and the implications of the analysis seem clear and disturbing. For example, Gouldner dismisses psychoanalysis, not because the evidence fails to support it, but rather because: "Freudianism has ceased to be the liberating force it once was" (p. 499).

Overall, I find Mr. Gouldner's tone unfortunate, but perhaps I can help him regain control by apologizing for crediting his article with fewer ecstatic reviews in the New York *Times* than he remembers having received.

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The Free Speech Movement

To the Editor of Commentary:

The view of the Free Speech Movement which Nathan Glazer propounds in his article ["On Being Deradicalized," October 1970] is one widely divergent from my own observations as a member of both the Central Staff and the Executive Committee of the FSM. Although Mr. Glazer allows that youthful idealism, a desire for better education, and an insistence that the university "abandon hypocrisy and the support of evil public policies" were present at Berkeley to some extent, he considers that "to see the student revolt . . . as a movement that could be satisfied by educational change was sentimental." Mr. Glazer feels that the dominant factor at Berkeley "was a passion for immediate action, for confrontation, for the humiliation of others, for the destruction of authority . . . and what was most distinctive and valuable about the universities—their ability to distance themselves from immediate crises, their concern with the heritage of culture and science, their encouragement of individuality and even eccentricity. . . ."

I was anything but an activist when I became president of Particle-Berkeley, the on-campus science club which sponsored lecture series and colloquia. The club also provided manpower for *Particle Magazine*, a journal of undergraduate research which had been cited by the U.S. State Department in a display of American periodicals in the Soviet Union. *Particle* was classified as an off-campus activity because non-Berkeley students also contributed to it and because by accepting advertising it was deemed commercial literature (hence legally vendable only under the auspices of the student store . . .). The administration apparently considered it unworthy of either inexpensive distribution or of the benefits attendant to on-campus status, a status forfeitable by Particle-Berkeley should its link to *Particle* become known.

Represented in the FSM coalition were groups who realized that they should try to ease the rules regarding the soliciting of funds as well as other rules whose fresh enforcement had been found equally onerous. Particle-Berkeley sent Robert Holmes and me to the Executive Committee with the proviso that we resign upon the adop-

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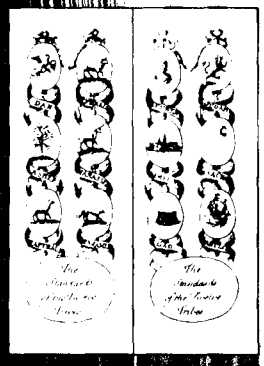

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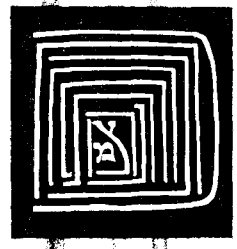

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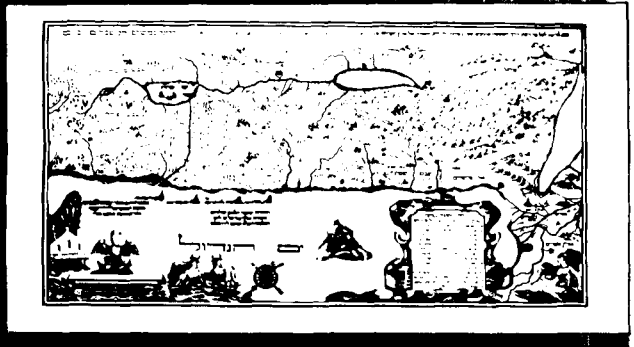

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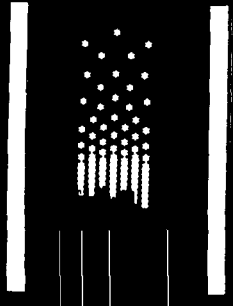

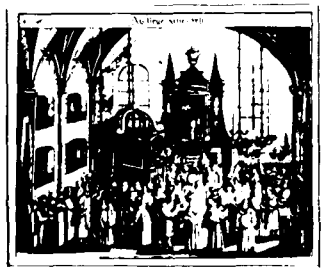

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tion of any civil-disobedience tactics (after Thanksgiving this was amended to any violent tactics). To rebut the charge that all FSM members were politicized radical agitators, let me mention that other groups which joined were the Arts and Architecture Students and two different campus Republican clubs. Of six core members of the Central Staff, two were Objectivists, another a Republican. As the semester proceeded, support was garnered both from studious students who saw the concept of academic freedom threatened and from socially-active students, the stanching of whose ordinary activities forced them to face the barrenness of their Berkeley education.

Meanwhile, the administration-faculty-student negotiations continued deadlocked. The cause had seemingly dragged into tedium when directly after Thanksgiving we discovered that a clerk had obtained a copy of a letter to Thomas Cunningham, the general counsel to the university, from Chancellor Strong (or perhaps President Kerr —my memory is hazy), asking him to effect *sub rosa* certain changes in the rule books. Simultaneously the administration announced further penalties on four students arrested in September. When new clemency demands went unmet, the Sproul Hall sit-in resulted.

Would Mr. Glazer have those long hours and weeks of quiet negotiations . . . transmuted into a passion for immediate action? They can be so viewed only if one forgets the exigencies occasioned by the academic calendar. As for "those distinctive and valuable attributes of a university," they were visible in Berkeley neither to me nor to most others. Is bowing to personally-applied political pressure in stopping the benign practices of thirty years distancing oneself from immediate crises? Is graduating thousands of B.A. recipients who are known personally to literally none of their instructors evidence of a concern for imparting a cultural heritage? Is the administrative insistence upon the punctilious fulfillment of picayune requirements the encouragement of individuality? Balderdash!

For his "misuse of power" I suggest Mr. Glazer look to the quarter which deliberately presented the distorted picture which is now accepted as the reality: the news media.

B. MEREDITH BURKE
Los Angeles, California

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NATHAN GLAZER writes:

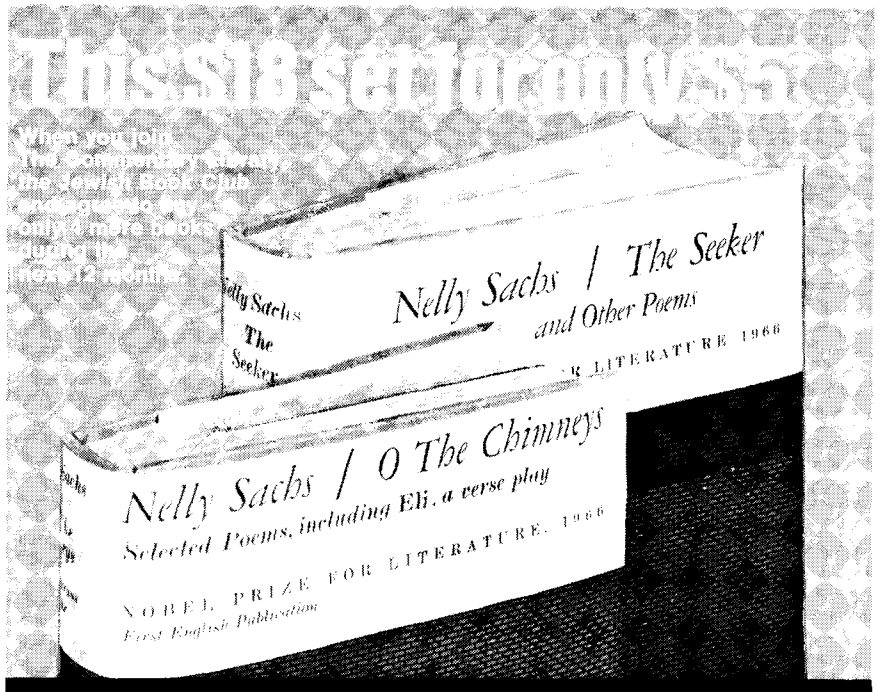
I am impressed by Mr. Burke's letter—as anyone would be. My own experience was that Republicans, groups with non-political interests, and even right-wing Socialists, very rapidly left the Free Speech Movement because of its rhetoric and tactics. My views were not taken lightly, and were based on my own direct experience—which I will not bother to detail further here.

Ethical Culture

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . When I turned to Milton Himmelfarb's "The Topless Tower of Babylon" [December 1970], I suppose I expected something on sex and/or Armageddon, both of which were available in another article. What I found was an attack on Ethical Culture as America's "decompression chamber" for Jews leaving Judaism, equivalent to European movements like Esperantoism, Socialist Internationalism, and Hillelism on which I can discover no further information. This is surely a startling parallel, if there ever has been one, and it calls for at least two statements from someone who is familiar with the Ethical movement, as surely Mr. Himmelfarb cannot be expected to be.

Ethical Culture has *not* functioned historically to ease the passage "from the Jewish community to a Christian denomination of high social status." Many of the original members maintained their ties specifically with Temple Emanu-El, and examples of dual membership can still be found, perhaps to try to avoid the implications of copping out. But beyond these ties, which may be largely symbolic, there are Ethical movement members who have been and still are active in Jewish public life and philanthropy. There are Ethical members who come from a Jewish background who see their new community as the end of their Jewishness, but as it happens they are few. Most are eager to affirm that, at least where prejudice or hardship are concerned, they still wish to be counted. What happens to the next generation cannot be easily established. Some fair number of children of members, or even former members, finding themselves out of a city served by Ethical Culture, do take part in or join Unitarian churches, particularly now that most of their con-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gregations are also humanistic. Certainly some of the next generation become "nothing," a situation we scarcely approve, but it is also true that many children in fact return to Judaism. . . .

The *either/or* we all face is surely not to be reduced to the question of Christian or Jew! At least for myself, "born Protestant," it was a different kind of choice. Attracted by the social ideals of Israel's prophets and Christianity's saints, and indeed discovering the same hopes in the scriptures of all the traditions despite the arguments of theological nicety and those of race, class, tongue, and politics which have always divided men, I had to choose the particular or the general. For me the alternatives were the Protestant background of my childhood, with limitations that included a vague cultural anti-Semitism, or something inclusive of other ways and other faiths. As the Ethical Culture leader in Brooklyn I have a ministry on broader grounds than I could have had elsewhere. We have people from many backgrounds, with no one required to denounce what he or his family have been. We see diversity as a good, and as a way of weaning ourselves and the community at large away from the separation and hates that have been tragic throughout human history. We are humanists. We proclaim that we must first of all be human beings and be prepared to honor all of human traditions that deserve it. We all face the voting booth, as Mr. Himmelfarb has said, but it is not to choose between Christianity and Judaism, but between the life of particular loyalty however we were born, and a life of universal humanity which need dishonor none of the particulars.

For Ethical Culture (and for Universalism I suppose) it must be said that we are small and even weak. Admitted. And that as humanists we are human in the other sense too and are less than we wish we were. Admitted, again. It may even be said, if one wishes, that we are hopeless idealists, and that we would be better off staying with the old established religious products. I'm not ready to concede this, but I'm able to envision a fruitful argument about it. But surely, when you come to the heart of it all, the vision of a kind of religious fellowship, and even a kind of larger community, open to Jew and Christian and Buddhist and the rest, open to black and white and to whomever else wishes to be present, surely this vision deserves better treatment than it received from Mr. Himmelfarb. Surely this vision is not to be reduced to the slash in *either/or*. Let us argue about whether, in a world of real people, and nations, and ideologies, and unsolved problems, we can carry off a religious group whose goal is simply "doing good." Let us argue, but let us not just dismiss the case. Despite my high regard for what he has often written, I fear that this time Mr. Himmelfarb avoided the real issue.

HOWARD BOX
Brooklyn Society for
Ethical Culture
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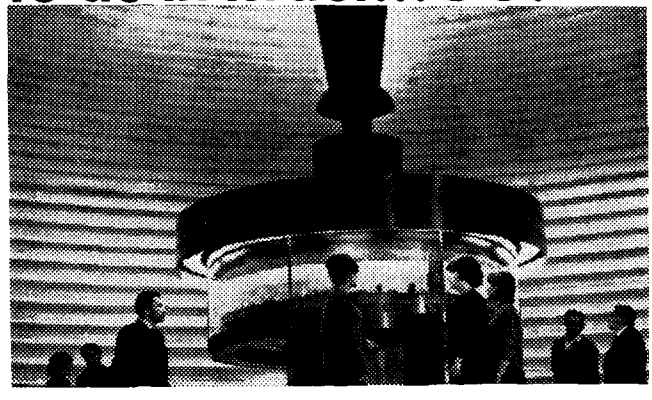

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The Scranton Report

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Whether the Report of the Commission on Campus Unrest is beneficent, harmful, or merely innocuous (I adopt Robert Nisbet's formulation ["An Epistle to the Americans," December 1970]) depends largely on how the contents are reported. Few persons are likely to read the Report itself. I doubt, for example, that the editor of COMMENTARY has read it.

If he had, he could hardly have called the Commission's description of the new youth culture brief and maudlin ["The New Hypocrisies," December 1970]. Most of one fifty-page chapter is given to the subject, and it is the product largely of the same "extraordinarily qualified" staff whose historical analysis (Chapter 1 of the Report) Mr. Nisbet rightly admires. The analysis of youth culture as a cause of unrest (Chapter 2) is no less dispassionate.

Nor does the Report, as Mr. Podhoretz charges, ignore the class character of the youth-culture phenomenon. It says: "The college students among whom the youth culture and campus unrest emerged were principally those from affluent families whose parents were liberals or radicals, and who attended the larger and more selective universities and colleges. They were part of the first generation of middle-class Americans to grow up in the post-Depression American welfare state under the tutelage of a parental generation that embodied the distinctive moral vision of modern liberal-

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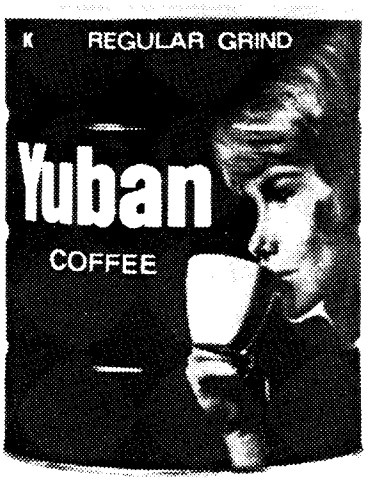

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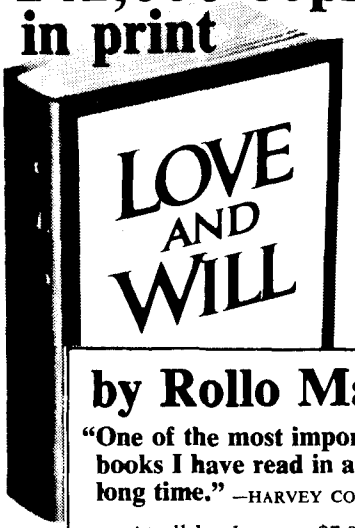

by Rollo May

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ism" (p. 71, Government Printing Office edition).

The Report does not say that all or even most students, let alone most youth, participate in the youth culture. Rather, it says: "A very large fraction of American college students, probably a majority, could not be said to be participants in any significant aspect of this cultural posture except for its music" (pp. 67-68).

It does say that young people have a "penchant for pure idealism" (p. 62), but it argues that among participants in the youth culture this idealism is accompanied by "at best a lukewarm interest in free speech, majority opinion, and the rest of the tenets of liberal democracy as they are institutionalized today," and that "some student protest reveals in its tactical behavior a contrary tendency toward intolerance, disruption, criminality, destruction, and violence" (p. 53).

If Mr. Podhoretz has failed to read Chapter 2, he has also misquoted that portion—the Introduction, obviously—which he has read. It does not say that the students' elders are "entrapped by materialism and competition." It says that members of a "new" youth culture "see their elders as entrapped. . . ." I deny that this or anything else in the Report constitutes, on the Commission's part, a declaration of participation in Consciousness III. Despite three months of service on the Scranton Commission, I have yet even to emerge from Consciousness I. We did not endorse the youth culture. We tried to explain its way of looking at the world.

The causes of the youth-culture phenomenon, the extent of it, and the prospects for its endurance and effect on American life remain very much open to debate. But the phenomenon does exist. It is visible even to conservative sociologists, as Peter Berger's admirable essay in *Movement and Revolution* attests. It is highly visible even at Boston College, where I teach, from which I infer that it is cutting across the class and ethnic lines that have hitherto defined it. I must report some conversions among the children of the Irish and Italian Catholic lower-middle class.

MARTHA DERTHICK
Member, Commission on Campus Unrest
Boston College
Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

NORMAN PODHORETZ writes:

Like Robert Nisbet's article, my own comments on the Scranton Report concentrated almost entirely on the section entitled "To the American People" because, as Mr. Nisbet put it, that was "the key chapter of the Report" and the one around which discussion had inevitably come to center. I see on rereading my piece that I did not make the limitations of my focus sufficiently clear. But I do not see how anything Miss Derthick says in her letter, nor how anything in the body of the Report itself (which, for my sins, I have by now read not once but twice), affects my characterization of its attitude toward what I insist on calling the counter-culture and what Miss Derthick, continuing to miss the point, persists in calling "the youth-culture phenomenon." Did Miss Derthick read *my* piece with any care, I wonder? If she had, she would surely have noticed that I was attacking the Scranton Report precisely for "reinforcing the widespread but altogether erroneous impression" that the phenomenon in question is a *youth* culture when in fact it is a movement defined by its ideas and values and behavior rather than by the age of its members. I further attacked the Report for reinforcing the corollary impression, equally widespread and no less erroneous, that the conflict we are all talking about is a generational conflict rather than "a political one cutting across all age groups on an axis of social class and ethnicity."

The passages Miss Derthick quotes from Chapter 2 of the Report in no sense constitute serious qualification of either of these erroneous impressions. They seem to me, indeed, examples of the kind of "grudging concession to even-handedness" which Mr. Nisbet singled out in another context as a prominent feature of the Report. For what good does it do to acknowledge that the counter-culture has a class character or that its loyalists are "probably" (!) in the minority even among college students, if that culture continues to be represented—in Miss Derthick's own words—as "the youth culture" and therefore by inescapable implication as the wave of the future?

Similarly with the issue of idealism. If Miss Derthick thinks that the ritualistic qualifications she quotes are enough to make the

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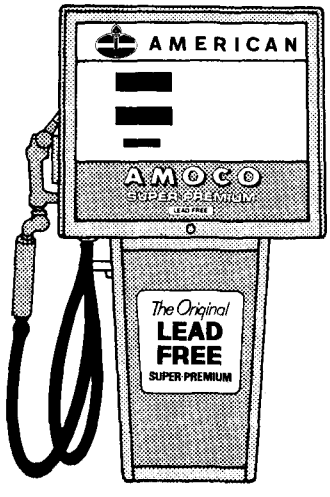

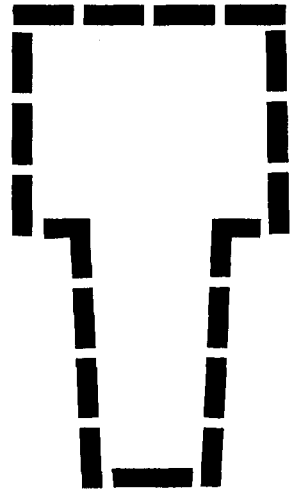

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Report's maudlin—yes, maudlin, if not, alas, in perfect truth, brief—account into a "dispassionate" analysis; and if she thinks that my refusal to pay serious attention to so transparently protective a rhetorical gesture as the words "see their elders as . . ." represents a misquotation or even a distortion of the spirit of that passage or of the Report as a whole, then *she* has not read this sorry document to which her name is attached—though not, I would guess from her letter, her mind or her heart.

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . Robert Nisbet's article bristles with conclusionary epithets, *ad hominem* insults, and unsociological analysis. Mr. Nisbet makes clear two points: 1) he doesn't like the Report and 2) he can match the young in expressing outrage and in confusing intensity of feeling with soundness of perception. . . .

Early in his diatribe Mr. Nisbet suggests that a second-rate mind authored the Report, and he concludes the first part of his article with the assertion that the perspective of the Report "serves both logically and psychologically to justify and to encourage [violence]." Granted that "boredom" and "elitism" are also causative factors in campus unrest, their existence does not disprove the Report's claim that the "crisis of understanding" is a more basic factor. Please tell me how the claim that there is a "crisis in understanding" logically and psychologically justifies and encourages violence. I could with much more logic and reason assert that the perspective of Mr. Nisbet's article (hysterical hostility to student activism) logically and psychologically justifies and encourages the repressive violence of Kent and Jackson State and the Orangeburg massacre.

But perhaps the most remarkable assertion in Mr. Nisbet's entire article is: "There is not the slightest evidence to support the view that youth is more likely to be idealistic on the social and political matters than the middle-aged or elderly." This assertion is not only too categorical and sweeping, but also sociologically absurd and patently false.

That the Scranton Commission called different witnesses from those Mr. Nisbet would have called does not make the Commission seem ineradicably naive to me. What does Mr. Nisbet mean by his allegation that the Commission members "ranged rather widely in immaturity or experience"? Although I can appreciate Mr. Nisbet's polemical skills, was it really necessary to prefix "Assistant" to Professor Richard Flacks, whom Mr. Nisbet obviously dislikes, or disapproves of, or both, while prefixing "Dr." to Glen Dumke?

The part of the Report which I read with the most care and which I know the most about in terms of my own background and experience is the chapter on blacks. Reading Mr. Nisbet's comments on that chapter, with their thinly-disguised arrogance and hardly-contained racism and with their callously unctuous condemnation of black activists, only serves to increase one's admiration and respect for social scientists like Kenneth Keniston and Richard Flacks. . . .

Compared with Mr. Nisbet, Spiro Agnew seems a most dispassionate and responsible critic, both of the Report and of "the oppositional mentality of youth.". . .

Kenneth S. Tollett
University of Colorado
Boulder, Colorado

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . Doesn't Mr. Nisbet realize that the behavior of students today is provoked by "gut" issues, issues which will determine whether we survive as a viable society? Isn't he concerned with the underlying causes of the malaise rather than with the symptoms and how to eradicate them? His article could have been written about any other time in history, so little does it relate to the unique factors influencing our time. Moreover, the moralizing and indignant flavor of his prose, so characteristic of an elder not hearing the pleas of the young, shows a complete lack of sensitivity to the crisis in so many areas of American life today. . . .

If Mr. Nisbet has a college-age son, one has to wonder about the level of communication between them. Does he hear his son? . . .

Sam Winograd
New City, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

Robert Nisbet's comments on the "Scranton Report" nicely reflect his expertise in sociological reductionism. Because there is greater difficulty in establishing the validity of a causal relationship between Vietnam or racism and student unrest, we merely con-

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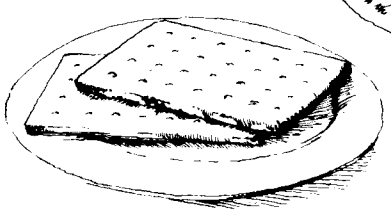

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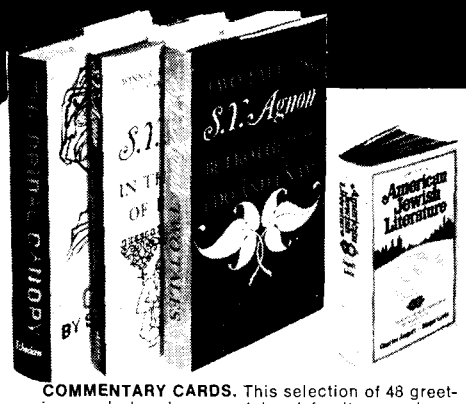

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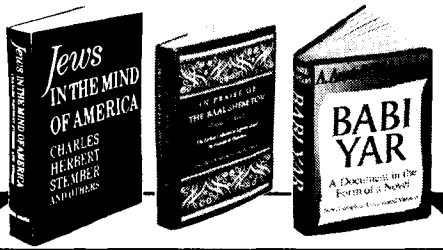

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strict the level of analysis and *describe* (not *explain*) what happens (and "what happens," we are told, is the "Berkeley Invention" of pervasive boredom, devised trigger events, and automatic, escalating confrontation). This descriptive summarizing, Mr. Nisbet observes, is the "best of contemporary social science." I hope not!

Does this "best of contemporary social science" provide us an *etiological* component of unrest? Well, yes, says Mr. Nisbet: *boredom*. If we must simplify, however, I would suggest that some students are "sensitized" and "suggestible" to collective or militant response by contemporary political and social events (a polite way to say events lead to "anger" and "frustration"). That this process is most likely to occur at what Mr. Nisbet ominously terms "elitist" schools and among students in the "soft" liberal arts means only that these institutions and students are the most likely to take social and political phenomena seriously.

The Scranton Report is certainly no gem of social research, but Mr. Nisbet's objections are largely that it didn't agree with what he has always known—that the ingredients of student unrest are *boredom*, *indulgence*, and *permissiveness*. . . . Vietnam? Racism? Political repression? Merely "contextual factors," says Mr. Nisbet, "unrelated to the differential character of the data."

BARRY M. SCHILLER
San Fernando State College
Northridge, California

ROBERT NISBET writes:

On reflection I think the worst aspect of the Report was the gratuitous insertion of decidedly political views into a document that was supposed to be a dispassionate analysis of violence and disruption of academic freedom on the campus. Of course there are excellent analyses in the Report. But the Introduction, the Chapter on blacks, and the long recommendation concerning the President of the United States are transparently political, not analytical.

I personally have not the slightest objection to the so-called New Culture of youth. Nor did I have to the hobo-culture of my boyhood, its locale the vicinity of the railroad yard rather than that of the campus. Nor did I object to the bohemian culture in the 20's and to beatnik culture in the late 40's and 50's. What I object to deeply is the occasional hoodlumism of each, and, above all, to the absurd inflation of significance by faculty members and newspaper reporters of "youth culture" in the 1960's. To see in this alleged culture the makings of a revolution in America, of a new and liberated consciousness, is the single most ridiculous thing I have witnessed in my lifetime. In a very few years the effusions of the Kenistons, Marcuses, Roszaks, and Reichs will seem no more than a bad dream to all but the authors themselves. I predict wholesale embarrassment for those, chiefly from academy and press, who have been, these last few years, shamelessly pandering to youth—that is, of course, affluent, middle-class, bored, alienated, radical youth. But, believe me, gentlemen, flattery will get you nowhere. And the signs of student scorn are already plain to be seen.

To Mr. Winograd's query about "gut issues," I do indeed believe in them. Twenty years ago, in a book, I wrote about some of them: the mirage of centralized bureaucracy pronounced humanitarianism, the quicksand of mass-rooted, crisis-oriented politics from the Left, the allure of war to the kind of intellectuals who in 1960 were to surround John F. Kennedy, and, above all, about the quest for, and the desperate need for, autonomous associations and communities in American life. I am persuaded the book remains relevant. To his second query, I plead no sons, only daughters, and no generation gap. The last does me no honor at all. There is no generation gap, only vagrant ideologies in search of recruits. Of all ages.

I am afraid that Messrs. Schiller and Tollett saw demons rather than words when they read my review of the Report. It is a common failing these days. Rather than use valuable space to repeat myself, I shall simply beg them to return to my article, this time for scholarly rather than for passionate reading. They will see the difference between what is said and implied in the essay itself and what somehow became transmuted into angry impression. One conclusion I promise them if they will do what I ask: they will find no hysteria, or racism, no animus against activism or unrest, whether from Left or Right; only animus against hoodlumism whether ideological or non-ideological, black, brown, or white.

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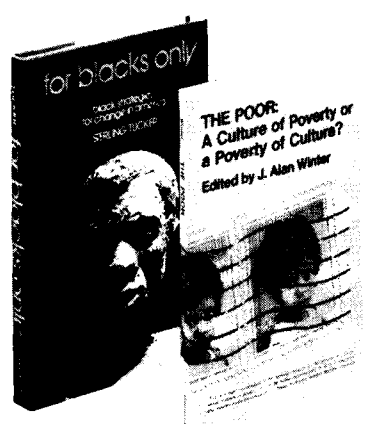

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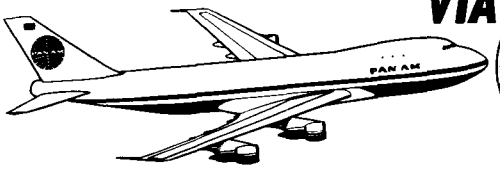

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A Plague of Children

Milton Himmelfarb

I

We must turn to a course of reducing *the size of the human population over the next few centuries . . . as rapidly as possible. . . . 100% effective contraception available to all would not halt population growth. . . . People want too many children.*
—Paul R. Ehrlich, *Encounter,* December 1970

THIS IS NOT the Professor Paul Ehrlich of Salvarsan, the Magic Bullet, but this one, too, leader of the movement for ZPG—Zero Population Growth—is an eminent scientist. Therefore he sees things as they are, not as he would wish them to be. He knows that people want what they should not want, what is bad for them and us, what for their good and ours they must be kept from having. Not only children: Professor Ehrlich also knows that "people want to enjoy massive consumption" and that "people are aggressive and xenophobic." No humane person could have a laissez-faire attitude toward aggression and xenophobia. He would want to curb them. And so with massive consumption, and with too many children.

Curb those dangerous passions and desires by education? Of course, but it would be folly to rely on education alone. Since antiquity the wise have known that people must be educated against greed, whether greed for money or for distinction; but that appetite has no limit, and that most people live to gratify appetite. Against murder we shield ourselves by other means besides education. Community is protected by the state, the state has police power, and police power compels by using or being manifestly ready to use force.

Perhaps murder is not the best analogy for the evil of too many children. Plague may be a better one. Both childbirth and plague are biological phenomena, and society entrusts the management of both to the medical profession. Reasonably advanced countries deal with plague by education, to be sure, but also by sanitation, by vigilance; above all by compulsory inoculation and vaccination. Against the plague of children the way to inoculate and vaccinate is to sterilize.

Many in ZPG are already educating us by the best method of the best teachers—not by telling but by showing, by setting an example. They have been sterilizing themselves voluntarily and demonstratively, so that we may be helped to leave our irrational prejudices behind. We always have to be shown. We had to be shown before we could welcome universal inoculation and vaccination.

Here the analogy ends. Inoculation and vaccination ideally should be irreversible, permanent. With sterilization, on the other hand, we could have too much of a good thing. We do not want total childlessness, only fewer children than parents, and only for a century or two. Afterward, when the population of the world has fallen to a tolerable level, we shall want as many children as parents (but no more).

So the scientists will have to be able to reverse sterilization if it is to be universal. Won't selective sterilization do? Not if "selective" means "voluntary." That would put us back to where we started: our problem is, precisely, that people are volunteering for ("people want") too many children. Then how about selective *compulsory* sterilization, more or less like the draft, which is selective compulsory military service? That won't work, either. Sterilize some, and the unsterilized may make up for them—perhaps by selling, directly or indirectly, the fruit of the womb to those whose wombs have been made barren.

Neither voluntary nor selective, therefore, but compulsory, universal, and reversible; or (to be fully explicit) compulsory, universal, reversible, *female* sterilization. It is not men who have babies. For any quantum of effort or resources that we put into the program, female sterilization will be decisively more effective than male. Assume a hundred men with a hundred women, and assume a male-only sterilization program so good that it is 99 per cent effective. With a hundred unsterilized women, one unsterilized man can produce a hundred children a year. A hundred unsterilized men, five hundred, could produce no more. Which is to say that a good male-only sterilization program is not, at the margin,

MILTON HIMMELFARB, a contributing editor of COMMENTARY, is also director of Research and Information Services of the American Jewish Committee and an editor of the *American Jewish Year Book.*

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any better than no program at all. But assume the same hundred men and hundred women, also with a sterilization program 99 per cent effective, and this time female rather than male. Now those two hundred people can produce no more than one child a year (barring a multiple birth). Women's *ressentiment*, the single-standard ideology, what you will—these may exert pressure for male sterilization. Effectiveness requires female sterilization.

The method will be simplicity itself. Today every six-year-old has his inoculation and vaccination before being allowed to enter school. Tomorrow every ten-year-old schoolgirl will have her sterilization. When she is older and wants a child, she will apply to the Population Optimization Administration (POA) to have her fertility restored. After her child is born, the obstetrician will resterilize her. Needless to say, licences will be fewer for second children than for first, and no licenses will be given for third children.

This is more rational, more efficient, than sentimentally allowing every woman a first child whenever the fancy takes her, and only after the damage is done having POA remove her from active fertility. The welfare of all depends on POA's smooth achievement of the Plan's annual production quotas.

II

Elected officials can no longer evade debating the ideologic issue of whether the individual right to procreate, to the detriment of society, is a basic human right and a fundamental freedom and whether it can be legally halted without damaging the fabric of freedom. The limitation of family size by law seems less an infringement than a boon to individual civil liberty.

—Edgar Berman, "We Must Limit Families by Law," New York *Times*, December 15, 1970

But what is freedom? Rightly understood,
A universal license to be good.

—Hartley Coleridge, *Liberty*

THE *Times* identifies Dr. Berman as a noted research surgeon who served as special assistant on health problems to Vice President Humphrey. On the evidence he is also a political philosopher, in that great tradition Coleridge *fils* compressed so ably into the couplet above. Aristotle reproved the tendency of people in democracies to think that freedom means everyone doing what he likes. For the Stoics the bad and ignorant are slaves, only the good and the wise and those who suppress their desires are free. (Freedom is the recognition of necessity. The gods themselves do not fight against necessity.) For John Milton none can love freedom heartily but good (or, wise and good) men; the rest love not freedom, but license. Spinoza called that man free who is guided by reason. Montesquieu thought freedom was the power to do what we ought to will, or alternatively the right to do what the law permits. Rousseau thought so too, and he so loved liberty that he would compel us to be free.

Still, a few difficulties remain. The same Milton who made freedom the exclusive property of the good and the wise suggested that Necessity is the tyrant's plea. And there is the other tradition, represented by John Stuart Mill, for which the only freedom worthy of the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way. There is also the difficulty of passing from general principles to particular cases.

I do not know Professor Ehrlich or Dr. Berman, but I should not be greatly surprised if they belonged to a civil-liberties union, or at least sent it their contributions. I should not be surprised if they were repelled by the Nixon-Mitchell no-knock legislation. I assume they think it a disgrace, and a threat to our liberties, that a police force should be empowered to break into someone's home without first knocking at the door.

Let us project our imaginations three years into the future. (Things move rapidly nowadays. Five years ago, who would have prophesied that our governments would now be so enlightened as routinely to provide abortion on demand, in public hospitals?) Universal, compulsory, female sterilization has been enacted into law, the Demographic Plan has been adopted, the Population Optimization Administration is in business. Defiant lawbreakers—naturists in the East Village or a New Mexico commune, Amish in Wisconsin—are reasonably believed to present a clear and present danger of conceiving, or even of giving birth, in contravention of the Plan, of the Annual Production Target (APT), and of the POA regulations, as authorized in the Universal Female Sterilization Act (UFSA). To knock or not to knock? If the police have to knock, they will find a man and woman playing rummy, or praying; or else a window suspiciously open and a bed suspiciously rumpled. If the police are allowed to kick the door in, they can well prevent a conception, or even a parturition, and nab the criminals in the act.

Or the POA police may know that anti-social physicians are issuing false sterilization documents. Shall a woman in possession of a document, but suspected with good cause of not having really been sterilized, be allowed to stand on the Fifth Amendment and escape examination by an honest, public-service physician?

In strict logic it may not be easy to choose between no-knocking to catch a dealer in heroin and no-knocking to catch an unlicensed procreatress or parturient. Practically, however, the choice is less difficult. Measured against the civil-libertarian principle, probable heroin-dealing is trifling; measured against the enormity of willful childbearing, the civil-libertarian scruple must give way: *salus populi suprema lex*, the people's

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safety is the highest law. Let the wise guys inscribe their jeering graffiti, their "Pushers sí, mothers no." The stock in trade of the old-fashioned politician was flag and mother. Luckily for us, both have become obscenities, equally.

So much for some of the difficulties uncovered in a legal approach to ZPG. Difficulties of another order are uncovered in an economic approach. An elated ZPG scientist has told me that recent research shows intelligence to contain only a small hereditary element. This scientific finding—which I must admit surprised me—will be helpful for appealing to the intelligent, who may have been thinking that it is their eugenic duty to have children. Now they may be told, in good conscience, not to procreate but to adopt. Adoption by the intelligent will accomplish two useful things: it will reduce total births, and it will transfer some infants from less satisfactory natural parents to more satisfactory adoptive ones.

But the intelligent (or at least the educated) are likelier than others to have incomes high enough for a substantial measure of discretionary spending. Convince them it is their duty to adopt, and when they go into the adoption market they may bid up the price of children, thereby stimulating producers to increase their production. Make that illegal and you could get a black market. Prohibition made liquor illegal but did not end liquor. Instead it brought about corruption, high prices to drinker and high profits to bootlegger, and a low, even dangerous, average quality of the product. And there is the additional possibility that after UFSA, some illegal purchasers may be brought into the market by people's ancient propensity to regard stolen water as sweet.

One more economic point: as Professor Ehrlich shows, reduction of children goes hand in hand with reduction of massive consumption. Today we can spend on Cadillacs, or houseboats, or rising college-tuition fees. Not for long, though. With only one child permitted to a couple, even the tuition fees of the future may not sop up those discretionary dollars of ours; while Cadillacs and houseboats will be in short supply. We will have the spare cash to buy children with.

Consequently, it is prudent to assume that all the ingredients will be there for a vigorous black market in children, or in childbirth licenses. We cannot foresee its details, but we should get set for the ingenuity of eager buyers and sellers. This usually exceeds the ingenuity of honest officials, if only because a good part of the black market's ingenuity is exercised in turning honest officials into corrupt ones. Seized by the authorities, moonshine and contraband narcotics have nevertheless been known to escape destruction and find their way back into the hands of illegal *traffickers*. What assurance have we that that will not also happen with contraband neonates?

All the more reason, then, why our scruples, which merit the greatest respect in the case of minor things like pushing heroin (or murder confessions), will have to be put aside in the case of the major thing, population.

III

. . . man in primitive societies has always controlled his own reproduction by custom. His customs in primitive, and to a less extent in advanced, societies have . . . always tended to produce not a maximum increase but an optimum density. Abortion, infanticide, restricted intercourse and various contraceptive devices are the means employed. . . . Those who are prevented from marrying or mating by warrior grading or postponed initiation . . . are forced into homosexuality which then becomes a major agent of family limitation. The old are generally left to die. And in extreme crisis the infants are eaten.

—C.D. Darlington, *Evolution of Man and Society*, 59

. . . other practices too have been reinvented over and over again, in the long course of time . . . for necessity is the mother of invention. . . .

. . . the [Cretan] lawgiver has made many wise provisions . . . for the segregation of the women, so that they shall not bear many children; and he instituted male congress. . . .

As to whether the children who are born shall be put away or brought up, let there be a law against bringing up anyone damaged; while from the point of view of the quantity of children, if the customary arrangements prevent any of those born from being put away, a limit must be set to the amount of child-production; and if any have coupled and a child in excess is conceived . . . abortion is necessary. . . . Let it be decided also for how long it is fitting that man and woman shall do their public service by producing children. . . . anyone more than four or five years older than [fifty] should be relieved from procreation . . . and thereafter any congress they may perform must clearly be for health's sake or for a similar reason. As to congress with another woman or another man, simply let it be ignoble for anyone to be disclosed as engaging in it in any way at all, so long as he is a husband and has that title; while if anyone is disclosed to be doing anything of the sort during the time of his child-production, let him be amerced by deprivation of privilege commensurate with his error.

—Aristotle, Politics 1329b, 1272a, 1335b-1336a

Isn't it in a futurist novel by Anthony Burgess that government counters overpopulation by drumming it into the citizenry that gay is beautiful, gay is better?

The Pill, legal abortion, Women's Liberation,

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Gay Liberation—all have begun their careers of conquest pretty much at the same time. An old-fashioned moralist will say that separately and together these represent the triumph of the new paganism. The new pagans (so called) will say that those things which frighten the fuddy-duddies are only ideas whose time has come asserting themselves against the Establishment.

Maybe the credit lies elsewhere. Maybe the new pagans are forcing an open door. If there is such an essence as "government," maybe in the last third of the 20th century government is not at all displeased with ideologies, enthusiasms, movements, and behaviors that hold the population down.

IV

Then a new king arose over Egypt, who had not known Joseph, and he said to his people, "Why, the Israelite people are too many and too strong for us. . . ." So taskmasters were put over them to oppress them. . . . But the more the Israelites were oppressed, the more they multiplied and spread, until the Egyptians could not stand them any more. . . . Then the king of Egypt said to the Hebrew midwives. . . , "When you deliver the Hebrew women, . . . if it is a boy, kill him. . . ." But because the midwives were God-fearing, they did not do as the king of Egypt had ordered them. . . . So Pharaoh commanded all his people as follows: "Any boy that is born, throw him into the Nile. . . ."

—Exodus 1:8-22

In 1726 and 1727 the [*Hapsburg*] *Emperor Charles VI issued two decrees, as a result of which in both Bohemia and Moravia the existing right of permanent residence of the long-settled Jewish families was allowed to be bequeathed to only one of the sons in a family. As the heir, that son was allowed to establish a new family; but as soon as he got married, his brothers and sisters lost the right to remain. The purpose of this cruel law, worthy of the ancient Pharaohs, was to block the natural increase of the Jews and thus to effect a* "Reduktion" *in their numbers. . . .*

—Simon Dubnow, *Weltgeschichte des jüdischen Volkes,* VII, 279-80

(Prosecution Exhibit 1544)
Top Secret
Memorandum

On 6 March I attended a meeting in the Reich Main Security Office concerning the further handling of the Jewish problem. The purpose of the meeting was to clarify how the general directives laid down in the "meeting of the State Secretaries" of 20 January 1942 [*editor's note: the Wannsee Conference, on the Final Solution of the Jewish Question*] *are to be carried out actually in practice. The question of the sterilization of the persons of mixed blood amounting to approximately 70,000 individuals was considered to be particularly difficult. According to a report by the Supreme Medical Authority, this would be equal to 70,000 days spent in hospitals. As the hospitals are occupied by the wounded, this method does not seem practicable, at least during the war. As an alternative to the solution mentioned in section IV/1 of the minutes of 20 January it was, therefore, suggested to assemble all persons of mixed blood (first degree) in a single city . . . and to postpone the question of sterilization to the period after the war. . . .*

[signed] Rademacher

Berlin, 7 March 1942

—*Trials of War Criminals before the Nuernberg Military Tribunals . . .* October 1946-April 1949, XIII, 221-22

Under the patronage of the SS and Police, sterilization experiments were conducted on Jews in the killing center of Auschwitz, and from time to time the experimenters sent in reports to the effect that a technique for large-scale sterilizations was about to be "perfected."

. . . [in Holland] by February 1944, only 8610 intermarried Jews were still living in their homes. These Jews were accorded complete exemption from anti-Jewish measures, to the point of permission to dispose of the star, if they could prove their sterility. A total of 2256 Jews had submitted such proof; hundreds of them had acquired it by subjecting themselves to an operation. . . . It appears that sterility of the Christian partner was not an acceptable ground for releasing restrictions. It was the Jewish partner who had to be sterile.

—Raul Hilberg, *Destruction of the European Jews,* 273, 377

Long before the proclamation of the Jewish State, the She'erit Ha-peletah [*"the surviving remnant"*] *established miniature Jewish states within the* [*Displaced Persons'*] *camps. . . . Tens of thousands of new families were established, resulting in a birth rate of 75 to 100 for every 1,000—unsurpassed in the world.*

—Editorial, last issue (Jan. 13, 1950) of *Dos Vort,* the newspaper of *She'erit Ha-peletah;* in Leo W. Schwarz, *The Redeemers,* 308

The keynote is the very low level of Jewish fertility. In all countries for which data are available, including the United States, the fertility of the Jews is below that of the general population. In several countries it has fallen below replacement level. After a short-lived post-World War II baby boom, Jewish birth figures declined in the 1950's. . . . In all diaspora Jewish communities . . . the proportion of . . . old people is greater. . . . This . . . affects unfavorably the balance of births and deaths.

—Usiel O. Schmelz, "Evaluation of Jewish Population Estimates," *American Jewish Year Book,* 1969, 274-75

LONG AGO the Jewish parochials were put in their place by that joke about The Elephant and The Jewish Question, and now the parochials are worrying about The

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Population Explosion and The Jewish Question. The parochials are solemn about the Jews' uniqueness in being so much fewer, all these years after Hitler's war, than before it. They say that Russians, Poles, Germans have made up their wartime losses, and that only the Jews have not. They worry even about America, and will tell you that the Jewish ratio to the total population has dropped a fifth in one generation.

Of every 1,000 people in the world, 996 or 997 are not Jews. A concern about minorities is admirable, of course, and all that, but really! How much attention are we—even those of us who happen to have been born Jews (whatever "Jews" may mean)—supposed to give to a tiny fraction of the world's population? Explaining why his country cannot afford to be anti-Russian, a Pole has said that Russia is bad enough, but China will be impossible: the entire Polish people is smaller than a small statistical error in the Chinese census. But *all the Jews in the world* are fewer than half of the Poles in Poland. All the Jews in the world are fewer than two-thirds of the blacks in the United States, fewer than one-third of the Catholics in the United States. How can you justify a preoccupation with Jews?

If it were only a matter of the Jews as Jews, therefore, we need have no second thoughts. It is only as the Jews represent groupiness—group interests, passions, and suspicions—that we have to pay attention to them, or rather to the groupy questions that are regrettably likely to be raised. Let us restate the central principle: the philoprogenitiveness of selfish or backward individuals is at odds with the common good of the human race; and against selfish desires, or archaic values and habits of thought, the common good must prevail. That truth cannot be shaken. But the existence of groups means that individuals have sentiments and purposes stemming from their group memberships as well as from their individualities.

The first practical complication arising from groupiness is easily disposed of. That is what used to be called national interest or, from another perspective, patriotism. Some may argue that the very metaphors ZPG people use in talking about population show that population has military significance: "bomb" and "explosion." They may then go on to point out that for American ZPGers, the birth of an American baby is much worse than the birth of a Chinese or Indian baby, because Americans use up a hugely disproportionate share of the world's goods, and foul earth, water, and air with a hugely disproportionate share of the world's junk and waste. For ZPGers, this means that ZPG is more urgently needed in America than in China or India. But with population having military significance, will not what may amount to unilateral American ZPG be a kind of unilateral American disarmament?

This is easily answered: yes. But the matter must not be allowed to rest there. Counter-questions are in order. Are you a militarist, a hawk, a cold-warrior? What kind of person are you, to oppose ZPG for narrow reasons of national interest, so called—which, at that, are nothing more than apprehensions of military (!) disadvantage?

THE domestic rivalries of group interests are stickier. Take abortion, for instance. There are some (and not blacks alone) who think it a remarkable coincidence that abortion, so long illegal and so long a near-monopoly of the white middle class, should have been made legal and widely available just when the taxpayer types were making louder and louder noises about the rising cost of supporting the rising number of welfare children. If those suspicious of abortion should now direct their suspicions against ZPG, they would be misguided, of course; but given their experience and outlook, can they be convinced they are wrong?

There is more yet. Some blacks are against abortion not primarily because they resent the motives they impute to the social engineers who legislated it but because, quite simply, they want the black population to increase more rapidly than the white. Such people say that the blacks of the United States are a minority of awkward size, 11 per cent—too big not to be conspicuous, too small to be strong. They want the black proportion bigger, about 25 per cent. For them, ZPG will be even worse than abortion, which after all is voluntary. ZPG will be compulsory and it will freeze population ratios. Inevitably, some will say it is anti-black. Of course freezing population ratios is not what ZPG is for. We know that, but the black populationists may tell us again that white racism is not always conscious. And, unfortunately, freezing American population ratios can evoke memories. The explicit purpose of the Immigration Restriction Acts of the 1920's was, by freezing population ratios, to preserve America's Nordic character against Slavs, Mediterraneans, Asians, and Africans (and Jews).

Conscientious citizens will serve on the local Population Optimization Administration boards, and loudmouths will make life miserable for them. Has Mrs. A been denied a license for reversal of sterilization? Then the POA board is discriminating against Catholics. Miss B? The board is against feminists. Mrs. C? Against the poor. Mrs. D? Against blacks. Mrs. E? Against the wives of policemen. The members of the board are prejudiced, arbitrary, snobbish. They are corrupt. They show favoritism. The head of the POA in Washington is corrupt and prejudiced.

To advance meaningful freedom it may be necessary to silence those demagogues.

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V

The LORD *spoke to Moses and said: Speak to the Israelites and say to them: I am the* LORD *your God. You shall not do as is done in the land of Egypt, where you dwelt, nor shall you do as is done in the land of Canaan, to which I am bringing you; you shall not follow their ordained practices. You shall keep My laws and observe My decrees. . . : I am the* LORD *your God. . . . My decrees and My laws, by which, if a man obeys them, he will have life: I am the* LORD. *None of you shall approach anyone of his own flesh to uncover nakedness: I am the* LORD. . . . *You shall not lie seminally with your neighbor's wife, defiling yourself with her. You shall not give any of your children for offering to Molech, lest you profane the name of your God: I am the* LORD. *You shall not lie with a male as with a woman; that is an abomination. You shall not lie with any animal, thereby defiling yourself. . . . For by all such things those nations defiled themselves whom I am driving out in your favor. . . . But you, you must not do any of these abominations . . . so that the land shall not spew you out for defiling it, as it spewed out the nation that preceded you. . . . I am the* LORD *your God.*

—Leviticus 18 (read in the synagogue Yom Kippur afternoon)

Moses . . . gave the Jews novel religious usages, opposed to those of all other people. For the Jews everything is profane which among us is sacred, and contrariwise, among them everything is permitted which to us is unclean. . . . though a people most inclined to lust, they shun lying with foreign women—while among themselves nothing is unlawful. . . . Also they are concerned to increase their population; for they think it an abomination to kill any unwanted or inconvenient child. . . . the Jews understand God . . . to be one . . . supreme, eternal . . . not to be represented. . . . Therefore they display no images in their cities, not to speak of their temples; such flattery their kings do not receive from them, nor such honor the Caesars. . . . the Jewish way is senseless and filthy.

—Tacitus, Histories, V, iv, v

. . . one commandment the pagans keep is that they do not write a marriage contract between males. . . .

—Hullin 92a,b

they do not write a marriage contract between males: *For though the pagans are assumed to practice homosexuality, and in fact do practice it, they are not so far gone in derision of the commandment against it as actually to write a marriage contract.*

—Rashi *ad loc.*

Nero . . . married the boy Sporus with all due rites, including dowry and bridal veil; took him home, accompanied by a large crowd, and kept him as his wife. Somebody's rather clever mot is still in circulation, that it would have been a good thing for everyone if Nero's father Domitius had had such a wife.

—Suetonius, Lives of the Caesars VI, xxviii

The She'erit Ha-peletah *witnessed the collapse of European* [sc., *Western*] *civilization. . . . We have given the world the will and testament of those who perished: "Do not put your faith in European civilization. . . . Return to the sources of Jewish morality. Live in accordance with the moral imperative of Judaism. . . ."*

—*Dos Vort,* January 10, 1950

As Israel were redeemed from Egypt for the merit of having been fruitful and having multiplied, so will Israel be redeemed in future for the merit of being fruitful and multiplying. . . . Know this to be so, that Israel are redeemed only if they are fruitful and multiply; as it is said [Isaiah 54:3], "For to left and right you will increase. . . ."

—Seder Elijah Zuta 14 *ad fin.* (Lublin edition)

WELL, MAYBE AT THAT it would be artificial, in talking about ZPG, not to talk about the Jews.

So many in the movement seem to be Jews. So many of the self-sterilizers, who are setting an example for the more backward, seem to be Jews. That is, Jews of the good kind, not like the The Elephant-and-The-Jewish-Question ones. The latter, in a characterization once standard in Christian theology, are carnal—which is to say, fleshly, or material. The fleshly, material Jews are also the parochials, who link everything to The Jewish Question. About everything they ask, "Is it good for the Jews?" They ask that even about ZPG.

Parochial, fleshly Jews say that since ZPG is for combatting the population explosion, it is the right thing for population-exploders: Indians, Chinese, Russians, Americans, what have you. But the Jews are not exploding, it is not they who have too many children. The Jews have too few children, they are imploding. For Jewish population-imploders, say the fleshly parochials, the right thing is not ZPG but MPG—Maximum Population Growth. Self-consciously Hebraic, they yet appeal to a Hellenic principle: justice is the equal treatment of equals; whereas, no less than the unequal treatment of equals, the equal treatment of unequals is injustice.

Prophetic Jews, on the other hand, are not always asking, "Is it good for the Jews?" Prophetic Jews know better than to grant the parochials' plea for exempting the Jews. ZPG is the Jews' obligation not only because it is the obligation of all, but especially because it is in the highest degree a prophetic duty for Jews to take the lead and be an example. The fleshly parochials—we may as well call them priestly, too, to set them off against the prophetic—would actually say that for the Jews a devotion to ZPG is suicide.

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They do not even shrink from hinting that there may be something immoderate, problematic, about Jews cheerfully volunteering for sterilization, untroubled by any memory of what sterilization meant for Jews only yesterday, and of how the capacity and desire of the survivors to bring children into the world affirmed the Psalmist's "I shall not die, but live."

This sort of thing the prophetic Jews reject with the indignation it deserves; as they reject with the contempt it deserves the pedantic quibble that prophetics ought to know their Prophets.

The prophetics will not let their humanity, their very vocation for prophetism, be cribbed and confined by pedantries, or by tribal compulsions to relive old, irrelevant horrors, or by home-bound, timorous refusals to adventure forth into a wider universe of thought and concern. The prophetics understand that it does not matter if the Jews die away, so long as Jewish ideals live; that if Jewish ideals are to live, it may well be necessary for the Jews to die away; even that it may *be* a Jewish ideal that the Jews should die away.

Is it not sad that there are still some Jews deaf to a prophetic voice?

VI

So Pharaoh commanded all his people as follows: "Any [Hebrew] boy that is born, throw him into the Nile. . . ." Now, a man of the house of Levi had gone and married a Levite woman. She conceived and bore a son and, seeing what a fine child he was, hid him for three months. When she could no longer keep him hidden, she got a papyrus basket for him, caulked it with bitumen and pitch, placed the boy in it, and put it among the reeds by the bank of the river. His sister stationed herself at a distance to learn what would happen to him.

Pharaoh's daughter, having come down to wash in the Nile . . . , noticed the basket among the reeds and sent a maid for it, who picked it up. Opening it, the princess saw the baby—a boy, crying—and taking pity on him, said, "He must be one of those Hebrew children." So his sister said to Pharaoh's daughter, "Shall I go and engage a nurse among the Hebrew women for you, to suckle the child for you?" Pharaoh's daughter said yes, and the girl went and engaged the child's mother. . . . When the boy was older, she brought him to Pharaoh's daughter, who adopted him as her son, and named him Moses. . . .

—Exodus 1:22–2:10

Amulius deposed his brother Numitor and reigned in his place. Adding crime to crime, he destroyed his brother's male line; and Numitor's daughter Rea Silvia . . . Amulius appointed Vestal Virgin, putting an end to her hopes for progeny. . . . Having been raped, Rea Silvia the Vestal gave birth to twins . . . and named Mars as the father. . . . But neither the gods nor men could save her or her children from the cruel king. The priestess was bound and put into prison, and the boys were ordered thrown into the river. . . . By divine chance the Tiber had overflowed its banks . . . and no one could get to the river proper. . . . Thus, imagining they were carrying out the king's order, his men put the infants into the nearest overflow. . . . The tale is told that when the flood let up, the tub containing the boys floated to a dry spot; and a thirsty she-wolf, coming down from the surrounding hills and attracted by the childish wails, was so mildened that she let down her dugs and suckled the boys. The king's herdsman, whose name was Faustulus, found her licking them with her tongue and took them home to be brought up by his wife Larentia. (But there are some who think that it was Larentia who was called She-wolf, among the shepherds, as being a common harlot. . . .) Such was the manner of Romulus and Remus's birth and upbringing. . . .

—Livy, History of Rome from Its Founding I, iii, iv

IF CHILDREN are to be headed off or put away, let there be no slip-ups. Sterilizations must sterilize, abortions abort (and drownings drown). One thing is pretty certain, that the world needs no new Prophets or Founders, no new Judaisms or Romes. Even now someone may be writing a novel set in the 22nd century, complete with mythos of the child doomed, spared, endangered again, and finally revealed as Savior—whether Founder or Prophet.

What will be his equivalent of tub and caulked basket?

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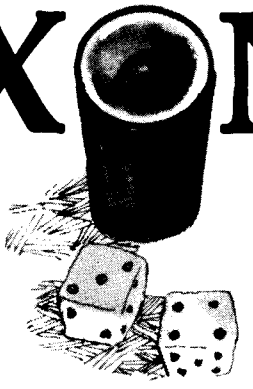

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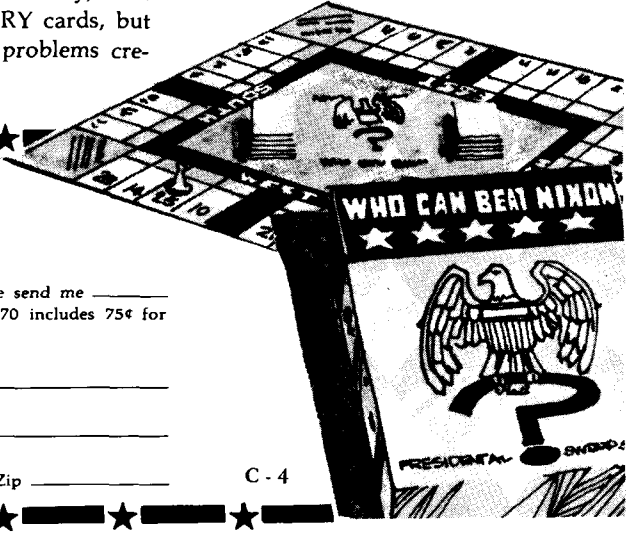

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Rediscovering American Labor

Penn Kemble

IT HAS been almost two decades since the labor movement went out of fashion among liberal and radical intellectuals. Today it is apparent that something of a change is taking place. George Wald, the Harvard scientist who has become a spokesman for academic radicalism, recently brought labor leaders and intellectuals together for a "dialogue." According to a statement issued by Wald and his colleagues, cooperation between academics and labor ". . . would give the academic community what it now most lacks; a base in the outside community." Jimmy Breslin, who keeps an eye on Brooklyn and Queens for Manhattan's *beau monde,* has been warning that unless the peace movement reaches the workers, more heads will be broken. The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions has sent down a report on the life of an electrician from its Olympian vantage-point in Santa Barbara. The sociological press is full of discussions about "white ethnics," a suitably noncontroversial, American term for the working class. Here and there one begins to hear Democratic politicians advertising themselves as candidates who can carry the blue-collar vote.

Political cynicism holds that respect is usually paid to the successful and the powerful. This appears to apply for liberal and radical intellectuals as well as for those who make fewer claims to elevated motives. In all likelihood, labor was courted in the 1930's not simply, as the reminiscing radicals would have it, because labor was then a pure flame of social righteousness. It was rather because the power of the labor movement in politics or on the picket line was so dramatically apparent, while the world of business and the upper classes seemed so unsteady. A good deal of today's revival of interest in labor probably has a similar basis. The political vogues of the 1950's and 1960's have lost their glamor, while the unions, for long the targets of so much snobbish disdain, have shown remarkable durability and vigor.

One could sense a shift in the anti-labor winds back in 1968. First, the United Federation of Teachers won its bitter strike against the Lindsay administration. Not only had most intellectuals opposed the union: special honors were awarded to union-busters and strike breakers. (Soon after, through the reporting of Martin Mayer and the repudiation by the black community itself of so-called community leaders who had opposed the union, some liberals quietly recognized that the union was not only powerful, it had been right.)

The unions then demonstrated enormous political muscle in the 1968 Presidential elections. Despite widespread liberal indifference and the strong backlash campaign of George Wallace, the labor movement by itself almost carried Hubert Humphrey into the White House. From then until now the unions have had a string of successes: the organization of farm and hospital workers and white-collar employees, the collective-bargaining victories at General Electric and General Motors, the legislative defeats of Haynesworth and Carswell, and the impressive showing in last year's elections, when labor's organization and labor's issues were unquestionably the deciding factors in the revival of the Democratic party. And all this despite a hostile administration and a faltering economy.

In the face of these successes, and the equally impressive record of disappointments that has been built up by the protest movements of the disaffected intelligentsia—the New Left and the New Politics—it is not surprising that some formerly hostile intellectuals are preparing themselves again to accept an alliance with organized labor. It is unlikely, however, that they will be able to do so without reappraising some of the theories and attitudes which have fed the indifference and hostility toward labor within the intellectual community in the past twenty years.

I

MUCH of this indifference and hostility toward the labor movement—and, for that matter, the working class, white ethnics, lower-middle class, and other groups of comparable social status and outlook—was, no matter how much radicalism it may have been spiced with, made of basically conservative dough. The anti-labor posture has often been

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justified with the argument that labor lost its claim to support in the intellectual world by turning conservative in the 1950's. A fairer assessment is that many intellectuals became more conservative, and abandoned labor. During the 1930's intellectuals were often obliged to look at the world from the standpoint of the working man. Many of them took ordinary jobs or worked in the labor movement itself. Government was Left-leaning in the New Deal days, and many writers and artists were employed on government public-works projects. But in the relative affluence of the postwar years many of these same intellectuals moved into secure and well-paying positions in the universities and in publishing. Some even gained admittance to the fringes of the business world, as writers and as consultants to the great foundations. Sources of government support shifted from the WPA to the Department of Defense, the poverty-education complex —and other less visible agencies.

In short, the intellectual community was raised to an unprecedented status and affluence, based on relationships with institutions which depended for their support on the large corporations, the upper classes, and the more conservative branches of a now more conservative government. This is not to argue that the intellectuals were simply bought off by high salaries and other perquisites—although in some cases these assuredly had their impact. For at the same time that many incomes in the academic world were rising, the relative status of the academic world itself was rising—perhaps even at a faster rate. Despite the anti-egghead and McCarthyite sentiments of the early 1950's, by the end of the decade the panic over education precipitated by Sputnik and the automation scare brought a recognition within government and business of the strategic importance of higher education. In the fifteen years between 1950 and 1965, the number of students enrolled in higher education nearly doubled, while the amount of money taken in by universities increased almost six times over.

The effects of this transformation on the academic community itself were reinforced by a parallel change in outlook in the general society. American business regained its footing in the 1950's, and provided the nation with an unprecedented affluence. The government of the New Deal was replaced by the Dixiecrat-Republican coalition, which, while not dismantling the liberal measures taken by its predecessor, at least diminished the prospects of more far-reaching social and economic change. Even if the academic world had not been affected by its own new affluence and status, it would have been influenced by the trends in the wider society.

THE conservatism of the 1950's did not spare even the radical intellectuals, although, to be sure, its impact on them often took a distinctive form.* Their radicalism now assumed a patrician cast—they were the lonely bearers of high social and cultural standards in a mass society being inundated by *"kitsch."* Some radicals saw the awesome rise of totalitarianism as an expression of an unexpected "working-class authoritarianism."† Others blamed the people themselves, and not the conservative institutions which had regained dominance in the society, for the failure of radical hopes. Much of the disillusionment of the 50's with the working class can be summed up in two statements, which later served as the basis for the "radicalism" of the 1960's:

1) The general public is hypnotized by affluence and commercialism and has been reduced to a mass of private consumers.
2) In the atmosphere this creates, people are easily manipulated and the leaders of various interest groups tend to congeal into a uniformly venal though clever elite.

These two axioms were most clearly argued in the work of a radical sociologist who achieved great influence in the 1950's and early 1960's—the late C. Wright Mills. Paradoxically, those who held these views took over arguments that earlier had been the property of conservatives of an aristocratic bent. The contention that material affluence is destructive of the common man's character was also the view of the Russian landowner who worried that his serfs would lose their souls in a more modern social order, and of the Southern planter who was protecting his happy-go-lucky slaves from Yankee liberalism and commercialism. The same holds for the notion that all interest groups—in the authentic liberal view, the bases for a pluralist democracy—are really hustles which give only the illusion of power to those who support them, while elevating their leaders to an undeserved status. In some ways, Mills's idea of the power elite reminds one of the sour sentiments of Henry Adams, who looked on

* Nor were workers and the poor spared. Yet unlike many who concluded that unionism no longer had a significant role to play in society, the workers tended to accept the labor movement as one of the providers of the new affluence. While they moved away from the spirit of the 1930's, they never transferred their allegiance from unions to government or corporations. It is this which distinguished them from many other social groups.

† In searching for the roots of totalitarianism in the working class, these intellectuals overlooked a more promising field for study. In the 1960's many of the sociologists who had been apprehensively eying the working class for signs of a populist anti-intellectualism found themselves being driven out of their classrooms by some of their own graduate students. The degradation of cultural standards reached its nadir in "pop" art and other cults of the semi-intellectuals. The Hell's Angels never got far until they were "discovered" by Ken Kesey and his clique of college drop-outs. Of course workers can be drawn into anti-democratic movements—and have been. But the impulse for such movements usually originates elsewhere.

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the emerging democracy of his times as representing "hungry packs of wolves and hounds, whose lives depend on snatching the carrion," and who dreamed of the bygone day when all public matters had been settled among gentlemen. Such sentiments still thrive in many liberal minds. One finds all the mock patrician clichés repeated by Professor Charles Reich ("New York private school, Ivy league college, Yale Law School"), who conjures up a vision of the American people "in their sullen boredom, their unchanging routines, their minds closed to new ideas and feelings, their bodies slumped in front of television to watch the ball game Sunday." How far is this, really, from the scorn of Alexander Hamilton: "Your people, sir, is a great beast"?

It is not surprising that the trade-union movement came to be a prime target for the contempt of many intellectuals who were caught up in this peculiar mood. Through legislation and collective bargaining it does more than any other institution to bring some democratization to American affluence, thus spreading "corruption" to the lower orders. It is also the largest and strongest independent popular organization in this society. By electing leaders out of its own ranks, it has created a center of power and political expression which is free of both the business and intellectual elites. The forthright and down-to-earth manner of some of these leaders—George Meany, for example—is a special irritation to a certain breed of intellectual. And, one should add, to quite a few businessmen as well.

THE NATURAL ASCENDANCY of elitist attitudes in the intellectual community during the 1950's was given an additional lift by developments in the American Communist movement. During the 30's and 40's the Communists had become a very powerful force in American intellectual life, and had been the leading spokesmen for a pro-labor outlook (to be sure, their own dogmatic version) in the intellectual world. Those intellectuals who after the war rejected Communism as a totalitarian movement frequently rejected the pro-labor ideology of the party as well, without making a distinction between the rhetoric used by the Communists and those aspects of the Marxian tradition which still had to be taken seriously. At the same time, ironically, the Communists themselves were backing away from their earlier enthusiasm for labor.

At the end of the war the Communists were driven from the very considerable influence they had established in the CIO. This is often ascribed to the influence of McCarthyism, yet their decline was well under way long before Senator McCarthy achieved any prominence. Nor was their defeat accomplished by unfair methods. Because of the great confusion about this matter, especially among younger people who have been influenced by the New Left, it deserves some special attention.

The first important breakthrough in the long anti-Communist struggle in the CIO was the election of Walter Reuther to the presidency of the UAW in 1946. (The faction which Reuther defeated had held the union leadership largely through the support of the Communists, although its leader, R. J. Thomas, was, if anything, more conservative than Reuther.) The Reuther campaign was remarkably clean and democratic: Reuther won his majority during a long convention in which elected delegates, after hearing both sides out in dramatic caucus sessions, voted their choices. Reuther did not need to stir up fears about the dangers of Communism—union members frequently had enough direct experience to form their own opinions. The Communists' allegiance to Soviet foreign policy had led them to adopt positions on trade-union issues which outraged even the most ideologically indifferent rank-and-filers. They urged workers to accept no-strike pledges in union contracts in order to obtain dubious advances in war production which, their logic went, would relieve some of the pressure on the Soviet Union. They called for the return of piecework and incentive pay in the defense plants. These measures, when adopted, were frequently exploited by the management—often to increase not war production but war profits and to weaken unions. The decisive point in the factional struggle in the CIO came at its 1947 convention. The Communists had bitterly opposed the Marshall Plan for Europe, and had nearly defeated Truman, the Democratic candidate, by running Henry Wallace against him. It was only such transparently illiberal, cold-war maneuvers that finally drove the CIO to a total break with the Communist party.

But the defeat of the Communists in the labor movement contributed significantly to the anti-labor mood of the 50's. While the Communists may have continued to use proletarian rhetoric in official pronouncements, they opposed and denounced the real labor movement—the AFL and the CIO—on many important issues. The complexities of this position were lost on the considerable number of intellectuals with whom the Communists retained some influence. For most of these people, it has been enough to be anti-labor . . . period. It blends easily with their natural inclination toward a new status based largely on a *modus vivendi* with the universities, the foundations, and the corporations.

II

IF THE preceding explains why the intellectuals for their own reasons were being drawn away from labor, what has been the state of the labor movement itself during the past two decades? All things considered, it seems fair

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to say that labor is somewhat to the Left of where it was in the 1930's. At least, it has moved to the Left in most important substantive matters, if not in such things as rhetoric and strike tactics.

While there may be fewer union leaders today who make flamboyant speeches against the bosses, the mainstream of the labor movement is more involved with social issues of broad public concern, with political action, with race relations, with experimental forms of collective bargaining, with organizing new sectors of the work force, and with labor education than it has ever been before. To illustrate this perhaps provocative point, it is worth examining some of the criticisms one often hears from those who charge that labor has gone stale or conservative.

UNTIL quite recently it was widely believed that unions were dying. Their alleged lack of dynamism and the vast changes in industrial technology were said to be making it difficult for them to keep their old members or to recruit new ones. But union membership has actually held up remarkably well over the past two decades. As might be guessed, the membership of unions in absolute numbers has grown considerably since the 1930's—it now stands at about eighteen-and-a-half million. But, more impressively, unions now embrace roughly the same percentage of the total work force that is eligible for union membership as they did twenty years ago. (Many of those included in the standard estimates by the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics of the size of the civilian labor force must be excluded as ineligible for union membership: executives, managers, self-employed businessmen, professionals, farmers, and even part-time workers. This rather substantial correction is not often made by those discussing union-membership figures.) Nat Goldfinger, the AFL-CIO's reputable director of research, estimates that about 35 per cent of the real eligibles are now union members—about the same proportion as in the early 50's.

The fact that the proportion of union members relative to the total work force has remained the same would, of course, be evidence of stagnation, not vigor, were it nor for several other important factors. First, during the past twenty years there has been a momentous shift in the nature of the American work force. In 1950 there were a shade more blue-collar than white-collar workers. But today, in addition to an enormous growth in the total work force, the proportion of white-collar workers in the work force has jumped from a little more than one-third of the total to virtually one-half. This enormous shift in the nature of employment has been compounded by a variety of other factors which have affected union membership. Many plants have moved from highly unionized areas—the Northeast and Midwest—to the South and Southwest, where the nature of the work force and the political climate make union organizing extremely difficult. Groups have moved into the work force—the blacks and the young—which have little experience with unionism, and are at times susceptible to anti-union threats and appeals. Some industries in which unionism was especially strong—railroading, textiles, the manufacture of electrical appliances—have declined drastically. In the face of all these counter-currents, it should not be surprising that union membership has not soared. In fact, it is no small accomplishment that the unions have been able to hold their membership totals at more or less constant levels. They have had to run simply to stand still.

Another trend of thought, heavily worked by hostile ex-radicals, is that the labor movement has lost its concern for issues affecting the wider society. In fact, however, the very struggles that so thrilled the "Liberal Audience" in the 30's were really waged for quite narrow purposes—union recognition, the right to strike, etc. On this point it is worth quoting two observers of acknowledged impartiality:

> Much of the radical ethos surrounding the unions in the depression was supplied by outsiders who joined the movement temporarily, either to help the underdog or to engineer a social revolution. The mainstream of the movement did not depart fundamentally from its traditional goals of winning new members and bargaining for better wages and working conditions. If anything, it was less concerned then than it is now over social and economic issues outside the range of its own immediate interests. . . . In 1936, organized labor contributed the unprecedented sum of $750,000 for political purposes; in 1968, labor expended what is conservatively estimated to be $6 to $7 million to aid Democratic candidates. As for lobbying, union representatives took very little part in working for the passage of the labor and social legislation of the thirties. This record contrasts sharply with the present situation, wherein more than a hundred lobbyists represent labor in Washington and spend large portions of their time on such issues as medicare and civil-rights legislation.*

Some of this new social commitment is remarkably wide-ranging. In 1968-69, for example, the AFL-CIO made financial contributions to such causes as the Smithsonian Institution's Folk Life Program, and the Clergy Economic Education Foundation. It has been estimated that labor raises one-third of all United Fund and Community Chest collections, that union members who are reached through union-sponsored programs make about one-third of all Red Cross blood donations. But, of course, the core of labor's activity outside the industrial-relations sphere is in the field of politics and legislation.

* *Labor and the American Community*, by Derek C. Bok and John T. Dunlop, Simon & Schuster (Clarion), 544 pp., $3.95.

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The importance of the labor movement in winning liberal legislation is badly underestimated. It is very unlikely according to Clarence Mitchell, the NAACP's Washington representative, that any recent federal civil-rights legislation would have passed without the support of labor's lobbyists. The same can fairly be said for almost all the important liberal legislation of the 1950's and 1960's. The defeat of Nixon's Southern nominees to the Supreme Court by the Senate—defeats which were largely due to the efforts of labor lobbyists—is further evidence of labor's legislative potency. Labor does not now simply wait for legislation to appear, and then announce its support or opposition. It takes the initiative in raising issues. The legislative struggle over National Health Insurance, which may well become the crucial issue for the 92nd Congress, will be largely a result of legislative organizing done by the AFL-CIO and the UAW. The unions maintain the largest more-or-less united, experienced staff of legislative representatives which can be rallied behind a liberal bill. And in recent years at least three-quarters of the issues that have occupied labor's legislative energies have had no special benefit for unions or union members; they are simply general social-welfare issues.

The effectiveness of labor's legislative work rests ultimately on the effectiveness of its electoral action. Perhaps it is the growing recognition of this political clout more than anything else that has brought about the new interest in the labor movement. The union mobilization for Humphrey in 1968 astounded a good many liberals who had convinced themselves that labor was a mere husk left over from the days of the New Deal. The 1970 Congressional elections drove the point home: almost every liberal who was reelected could give credit to his union support. In contrast, the liberal and peace-campaign organizations—ADA, or the New Democratic Coalition—barely stood on their own feet.

Labor's political-action program grew up during the 50's—another point which illustrates how mistaken the theory is that the unions deteriorated in those years. While the rest of the country was turning to the Right, even the more conservative unions were forced to turn to liberal politics in self-defense. As Gus Tyler puts it in his excellent study, *The Labor Revolution*, "Republican Senator Taft succeeded [through the Taft-Hartley Act] where Socialist agitator Eugene V. Debs had failed, in turning the craft unions leftward." It is also worth noting that George Meany, who is often taken for a mere "business unionist," was, as Tyler explains, "the moving spirit" behind this turn. Bok and Dunlop report that today labor can field some 500 full-time, paid workers for sustained electoral action, to say nothing of thousands of part-time volunteers. Estimates of the total of labor's financial contributions for political purposes during the 1968 election period are, as mentioned, in the area of seven million dollars. (Both these figures include both AFL-CIO and independent unions.)

The paradox for the Left intellectuals is that this impressive political machinery is becoming more than a passive rewarder of friends and punisher of enemies, in the famous Gompers phrase. It is more and more involved with the processes of liberal political leadership, at a time when some liberal intellectuals have come to believe that such leadership requires nothing less than their own more ample talents and cultivation. While liberal spokesmen like John Kenneth Galbraith have conceded that "every effort must be made to keep the unions in the Democratic party," the unions are not likely to be contented with this alone. They are beginning to expect not only toleration in liberal politics; they want a voice in leadership as well. They have become more involved in intra-party struggles—their early endorsement of Humphrey in the 1968 battle for the Democratic nomination is but one instance of this. And serious contenders for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1972 would do well to acknowledge them.

III

PERHAPS the strongest charge being leveled against the labor movement today is that it stands as a barrier to Negro advancement. It was put most succinctly by John Doar, the former U.S. Assistant Attorney General who served as president of the New York City Board of Education during the teachers' strike of 1968:

> Union concepts of security and seniority were formulated in the period of struggle between company and union. Now the struggle is between Negroes and unions.

The shortcomings of this opinion as a general proposition are easily demonstrated. On legislative matters, the civil-rights and labor forces have almost always stood together in the recent past —not only on civil-rights issues, but on a wide range of social legislation. In politics, the coalition of the labor vote and the black vote has proved to be the most reliable basis of liberal power. But the labor-black alliance is not simply a coalition at the top. It extends to the local levels, and even to the workplace. The most extensive strikes in recent times, the General Electric and General Motors strikes, were strikes of black and white workers against the employer, not against one another. Union organizing drives have brought huge non-white minority memberships into the labor movement in recent years—it is estimated that today one out of every three new union members is black. There are now some two million black union members, making

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labor the most integrated of America's major social institutions. In Memphis, Charleston, Atlanta, Delano, and dozens of other places, unions of non-white minority workers have conducted long and bitter strikes against the bosses rather than against established white unions. Mr. Doar's opinion, however, was handed down with regard to the New York City teachers' strike—not the situation in what he might regard as a more provincial city like Memphis. Yet last year in New York, some eight thousand black and Puerto Rican paraprofessionals in the city's school system voted to join a largely white union: it was none other than the United Federation of Teachers.

THE current focus of the controversy about labor and the Negro is the building-trades unions. The skilled trades in the construction industry are a natural target for critics of the labor movement. These unions are labor's elite, at least in terms of the worker's hourly wages, which can be six or seven dollars an hour, and even higher. The unions in this industry generally come from the old AFL, and consequently do not have some of the associations with liberalism that the industrial unions have maintained since the CIO days. Although these unions contribute as heavily to COPE as the industrial unions, their leaders have never been so deeply involved in national politics, where associations with liberals might have been established. (They are, however, very much involved in local politics, where decisions are made regarding work rules, contract awards, licensing, etc. Local politics being what it is, the building-trades unions have often of necessity developed close relationships with some of the old-line politicians who are often the chief enemies of the affluent liberal reformer.) The craft unions generally control the admission of workers into the labor market through the apprenticeship system and job referrals, and consequently can be held more directly responsible for employment inequities than most unions. Finally, there has been an undeniable tradition of exclusiveness in the craft unions ever since they were established. (George Meany once explained that his union, the plumbers, didn't just discriminate against blacks. It discriminated against everybody. The reason—he said—was that even in the early decades of this century there was far too little work for the card-holders to agree to share it with new members.)

Perhaps it should be conceded that the skilled trades have been the most culpable sector of the labor movement so far as job discrimination is concerned. Still, what is really significant about this is the speed and energy with which such discrimination is being eliminated. In 1960 the number of Negroes registered in apprenticeship programs for the skilled crafts stood at a mere 2½ per cent. But by 1968, the proportion had grown to 8 per cent. And by the first half of 1970, some 11 per cent of the apprentices in these trades were from non-white minority groups—a figure which roughly corresponds to the proportion of non-whites in the general population. The figure should, of course, be higher, given the ultimate standard—the black worker's desperate need of steady employment at decent wages. Most of the craft-union leaders acknowledge this, and are continuing to expand their recruitment programs among non-white minority groups, rather than leveling off at a racial quota.

It should be kept in mind that this progress was achieved under the unions' own leadership—it was not imposed by some government agency. The pioneer work in this field—done by the Joint Apprenticeship Program of the Workers Defense League and the A. Philip Randolph Institute—was begun in the early 1960's, and gained support immediately from the Civil Rights Department of the AFL-CIO. Soon, in good part through the efforts of the labor movement, it received substantial financial backing from the U.S. Department of Labor. This program—together with other "Outreach Programs" modeled after it—is largely responsible for the substantial increase in black employment in the construction industry.

The example of the construction industry is interesting for a second reason: it shows how an anti-labor campaign attacks simultaneously from both the Left and the Right. One of the early economy moves of the Nixon administration was an order to cut back a full 75 per cent of federally-financed construction projects. At the same time that he was blighting employment in construction, Nixon was launching his campaign for the "Philadelphia Plan." This plan, which allows contractors to hire non-union labor, promises less to blacks than many union-supported hiring programs. Many non-white minority workers who do get jobs will only work irregularly, because they will not qualify for union cards. By nice coincidence, the Philadelphia Plan and the crescendo of anti-labor commentary which it provoked appeared not only at the time the administration was carrying out its budget cuts in construction, but also when its Southern strategists were carrying out their most strenuous offensive against some of the civil-rights gains made by the Johnson administration and the Warren Court.

IV

APART from the issue of race, it is the foreign-policy positions and activities of the AFL-CIO which have attracted the most criticism from intellectuals of the Left. It is worth distinguishing between two kinds of critics of the AFL-CIO's ideas on foreign policy, even though they may share similar views on many specific issues. The first is the radical ideo-

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logue, whose approach is based on a sweeping hypothesis about the ultimate—and counterrevolutionary—character of labor's outlook in international affairs. Sidney Lens once held preeminence in this field, but he has recently been displaced by Ronald Radosh, whose *American Labor and United States Foreign Policy** has become a textbook on this subject for some. Radosh, Lens, and others of their ideological stripe have one important failing—their critical brilliance only shines on the Western half of the world. For them the Communist presence on the globe, insofar as there is one at all, is a mere illusion, projected by our ruling powers as a pretext for the maintenance of capitalism, imperialism, war, and associated evils. The second genre of critic holds that workers—and union leaders drawn from their ranks—are simply undereducated in so complex an area as international affairs. Their positions are the result, in a favorite phrase, of *cultural lag*. Their anti-Communism, in particular, springs from an old-fashioned Catholic outlook, the ethnic associations many workers have with countries now under Communist control, a primitive flag-waving patriotism, and an oafish resentment of the cosmopolitan breadth and understanding of their liberal betters.

It is not at all necessary to be a defender of all the AFL-CIO's foreign-policy positions to appreciate the profound misunderstanding at the roots of these assessments. Even those who strongly differ with AFL-CIO policy in, say, Indochina or Latin America, should appreciate its basis in the experience and social values of the labor movement.† It has many profoundly democratic and internationalist elements, and if American liberalism ever emerges from the pall of neo-isolationism currently afflicting it, it will find much in labor's approach with which it can identify and ally.

During the first half of this century the Left looked on the labor movement as inadequate and undeveloped in the field of foreign affairs. Perhaps with class-consciousness and proper radical instruction, the unions would develop a proletarian internationalism. Yet when the unions did develop an approximation of proletarian internationalism on their own—without, so to speak, benefit of clergy—much of the Left was disappointed.

Neither the AFL nor the CIO played a strong role in international affairs until World War II and after. (Even in the period just before the war, the inclinations of both wings of labor to ally with anti-fascist groups abroad were frustrated by the violent seesawing of the Comintern line.) The most effective instance of labor's intervention in international affairs came during the period of European recovery and the onset of the cold war—when many intellectuals were turning away from a labor movement they said was too parochial. By having kept free of entanglements with the Communists, the AFL was able to help the social-democratic and independent unions of Europe reorganize, despite strong opposition from the Soviets and considerable reluctance on the part of anti-union and anti-socialist elements in the American occupation forces. The CIO soon joined in this effort, although in the first crucial years after the war it was frustrated by its membership in the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions.

THIS EXPERIENCE left its stamp on the international outlook of the AFL which was carried over beyond the merger with the CIO. It was a desperate, bitter period for European labor. Had the outcome of the struggle been different, and had the Communists gained domination in the unions, European politics would have been a far worse shambles, and the cold war would have been far more threatening. Throughout this period the AFL leaders maintained that the Communists were not legitimate spokesmen for labor: they were the labor agents of undemocratic governments, more like the representatives of company unions than the leaders of a real labor movement.

The same principle is strongly held today by most AFL-CIO leaders. It accounts for the objections the AFL-CIO voices when labor officials from Communist countries assume leadership positions in international organizations like the ILO and the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. Without entering into the debate over whether the Federation has been tactically sound in its every application of this principle—a debate which requires a more expert knowledge of each situation than most outside observers can claim—it is hard to understand why the principle itself arouses opposition. Or at least why it should among genuine democrats. (It is quite understandable that even the suggestion of this position should outrage the Communists, for if

* Random House, 463 pp., $2.45 (paperback).

† Many of labor's critics in the intellectual community saw the split between the UAW and the AFL-CIO as a confirmation of their criticisms of the AFL-CIO's foreign policy. The significance of this, however, has been exaggerated. The UAW and the AFL-CIO have had their differences on international issues, but such differences have generally been contained within the bounds of a commitment to an activist, pro-democratic U.S. foreign policy which both groups have favored. It is likely that their differences over international issues received more attention than they deserved because of the national debate over these issues at the time of the split. The reasons for the rupture are more complex. In any case, the UAW supported Hubert Humphrey in 1968, and has fought vigorously against black separatist and New Left groups within the union. It still works closely with the AFL-CIO on many legislative issues, most recently for a common program for National Health Insurance. All things considered, the UAW is probably closer to the AFL-CIO than to many of the AFL-CIO's critics in the intellectual world. One should not be too surprised if the two move even closer together in the immediate future.

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their officials do not represent the proletariat, whom do they represent? To the Communist world, that question is potentially more explosive than a Weatherman loose in an ammunition dump.)

This commitment to a free labor movement also affects the AFL-CIO's views of many right-wing dictatorships with which U.S. government policy frequently makes its peace. The AFL-CIO was among the first to denounce the coup of the Greek colonels. It has consistently attacked the Franco government, most recently for the trials of the Basque nationalists. The AFL opposed the direct U.S. intervention on behalf of discredited pro-French elements in Indochina in 1954, and called for the expropriation of French colonial holdings in the area. It opposed French colonialism in North Africa. It has opposed the destruction of free trade unions by caudillo governments in Latin America.

It is argued, of course, that, principles aside, in practice the AFL-CIO has undermined popular movements, especially in Third-World countries, by lending support to more conservative groups, out of an "obsessive" anti-Communism. Such charges should get serious examination, which they have not yet received, at the hands of a truly independent and fair-minded analyst. The description offered here of AFL-CIO positions on international affairs is not offered as an exhaustive summary of AFL-CIO foreign policy, but merely as evidence that the AFL-CIO does generally follow its principle of support for free labor movements in relation to right-wing countries no less than Communist ones.

Even on Vietnam, the focus of AFL-CIO policy has been its support for the Vietnamese Confederation of Labor, a growing and independent union movement whose strikes, often waged against the Thieu-Ky government, have received scant attention in the American press. While the AFL-CIO has opposed the demands of some in the peace movement that the U.S. withdraw unilaterally from Vietnam, neither has it lent its weight to those who favor a military solution, or to Pentagon proposals for expanded bombing or slower troop withdrawals. Its policy is tied to its commitment to the survival of a free labor movement.

Some of these positions should cast doubt on the contention that the AFL-CIO is an instrument of U.S. foreign policy. The State Department has taken far different stands on many of the above matters. To cite one example, throughout the period of official vacillation on the matter of support for Israel following Nixon's election, the AFL-CIO pressed hard for a strong U.S. commitment to Israel and brought Golda Meir to address its 1969 convention. Again, its support for Israel grew out of its long relationship with Israel's large and independent labor movement—the Histadrut.

V

THERE are, of course, many other criticisms of the unions afloat in the intellectual community. The ones discussed here are only the most frequently heard. They are, however, strategically the most important, for if some of the misconceptions concerning labor's approach to race and foreign policy could be cleared up, there would be a far greater likelihood of effective collaboration between labor and the intellectuals in the crucial political hours leading up to 1972.

So long as there is no pro-labor current in American intellectual life, the unions will be hard pressed to meet the complex problems that await them, and to hold their members to liberal politics. The labor constituency is not like the membership of a liberal club; it is a huge raw chunk of American society with more—far more—than its share of decency, but with backward, parochial, and conservative qualities as well. It cannot simply be managed by its staff and officials. It is profoundly affected, for good or ill, by trends in the wider public.

On the other side, unless the intellectuals can establish the right kind of close relationship with the labor movement, they will in all likelihood continue to be torn between the temptations of the affluent status quo and feverish and sterile discontents. But the right kind of relationship will entail more than adding a few "bread and butter planks" to the New Politics program, inviting some labor leaders in for drinks, or securing a few signatures on an ad or manifesto, all in deference to the recognition that labor still has power. Only if there is also a far-reaching rediscovery of the unique qualities and traditions that make the unions important sources for democratic change will the current revival of interest in labor among intellectuals escape the fate of other recent political fads.

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Notes of a Substitute Teacher

Peter Berlinrut

THE pickings in my more wonted fields (the arts) had gotten slimmer and slimmer. One day when they seemed to have reached a final hard zero I came to a decision: I would offer myself as a substitute high-school teacher. Why not? I had traveled so epically far from the launching areas of life that I thought it might be a rewarding experience to return to them, not as a tourist or sightseer but as participant. Then, too, I thought it might be fruitful to engage the young for a change. It might be nice to roll back time and taste life in a stage in which it was more palpably in the making, more malleable. And, by no means incidental, it would be a way of earning a day's pay a little less onerous than any other available at the time. So I dusted off my modest credentials and offered myself. I was accepted. It happened so quickly and painlessly that I was left a little suspicious. Whenever institutionalized life bestows favor or membership on those seeking to join it that easily, I always feel—look out! I expect and dread questionnaires, forms, affidavits, references, interviews, and so I was a touch uneasy as I gazed on the Substitute's Certificate duly bearing the county seal, the Commissioner's signature, and proclaiming me qualified to substitute in all subjects, all grades. I wondered if this might not be a gift horse whose mouth I might regret not having examined a bit more closely.

And so it came about that several mornings a week I found myself entering one of the four high schools that called me, heading for the office where I picked up the class schedule, lesson plans, and whatever else the teacher for whom I was substituting had prepared. I would soon be standing at the head of a classroom, coping with the foremost difficulty of substitutes, that of not knowing one face from another or what to make of the blur of expressions ranging from indifference to mild curiosity to hostile defiance. Eventually the bell would ring, setting fate on its way. I would stumble through roll call trying hard not to mispronounce any name even by a shade because that invariably sent the young aborigines off into gales of laughter. (I never knew why, and it could have been my trouble that I was bogged down with the unfunniness of life.) The loudspeaker would sound, we would all stand and face the flag and recite the pledge of allegiance in measure with its gargled tones. After we sat down there might come a series of activity announcements made incoherent to me by the distortions of the loudspeaker: "All juniors will *glawahwah* this *wahwah* and bring their *wahwah* to *wahwahwah* without *glawahwah wahwahwah*, thank you." I once turned to a young man and asked, "Did you understand what was just said?" He shook his head negatively. A young woman shook her head negatively too. They seemed to feel no loss.

In another high school the principal would make an effort to consecrate the day with some apt quotation, Voltaire or La Rochefoucauld or Elbert Hubbard. This school had a better and newer loudspeaker and the words would come through clearly, sensibly, but without too much conviction, somewhat like a prescription devised by a physician who wasn't too sure of the medicine, but who hoped others would profit from it. Then everyone would sit back and wait for the bell sending them to the first class. I would be standing there reconnoitering the faces, seeing the majority a little too listless and the restless remainder keyed too wildly for mental effort. Then the bell would sound and they would be off to the wars.

TOO OFTEN the lesson plan for the given period left by the regular teacher was unworkable. It might require the use of textbooks when in fact more than half the students never brought a textbook to class. Or it might be a reading assignment or a test or a review or some other time-wasting recourse, anything to keep the students quiet and let the substitute come out alive. It never made the regular teacher unhappy when I disregarded his lesson plan. If it was all right with me, if it left the premises more or less intact, it was all right with him. I developed a number of ways of using the time, depending on what I sensed about the class as I was taking the roll. If they were college preparatory, especially seniors, if I heard a certain timbre in their voices, if I could believe they were receptive, I would try something called

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a class colloquy. When it worked, it worked superbly and delighted me. When it didn't, I would try hard to get it back on track or, failing that, terminate it and go on to something else.

I would introduce the idea somewhat along these lines: "Friends, today we're going to attempt something different, it's something we all do innocently and naturally and therefore badly, so we're going to try to do it deliberately and better, but that will depend on you and how receptively you give yourself to the idea; we're going to hold a class talk, and I hope each of you participates. But instead of dealing with any logical or factual subject or any impersonal matter, we're going to deal with an emotional experience; instead of inviting differences of opinion or argument, we're going to invite sympathetic association which each of you will search his experience to supply. The idea in this colloquy is not to win an argument or establish a factual truth, although this sometimes comes about as an unintended and excellent by-product; no, the idea rather is to establish a unifying group mood, a pervasive singleness of feeling based on what we can tell one another on a common theme; you could say we are going to try to compose a piece of music collectively but instead of notes we will use words and instead of instruments we will use our speaking voices.

"Now all this sounds more complicated than it really is. Here is the way it works: after I am finished with these remarks, which will be in a minute or less, we will have an interval of silence lasting fifteen or twenty seconds; during that time I want you to fasten your mind on any experience that has really gotten to you recently or long ago, painful, happy, shocking, or whatever. I am well aware that it is difficult to put your finger on something like that cold, from scratch, or to speak of it in public, but it is much to your advantage to try. Pretend you're by yourself and telling it to God, or persuade yourself that the experience you've had is one not too different from what others have had or could have; remember, you're not really inside life or living until you've found a voice to bring your most personal experience into common hearing. If I call upon you to tell us your experience, you may take roughly from two to four minutes to do so, the rest must listen with much sympathy and attention; then will come the difficult and critical part, the part in which each or any of you will be free to give expression to anything aroused in you by the first speaker provided you observe two conditions; first, you must not argue about or protest or condemn anything the speaker has said, and second, whatever you say must be germane to and bear upon what the speaker has said. Argument tends to destroy a mood of unity and sympathy which is one of the important objectives of a colloquy, and we must stay on one theme in order to deepen it and in order to make you widen your own mind to listen to any human thing sympathetically. Now that doesn't mean you have to freeze yourself sympathetically inside someone else's experience when your own experience speaks for something different; no, all I mean is you have to listen sympathetically to what another has said and then add your experience to it so that it builds and strengthens something he has said. That is all I have to say, and now we will take about twenty seconds to recall something."

THE colloquy occasionally fell below my hopes of it and left me feeling I was far off-track. But it succeeded often enough and well enough to make me retain it as an educational device for that period when certain signs augured well. I found it worked better in the morning when minds were fresh and responsive. I learned never to attempt it of an afternoon, never in the face of signs of staleness or fatigue. Its best instance came one morning when it seemed a perfect answer to what that class wanted and needed. I had barely finished my introductory remarks, was barely into those twenty seconds of silence, when a young man had his hand up. He seemed strangely wound up and ready to go off, and in no time at all he was thick in a story of a death in the family, a grandmother who had died of cancer a few weeks ago, of her peculiarities, her kindnesses to him. The class carried out its role and soon we had a Spoon River epic going, the fussy way she kept her room, how from earliest remembrances she would slip him candy or a few pennies or some other little gift, how she had few friends and seldom went out except to church once in a while or to a doctor, and on and on. When the bell rang we were deep and absorbed inside that life, we were as much living it as hearing it and telling it and inventing it; it was a spell and we had created it and it was up to everyone to keep it going, they sensed that and they did.

Other instances were less successful. I recall one that started promisingly when a boy began readily telling of a friend who had been in a motorcycle accident and lost a leg and was still home in some sort of traumatic aftermath. There was an early murmur of recognition soon after he began, and I gathered that it was someone quite a few in the class knew, possibly a former student. The speaker had begun confidently, even with a touch of defiance, as if someone or something were trying to suppress the burning importance or truth of the accident. Then something happened, his confidence snapped abruptly, the strong feeling that had propelled him into words mysteriously failed him and he fell into self-conscious silence. Gently I tried to lift him out of it by asking, was his friend inclined to recklessness? Was he inexperienced? Was the bike faulty? He thought a moment and began to answer

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freely, someone else contributed a point, and I thought the occasion had picked up a second wind promisingly.

In another minute or two, however, an argument got under way and the prospects changed drastically. Some of them thought the victim had himself caused the accident, others thought he had not and was innocent. There was no quelling or smoothing over the hot argument, it went on and on, a result evidently of the boy's equivocal popularity. I let it rage for a few minutes in the hope it would burn out and we could get the colloquy back on track. I wasn't at my best that period, I lost patience and I brusquely called it off. I said to them, "You're all pressing too hard for a particular and partisan verdict and that is incompatible with the spirit of a colloquy as I see it, it's the difference between a trial, which we're not trying to hold, and a colloquy, which we are. The idea in a colloquy is to deepen and enlarge the grasp you have of your idea or interest or bias or whatever you have on your mind; in fact, the very thing you want, a true and just verdict, is ill-served by the kind of contentious argument you've been carrying on—yes, he was—no, he wasn't—yes, it's green—no, it's red." They laughed approvingly I would say, and that was about the most favorable thing that happened that period. There wasn't much time left, so I said, "Do anything you want to for the next ten minutes, but please do it quietly."

Doing it quietly didn't come easy. Discipline was often a shambles. It was a far cry from the high schools of my day, and anyone who believes this to be the usual dotard's lament hasn't been in a position to observe the scene. I turned my back once in the huge auditorium where, together with two regular teachers, I was conducting a study hall, and a hard wad of something or other struck me jarringly in the back. I didn't get far discovering who had thrown it. I didn't expect to. I knew it came from the last two or three rows where the toughs roosted in what they felt were fortified bunkers, where the law of *omerta* was strict rule. Study hall was badly misnamed in that study was almost the last thing likely to be found there. It was a detention area holding a hundred to two hundred students who weren't scheduled for any class that period or whose regular teacher hadn't appeared and for whom a substitute had not been found. No one could be debited with responsibility for the botched study halls, they were an improvised solution for a situation that no one person or agency had brought about.

That same day of my cannonading I backed down to the platform (I wasn't going to present a second target of opportunity to that accurate hurler of avenging wads against tyrannical faculty), folded my arms, and waited for the storm to subside. I might still be there waiting except for the lucky arrival of two gym teachers who had heard the commotion as they were passing by. One was tall and beefy, the other was shorter but broader, and their mere entrance was half the miracle. It became a completed miracle within a minute. These sad, sad young, born and bred in an adverse time, knew their masters when they saw them. All the gym teachers had to do was walk up and down the aisles of the auditorium and shout, "You shut up!" and they all shut up. I believe the source of their authority was the realization of the young toughs that the gym teachers were entirely unsworn to any restraint and they symbolized a readiness to deliver a solid clout to the head or administer a kick to the rear and find a way to do it without legal reprisals or consequences. I stood there much impressed with this act of pacification, a Noah pleased to hear the dove report that the rains had stopped and dry land could be seen. The gym teachers took off and the taller one had the forethought to say, "We'll be back in a while, and anybody who steps out of line, I guarantee we'll find out who it is." It was a potent admonition, and it worked. The auditorium was quiet.

The classrooms were seldom as bad in their tumult as these study halls. By trial and error, or by accident, I worked out a number of ploys to achieve enough quiet to get something under way. When the uproar attending the first few minutes as they found their seats had lasted long enough, I would come in front of the desk, fold my arms, and stand there in silence, intimating not only that I wanted to speak but that I had something portentous or dramatic to say. It worked often. There is something in a silent person petitioning for an opportunity to be heard which cuts across the momentum of a group's noisiness almost against the latter's will. It may be simple curiosity. It may be a primordial hunger to hear tidings, perhaps interesting or good tidings, from someone in authority. But it certainly wasn't symbolized fear of corporal punishment, as with the gym teachers.

Once I came accidentally across a recourse that was to work well in later times. As soon as the class was seated, they became quiet of their own accord by some mysterious alchemy, and I said almost casually and unexpectedly, out of a surge of good feeling, "I enjoy being here and I like most young people." It was a magic word. They broke into loud applause and it surprised me and embarrassed me. I hadn't said it to flatter or curry favor. Seeing them with smiles of pleasure and hearing their hands in prolonged clapping I felt myself a liar. I hadn't intended my statement that I liked them to be a definitive summary of my feelings about them. Much as I was squeamish about being applauded for an opinion that I didn't hold in any unqualified way, I was rather stopped dead in my tracks to realize that they wanted so much to be liked. It brought me face

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to face with an obvious mystery that people could be so anxious for a favorable opinion of their worth that they would applaud the flimsiest verisimilitude of it. It had cost me little to say that I liked them, nor had I specified one concrete virtue about them as a group or as individuals, and yet there they were, applauding me as if I had labored to bestow great riches upon them!

I wince to recall that the experience made a bit of a demagogue of me. I had learned a lesson and I used it opportunistically. Thereafter when the going got rough, and when I thought I had the right balance of psychological forces to augur a favorable result, I would tell them I liked them. I would say, "I am sorry there is such a wrong impression about you young people, I find most of you very decent, considerate, ready and willing to do what you have to." I wasn't being absolutely a liar, but then neither was I being absolutely truthful. They liked it. Basking in this favorable image of themselves and wanting to continue to earn it, they would quiet down and give me an opportunity to conduct a spate of education. I can't say that I was left with much self-admiration for this stratagem of flattery and fawning. If I had spoken the truth as I really felt it I would have said, "See here, I am not going to stand here for the rest of the period waiting for you to quiet down and bring up the necessary composure and decorum to permit you to bestow sensitive attention to the understanding, knowledge, and skill that is beyond your compass at this moment; I warn you that if you keep on as you are right now, you will die almost as totally ignorant and unenlightened as the day you were born." I never said that. It would have served no purpose that I believe in. Truth, I remembered hearing in my early days, is a many-faceted thing, and it is not immoral to invoke that facet which produces a humane and enlightened result. That was the way I solaced myself for telling them I liked them when my feelings were a little mixed.

Alarmingly I confirmed a hazard that confronts the opportunist: he gets to believe the dubious things he says, he begins to confuse the words he utters with the actual thoughts of his mind. I think I stopped short of that, and in time. All it took was for some young lout whom I had sent out of the room for making an intolerable nuisance of himself to stand at the door, hurling abuse at me, to discharge me from the obligation for clinging to a belief that I liked the young unreservedly. I found it much better to admit that occasionally I found them loathsome and despicable. And it would lead me to some dissident and unhappy thoughts about those well-meaning and intelligent critics who say the schools ruin the young. I would reflect, perhaps so, in some circumstances. But what about those young who ruin the schools? I would say that education is a state of tension in which learner has to be most fruitfully empowered against teacher but only in a way compatible with teacher being most fruitfully empowered against learner. It has to be a two-way street.

Having learned that the young often feel better and behave better when they hear themselves spoken of favorably, I decided that perhaps there was a lesson there that could be pushed a little further. Possibly education went better when carried on as a sympathetic thing between you and me and him and her and them. One afternoon when a class seemed diffident and sloppily unwilling to apply themselves I said, "Friends, I wonder if you would follow me through a little story involving some simple arithmetic, it's not just abstract arithmetic, it's arithmetic that deals with the number of dollars that people have to put on the barrelhead to bring you and me together in this warm and well-lighted classroom for just one period. As I compute it, it costs about fifty to a hundred and twenty-five dollars and that's just for one period, and the people who have to get it up are your parents, your neighbors, yourselves. Now then, are we going to piddle and waste it away?" I could see from their faces that this argument, which I went on to develop at considerable length, made an impression. I used it often after that. I discovered that the young (especially the American young) extend skeptical if not stupored reservations to all claims, principles, values until they are translated into dollar costs. Then they prick up their ears. A thing might be intrinsically good, bad, or indifferent, but if it costs money it has to be respected.

Most of my students came from low-income homes, quite a number worked after school, and the authority of a dollar was associated with the pain and sweat they had experienced themselves or had witnessed directly in others. So the value of forty-four minutes of class time stirred them when it was put as fifty or seventy-five or a hundred dollars. It brought them face to face with a wonder and a mystery they had not previously considered. It put a finger on them as possible betrayers, and some young can be spurred morally by such a challenge. One morning, however, I was challenged myself. It was a social-studies class, and when they saw a substitute instead of the regular teacher, they fell into that disorder which is half holiday and half insurrection. I sized them up as quite possibly susceptible to a moral appeal. I would not have made my pitch otherwise. But then one young man raised his hand and said, with a soupçon of defiance, "Where do you get that figure?" I said, "Why do you ask? Do you doubt it? Do you think it's too high?" He answered argumentatively, "Yeah, I think it's too high, it's way out of line."

The class immediately became quiet, alert, attentive: there was nothing like stumping or besting the teacher to arouse their interest. I said,

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"Well, you may be right, let's see." I pointed to a young woman, one of those absolutely quiet, sweet, docile ones who barely seemed to be breathing and said to her, "Would you please go to the board and take down the figures as we call them out?" Shy and suffering from this plunge into the cold water of public life, she went with no more than the faintest sigh. I said to the young man, "Now I'll present the different items of expense, the cost of each, and I want you to approve it or give me an alternate or more reasonable figure. Then we'll add the total and divide it by the number of class periods in the school year, fair enough?" He said, "Fair enough."

I began by saying, "This school cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to build three years ago and it will be considered entirely depreciated in twenty years, that means we put down thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars for the year, fair enough?" He answered, "Fair enough." Item after item went down on the blackboard in the neat, small handwriting of the girl and a certain excitement crept into the process. Faculty salaries, heat, light, textbooks and school supplies, building maintenance and repairs, bus transportation, office staff, insurance, accounting, legal fees, the list grew, and soon members of the class began to call out items which they thought should be included, "How about landscaping? How about janitors? How about nurses?" I would have the girl set down a figure I thought right and ask the boy who had challenged me, fair enough? Not only did he invariably answer, fair enough! but the class took up the phrase and chanted it along with him, FAIR ENOUGH!

It became a bit of a spree and mildly disconcerting, but as long as there was residual seriousness to the event, as long as there was good nature in it, I wasn't inclined to object or call the thing off. For all I know some of the excitement might have gotten to me. We finally reached a total of what it cost to run the school for a year, divided it by the estimated number of class periods, and came up with a figure that well vindicated me. As I knew it would. I had anticipated that sooner or later some youngster would challenge me and I had gone through a rough estimate of the cost per period. I discovered early that the young combine with their innate distrust and skepticism a tremendous innocence and credulity. Since the very large degree of innocence covers most of life, the skepticism becomes more intense in the small area in which they feel qualified to express it. It was therefore most desirable to have facts and hard logic instantly on tap when they set up a cry for proof or justification.

THERE would occasionally come that class, that period, when none of the *ploys I had worked out* for achieving the minimal working decorum was effective. The din raged on. One or two students had the transistor radios they carried with them all day from class to class well tuned up in volume, others still had horseplay to live out with their friends, still others felt it almost obligatory to show open disdain for the substitute teacher. Those times usually came after a period in gymnasium when the boys were still in a surge of animal spirits or immediately after lunch when they were full of food and freedom and fun and disinclined to submit to the quiet life. After getting as much decorum as I thought this hapless situation would yield, I would plunge on in the face of the noise. I believed that if what we were doing or saying was interesting enough, the recalcitrant few would join us sooner or later. If not it was to be borne the best way possible. A little chaos never killed anybody. There was no alternative I could think of that was acceptable to me; I was not a gym teacher, I had little sympathy with teachers or anyone else who proceeded to get tough, and I felt that gaining a free, easy relaxed atmosphere in the classroom was worth the price of two or three or even four troublemakers.

Evidently something in me began to think otherwise, probably starting with the time I saw a regular teacher send a boy out of a class and achieve a quick pacification. I was impressed by the result, but the act itself affected me disagreeably. There was something cold and harsh and gratuitous in it. I must have unconsciously weighed the net worth of the act for quite a few weeks. One day I was some ten or twelve minutes into a period that was quite disorderly and showed no signs of improving. There were three or four boys in the front row (where it was sure to be most annoying) who were being quite deliberately and mercilessly disruptive. Before I had any intimation of what I would say, I found myself saying, "You," pointing to the noisiest one, "go down to the principal's office and tell him I sent you out for being disorderly." Immediately the youngster broke out in that protestation of innocence I was to hear often on other such occasions, "Who, me? I wasn't doin' nothin'." There was something comic, ridiculous, and debased in these protestations, something like a person caught in the dead of night with his hand in someone's cash register screaming, I was only testing my digital prehensility. The young American has studied psychoanalysis in the very womb; from birth on, when he is caught in an anti-social act, he is fully prepared to proclaim, "I am innocent! It is you who are guilty! It is you who led me to do what I didn't do!" I would try to hear him out sympathetically and would answer, "I realize I may be high-handed and unfair, but I think you had better go down and see the principal anyway, tell him the truth, tell him that the substitute teacher singled you out in an outrageous way."

After that first time I never hesitated long. I

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had come to the conclusion that it was valid in some educational situations to insist on the peace and quiet necessary to let speakers and hearers function normally. And I found it wise not to waste time or temporize with any student other than the roughest, toughest, biggest, noisiest one, the one who fancied himself beyond penalty. It was magic to see a class transformed into hush and orderliness as soon as the leading miscreant was sent out.

It happened several times that the one I had ordered out would say, "Can I stay if I behave right?" Invariably I answered, "By all means stay, I would like nothing more, I get a sense of failure when I have to send anyone out." They would be as good as their word and it would be something to see a boy who a few moments ago was nearly compulsive in his unruliness, now a normal, quiet person. It was also something to see the youngster who was trying to imitate the tough and influential corybants, and perhaps even to surpass them, immediately cease and desist as soon as he saw them exiled. Best of all was it to see a quick furtive look of gratitude on the faces of those quiet and studious ones who had been tyrannized and upset by the wild ones. That settled whatever vestiges of doubt I had about the wisdom of getting rid of the troublemakers. Whatever education might or might not be, the freedom of the speaker to speak and the hearer to hear was a necessary condition, a redoubt to be defended staunchly.

Occasionally as I talked to the class and glanced around me and noted the waking stupor which at times appeared on every face, I would be assailed by a sharp wavelet of dispiritedness. It seemed rather all for naught. I managed sometimes to get over the dispiritedness with a far-out hope that there was more carry and hold to my words than might appear in an immediate way, but I could never verify it. I tried in different ways. I would ask a class I had substituted in a month ago about something I remembered saying to them, nothing too specifically yes or no, nothing merely informational but rather to probe their minds for a direction I had tried to steer them in. Example: I had a class once in social studies and the subject for that period was how court judges at the state level got their jobs. I believe we covered it quite thoroughly. When I had the same class some five or six weeks later, I decided to ask them about the best way of selecting court judges so that dishonest, incompetent, or biased men were kept out. I didn't refer to the fact that we had discussed the subject the last time I had taught them, nor did I ask them how judges were selected in Delaware or New York or New Jersey. All I wanted to ascertain was whether in confronting a problem they would associatively bring into play those helpful concepts which they had previously discussed. The results were inconclusive. Those who had been functionally attentive when the topic was first discussed were most forward in their responses. I couldn't prove or disprove with such brutishly simple experiments that which I longed to believe: that there might be a time lag between the moment an idea was dropped into a passive or torpid mind and the moment when it would emerge as a conscious directive within that mind, but the process was inexorable from the very nature of mind in all its phases. And it might even emerge with all the more explosive force for having been received beneath the waking level and having taken a certain period to gestate.

There were actually a number of ways to overcome the prevailing torpor, although I had to be prepared to see none of them work. One was to let the students understand, to see for themselves, that it was safe here. No matter what went on out there, here there were no penalties, no discrimination, no put-downs, no hard words, no shouting, nothing at all to leave anyone clinging tightly inside his freeze. If anyone gave a wrong answer or said something foolish and the rest broke into guffaws or gales of laughter, I never joined them. They would see me standing there impassive and stonyfaced. When the outbreak spent itself I would say, "I would ask you as a real favor please not to laugh at anyone and I'll tell you why." Most of the time my spiel on the error of laughter was effective and there would be no more of it. I had discovered that in most cases the laughter they directed at one another had an overtone of derision which would leave them more unwilling to drop their defenses, or shed certain inhibitions. The connection between torpor and defensive tenacity might be almost nil or very strong and the only way I could find out was to convince them to drop their silent guard against injury. I had to intimate to them that here in this classroom there was absolutely no enemy but a certain easy winter and a certain natural rough weather (if Shakespeare will forgive me) involved in the mind's making a little jump from its passive hold on what it had already mastered to a new hold on things, a wider hold. I had to give them every security that they wouldn't get hurt in the process of making this daring little jump. This process of disarming them never succeeded entirely nor ever failed entirely, but its degree of efficacy was good enough so that, taken together with the innate reasonableness of the idea, I used it freely.

Musing now on my experience in those high schools, I can discover a degree of generalized meaning and structure in it. But while it was actually happening it came as an irregular flow of instants that popped abruptly and passed so quickly that I barely had time to register them.

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An instant: I am about to enter the faculty room when my eye falls on the principal and the vice principal some thirty feet away at a key intersection of corridors. It is the four-minute interval in which students pass from class to class. There is something odd and tense in the way they stand there eyeing the stream of students, and for the barest flash of time I am a man from Mars, an ant stumped by the mystery of human action, baffled. Then I remember: they are there to stop the whites and the blacks from provoking and assaulting each other, they are there to keep the traffic moving, and I walk into the faculty room with a sense of violence all around me as the arbitrating element in the human fate.

An instant: I have just sent a sixteen-year-old-boy to the blackboard in an industrial arts class to draw a diagram of the electrical wiring of a car. He stands there peculiarly unable to get going, the chalk in his right hand ineffectual, his head cocked back in a weird angle. I look and I look and I look and then I realize: he cannot see. He cannot see because the coiffure he is wearing thrusts a fringe of hair over both eyes and blinds him. I thank him politely and ask someone else to the board.

An instant: some three or four weeks after the preceding instant I am walking through the hallway one morning before class and my glance falls on someone in the fine-arts room who is hauntingly familiar. Before I know why, I am entering the art room and before I know to whom, I am saying hello. It is the boy with the blinding coiffure, with the obtrusive bangs, except that coiffure and bangs are gone and he now has a severe crew cut. He is working on a plaster torso which I pick up and examine as we chat. I congratulate him on functioning in the fine arts as well as in the industrial arts, I tell him I too have tried to be at home in a material word in the process of mastering an art, I ask him if he has ever worked in wood, and we part on a friendly note. I go back into the hallway and a warm glee takes hold of me. I don't know why but there is something absolutely hilarious in the boy's transformation, and I resent the fact that the Creator reserves His most comic inventions for Himself and but one other observer. It is a glee without laughter but it is glee with a strong element of vindication. The fact that the boy came to a decision to cut his hair of his own volition, the fact that he felt an urge toward sculpture as much as toward automobile maintenance and repair (if not more), seems a vindication of a latent streak in me which believes that life is a self-correcting, self-complementing process. Occasionally, if not always, if not even often. Occasionally it is a matter for glee (with the joke mainly on us) to discover the world is a better place than we thought it was.

An instant: I am in an English class with Fours (the bottom of the educable level) and I am perplexed with a discovery I have just made about this seventeen-year-old well-grown Negro boy who can't read as well as an average seven-year-old. I have just discovered that he has an amazingly attentive and retentive mind. We have just finished a group reading aloud in which he naturally had no part and it now turns out he remembers and understands what he has heard better than anyone in the class, possibly including myself. I don't know why I should be so agog about a fact probably older than the hills, that literacy and intelligence don't necessarily walk abreast, step in step. But I am. Why? What's happened to me? I surely knew this at one time, but I suppose over the years I have slipped into a habit of assuming intelligence so linked with the printed word that to see first hand that they're not so necessarily, shakes me up a bit. I try to get friendly with him, to talk to him after the class is over about upgrading his reading but he keeps his guard up stiffly, he doesn't quite trust me and would like me to leave him alone.

AN INSTANT: I have had Susan in other classes, I know her manner, but she has just surpassed herself in telling the class and me what this John Steinbeck story they have just read is about. It seems to me exactly true and for a moment I am speechless. I am stumped by that most ancient question: What is human excellence? Susan embodies so much of it. She has a younger brother in the school, I have had him in class, they resemble each other closely, both very bright, utterly courteous, gentle, modest. Is it genes and chromosomes, is it environmental, is it some mysterious capacity to respond to flawless precepts, or is it pure chance? I have talked both to Susan and her brother, I have learned who their parents are, at least superficially, but I have unearthed no clues. Sitting there that instant after she finished her interpretation of the Steinbeck story, I recall regretfully her response when I urged her to go to college, when I tried to persuade her she would make an outstanding teacher. She shook her head, no. She told me she was already engaged to be married, she gave me to understand that whatever talents or abilities she had were on a noncombatant, noncompetitive base and purely for private and personal use, that she would be swamped in anything other than a little life, that she could foresee a slow and gentle atrophy over the years with equanimity, confident that she could transform any life she might have with a certain enchantment, provided only it were tiny enough, the tinier the better. I sit there ruminating on the non-heroic aspect of human excellence, on that aspect of it which, knowing itself, knows that it is incompatible with struggle, and I get a feeling that human history is as bad as it is because those out to have a role

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in it are willing to renounce Susan's kind of human excellence, or perhaps they never had it in the first place.

AN INSTANT: it is a free period and I have decided to leave the faculty room and go a few feet up the hallway to the library which is carrying a student art show. The faculty room couldn't be drearier. It is painted cinder block, very small, not a book, not a periodical, not a picture in it, nothing but large ash-trays near the cheap, plastic-covered chairs and last week's professional football scores in someone's hastily-crayoned scrawl cellophane-taped to the wall. The ash-trays tell the story. They are always full, at least half the discarded cigarettes barely smoked, not more than two or three puffs. The faculty room is a dugout, a shelter, a retreat where the men teachers come for a very brief respite from the battlefield in the classrooms. There isn't time for more than two or three puffs, or two or three words of gossip or banter, then they must return to the wars. I enter the library with relief that is instant and total, a library being the one way to enclose space that is nearly foolproof in its power to provide shelter and sanctuary. I move from picture to picture hung above the shelves or in alcoves, I take in the sculpture atop the shelves. I again confirm the huge callowness of cargo carried by youth from one generation to the next. This could be the art of my high-school days with a little modification. I recognize the torso done by the young man with the blinding coiffure who went crew cut. It is better than when I saw it before but it has a way to go to suggest it is or was the habitation of a living spirit. Finally I have made the rounds of the art in the library and in relief I sit down with a periodical for the remainder of the period.

An instant: it is again the faculty room in this high school, perhaps a week later. It is the last period and I have no class, and I could go home except for the rule that I have to stay on the premises. I have barely settled into a chair when in comes Mr. Martin, the head of the mathematics department. I have substituted for him quite a few times, we know each other, and now we exchange hellos as he sinks into a chair, rolling his eyes slightly heavenward for this sweet relief and respite. He is one of those men who beams a modest grin with everything he says and does, possibly like a talisman to exorcise evil spirits or to ward off unwanted seriousness. His health is not what it should be, he has been out more days than any teacher I know, he smokes too fretfully. A younger colleague in his department once told me confidentially that Mr. Martin's true problem was an excessive reliance on liquor to get himself through unhappiness and loneliness. It seems Mr. Martin was Colonel Martin in the Korean war, a survivor of two broken marriages, a man in his fifties newly reconnoitering the infertile terrain of his life in hunt for something to nourish him and depending more and more on bourbon to get him over the low spots. The place he looked to with least hope and expectation was the dailiness of life, it cost him much effort to give it the necessary little that he had to give it, and for the rest he leaned mainly on small talk to get through it. Nineteen times out of twenty I would respect and abide by the demands of the situation, but this is the twentieth time. It is the end of the school day, I am tired, and in certain states of fatigue I find I have used up all the energy I have for small talk.

"Mr. Martin," I find myself saying, "what do you think of the new math?" He opens his eyes wide as he looks up and brings out that instant grin that disinfects all situations of a cumbersome or gauche seriousness. His expression just barely suggests that I might have overstepped a boundary of what is and what is not to be talked about by civilized people in certain times and places. "Do you think it serves effectively to bring young people to an understanding and use of mathematics?" Guardedly Mr. Martin says, "I would say it does, yes." I go on, "Occasionally I have my doubts about the new math, I mean apart from the fact that half of the class or more doesn't seem to grasp it. My trouble is that I resent the excessive theoretical clutter that is allowed to engulf the cleanliness of the computational process, if you know what I mean." Mr. Martin says faintly, "Yeah." I continue, "If the real object of math is to quantify knowledge in order to make it exact and thereby control the environment a little better, why weigh it down with all that theoretical abracadabra? I had a friend once who was infatuated with math; he used to boast that he was on the brink of devising a formula for the greatest number that could be conceived without using the sign of infinity. One day we were in his back yard examining a washline that had broken under the weight of wet wash, and I said to him, 'Bill, for your next great mathematical achievement, why not compute the test-pull strength of washline rope under different conditions of loading and publish a monograph on it and benefit millions of housewives?' After all, most of us are not Einstein but we do need to be able to do our grocery bills.

"I recall that one teacher in another school reminded me that the new math was quite essential to the work of devising and programming computers, but if one out of every thousand students goes into computer work, why should the rest of them be driven through the sophisticated mazes of monomial coefficients that undergo cyclic increase inversely proportionate to the cardinal polynomials whose power they establish when the latter are set in series, etc., etc., etc.? I think I would do better firing the imagination of students to a love of accurate quantification in

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the process of obtaining exact knowledge by giving them the architectural dimensions of the school building, a few other details, and asking them to compute the weight of the bricks, the cement blocks, the framing steel, the roof—it's real, it's solid, it's life, and we would get into lively discussions about it."

I don't know how long I have been running on in this way but a chance look at Mr. Martin sitting there, his eyes glazed in boredom, probably not even listening, or, even worse, listening and irked blue, draws me up short. I feel foolish, I feel as if I had gone to considerable pains to tell the story of my life to a person who was either badly hard of hearing or totally deaf. There is a silence and Mr. Martin brings out his grin and mutters, "I've got a conference after the bell and I don't know how I'm going to stay awake."

I HAVE shot my conversational bolt for the afternoon and we sit there a moment in lame quiet when the door opens and unexpected rescue arrives in the dynamic person of Mr. Gilliardi, also of the mathematics department. There is a certain ebullience in his manner and in short order the air shakes excitedly with the doings of the Knicks on television last night, how they had come apart in the third quarter but bounced back in the fourth to win going away, "It was just great! simply great! really great!" It is remarkable how Mr. Martin has perked up and revived from the semi-coma into which my words seemed to have dropped him. He sits there enthralled in the spell being spun by Mr. Gilliardi's eloquence, his grin fixed a trifle wider than usual in assent and pleasure. There is a certain warmth and heartiness in Mr. Gilliardi that he never seems able to spend to his full satisfaction on anything or anyone.

His voice goes on unfurling his love of professional sport and I sit there recalling the oddest kind of episode involving Mr. Gilliardi some months before. For a week or so he and another teacher from the biology department would get into a card game after a quick lunch in the faculty room. In short order an excitement would grip him and he would be sucked into a competitive frenzy that he seemed unable to control. He would snatch up his cards, tap them feverishly, riffle them, spread them, collapse them, loudly uttering entreaties, imprecations, curses, obscenities. I was there that noon when at the peak of one of these outbursts, he abruptly let the cards fall from his hand in a violent fit of self-disgust and revulsion and loudly said, "Oh Jesus Christ, what am I doing with myself?" He seemed like a man abruptly dropped out of a fever and returning to himself in shock. He looked desperately around for something or someone off whom to bounce his roiling contrition and his eye happened to fall on Mr. Martin just then walking out of the faculty room. The door had barely closed when Mr. Gilliardi was saying emotionally, "There goes a real man, he's done something with his life, he served this country to the best of his ability, not everybody is a sad nothing like me." He searched for something more to say, for some other way of proving to himself that while he might be in abysmal self-disgrace he still could discern right and wrong, good and bad. There was nothing more, he picked up his briefcase and walked out with his face red and distorted. I never saw him play cards again.

ALL THINGS end and the school day did, too. The bell would ring and bring a dramatic deliverance, never revealing exactly from what to what to me personally. I could see it in the youngsters, in the way they came explosively to life, in the way they hurried out of the classroom down the halls to their lockers in a whir of loud talk, horseplay, joking. Seeing them this way and remembering the sluggishness and staleness on their faces the last period I often felt a mild twinge of error for keeping their animal spirits in suspension for so long. This friskiness was their birthright and obeisance to their season of life and how much good had we done them inside quieted classrooms? I think the question was rhetorical, I believe I had clear answers somewhere in the back of my mind but seeing them in this energized resumption of living, I was possessed fleetingly by rhetoric to the detriment of reason. In a few minutes they would be streaming out of the entrances briskly, talking and laughing and shoving, heady in their rediscovery of spontaneous action as they hurried to the buses already waiting for them. In an early moment a whistle would blow and the policewoman at the entrance would wave to the first bus to start moving. Traffic would be halted in both directions and the yellow armada of galleons on wheels would begin the voyage home to the respective districts.

Occasionally a youngster peering through the window of a passing bus would recognize me inside my car in the halted traffic and wave and shout, "hi!" by way of letting me know the classroom score of teacher and student was now wiped clean and we could be free and easy and person to person. I always acknowledged. This was what happened every afternoon all over the nation, school buses returning youngsters to their homes. It could be thought of as providing an answer to the kind of question an inquirer from Uranus might ask, what do you people do with yourselves, with your time, energy, and resources? The answer would be: we use some of it inducting the young into the more enlightened ways to survive and live, we try to educate them, what else?

It was an answer all right, but it wobbled a bit unsteadily on its feet those early moments of my homeward drive when I felt tired and clobbered.

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The green fields through the car window, lying there in the afternoon sun or even under an overcast, talked of a better and easier way to be than any I was ever able to work out in the classroom. I always seemed to feel I had to answer there with my life and therefore no doubt was impelled to make them feel they had to answer with theirs. This made it an abrasive and wearing process over a span of five periods each day, especially with the presence of those few whose bent was more to animal spirits than study. I suppose I saw no desirable alternative to answering with our lives, viewing that as inherent in the very structure of things. And I probably felt the sooner they realized that, the better. Most of them responded favorably to the challenge, they accepted the perspective I held up to them that the difficulties, the hurdles, were there not by my whim or the arbitrary rule of the school and its administrators but by fiat of life. I rather think they saw me practicing what I preached, they saw me go to the blackboard for yet another demonstration and heard me launch an explanation or go into an exposition when I was tired and had no natural zest for it. And I hope they got the idea that only by effort would they attain a viable no-effort state. Romantic or procrustean heroics could very well be pronounced dead for all time but there would still be much room and need for each human being to be hero in striving for control of the inexorable processes within himself.

Whatever the answers, or my efficacy in carrying them out, there was no doubt the cost came high. Perhaps higher than any results could justify. I couldn't be sure, I could only cling to a belief that we had to be able to afford it. Certainly there was nothing about being in the company of the young that carried its own automatic fulfillment or revelation. Sadly I often ruminated on a contrary idea: it wasn't possible for me to be youthful with the young. Just as Shaw saw it, the young knew little about youthfulness or how to practice it. No, I could only feel that anyone who went to the young without his own vision, his own system of prophetics, went badly and wrongly. I felt that anyone who went to the young to borrow a vision, or bask in a prophecy, was on a dubious mission. At best they could be true visionaries and prophets for an interval of life no longer than a minute, an hour, perhaps a day. Anything longer became a reef of dailiness and actuality on which their oracles were shattered. No, in their company I could only feel that the initiative and the direction had to be mainly with me. Or, leaning as far back as I could, it could only be a fair tug-of-war whether in any clash of perspectives they could persuade me to reconceive my idea or I would persuade them to reconceive theirs. In the great majority of times, as long as the give-and-take was conducted by reason and logic, I think in all modesty it was the latter. Which is as it should be. For what *is* education—if it is anything at all—but a stirring-up of the more lately-born to move closer to what checks out as the good, the true, the beautiful? Or getting at the same thing by a different approach, what is it but a continuing summons to them to reform their living according to an implicit norm in a given sphere of interest? If not that, then what?

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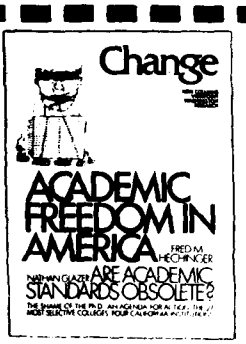

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Telling "Truth" to Power

Edmund Stillman

It is more than twenty-five years now since the United States, emerging from what many then still hoped would prove a short-term military intervention in European and Asian affairs, confronted the wreckage of the pre-war international system behind which the Republic had been sheltered from its infancy. Nothing seemed the same in 1945, except that China, as always, was in turmoil, teetering on the verge of civil war. The British Empire was bankrupt; continental Europe lay in ruins; Germany and Japan, the traditional constraints on Russian ambition, had been utterly defeated. In Moscow an expansionist Stalinism revealed itself as the refutation of all of America's resolutely anti-realistic wartime hopes. Only American power could function as a plausible counterpoise to Soviet power. With the world balance upset, after a bitter national debate the United States accepted the then uncongenial necessity of a permanent international role. We have been living with the consequences of that decision ever since.

There was little in the traditional American experience to equip the nation for its new responsibilities. The older America was a country whose geographical situation and earnest conviction of moral separateness had found fulfillment in isolationism—a foreign policy of avoidance. The new American foreign policy seemed a complete reversal of roles. As Charles de Gaulle in his memoirs was to recall, even during the war President Roosevelt and his advisers seemed to envision a system of permanent international intervention, passing from one extreme to the other, in expiation of America's earlier isolationist failures.

But global intervention, which the new foreign policy would in time become, was not entirely a distortion of the American tradition. There were antecedents of the style and the substance of the new interventionism as old as the antecedents of isolationism: both gave witness to a zealous national optimism and a confusion between moralizing and the practice of diplomacy. And the interventionist foreign policy carried on the tradition of American bellicosity, a truculent assertiveness of the national will, which had demonstrated itself in a longstanding claim to guardianship over the Western Hemisphere (a claim that smacked of old-fashioned European imperialism) merged somewhat inconsistently with the tradition of America as witness, America as practitioner of a transformed politics (how old is the American search for "a new politics"!), in which cupidity, oppression, and imperial privilege would play no part.

It was this evangelical strain, together with the old pugnacity, which was to transform the finite and modest policies of containment—policies drafted early in the Truman administration by a handful of professional diplomatists, among them George Kennan, John Patton Davies, and Louis Halle—into the policies of cold-war crusade and American quasi-empire whose ultimate results we see about us today.

Tocqueville long ago pointed up the difficulties that a popular democracy like America would meet in the conduct of foreign affairs. Containment, a sophisticated policy, was the creation of a handful of professionals who, perhaps because they had lived and worked for years abroad, stood outside the normal American populist traditions. Though personally committed to democracy, these men acted in the self-conscious tradition of Talleyrand, who had counseled, *surtout pas trop de zèle,* "above all not too much zeal." For them diplomacy was something like an occupation for gentlemen. Their penalty was very quickly to be struck down, in one political combat or another, by the aroused masses who could not rightly understand their professional *sang-froid* in the face of the Antichrist.

While committed to the theory that foreign policy was everyman's business, however, the nation as a whole felt its ignorance. Thus the expanson of the American international role, *pari passu,* was accompanied from the time of the Korean war by a vast burgeoning on the domestic scene of the academic study of "international relations," "political science," "government," "world politics," as it was variously called. This process, together with the popularizing work done by a host of such allegedly neutral adult-education groups as the Foreign Policy Association, Freedom House, and the League of Women Voters, itself amounted to a mobilization of the intellectual and moral energies of the nation, indeed a self-propagandizing, in response to the real and supposed needs of the cold war.

To the degree that the universities tried to develop a "discipline," if not a science, of international relations, and the academics lent

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themselves as ornaments to the programs of the wider citizen-education groups, they expressed once again something quite traditional in the American national style: a dislike of the intuitive and inexact, in contrast to a ready trust in the ability of science, or at least professionalism, to convert an art into a technique. There was also a superstitious reverence for the specialist—something not unrelated to the old frontier courtesy which had endowed every chiropractor or undertaker with the title of "Doc."

Yet what purported to be objective study in the universities and the "think-tanks," and what was carried to the general public by all the educational leagues and associations, can now be seen in retrospect to have been the reverse of professional. Too often this work, functioning within an inherited and unanalyzed American value system, forfeited all claim to objectivity. Even worse, much of the political and strategic analysis locked itself within the conceptual categories of a naive, and banal type of anti-Communist crusading. Technique was elaborated, and a hard-boiled contempt for sentimentality was cultivated—all paradoxically within a scheme of assumptions about politics and life that was utopian and sometimes exceedingly simple-minded.

Of course, not all the work done in this period could be so described. For a time an appealing figure like Reinhold Niebuhr continued to write on political issues from an Augustinian point of view that embodied a trenchant warning against the blander assumptions of the Children of Light in their search for perfection in the international political realm. Niebuhr seemed the philosopher of politics closest in spirit to the diplomatic professionals who devised containment.

And then too there was the enigmatic figure of Hans J. Morgenthau. Consistently Professor Morgenthau attacked the practices and assumptions of American foreign policy on grounds that were neither theological nor so much professional as intellectual—and according to European academic tradition. Propounding a skeptical view of man, asserting the permanence of such categories in world affairs as the interests of states and spheres of influence, and denying the pretensions of his colleagues to scientific regularity and method, but still taking politics as a subject for advanced theoretical thought, Professor Morgenthau has all along been an angry voice.

The fate of the dissenter, the eccentric, has sometimes been to suffer denunciation, more often to be ignored. Niebuhr, alas, commands little influence and following today, and one may wonder if his voice would ever have been much listened to on political matters if, in a more pious age, he had not been also a distinguished theologian. But such has not been Professor Morgenthau's fate. His books have been widely read, among them *Politics among Nations, Scientific Man Versus Power Politics*, and *The Purpose of American Politics*. Despite his mistrust of international relations as quasi-science, he is himself an academic, and there can be little doubt that he has been instrumental in stimulating the postwar expansion of academic international studies. He has taught a whole generation. He is at present head of a department at the University of Chicago and the holder of an endowed seat at the City University of New York. He has advised the government and he has advised the leading foundations.

PROFESSOR MORGENTHAU now comes before the public with a new book which he has entitled *Truth and Power: Essays of a Decade, 1960-70.** It is his first major publication since *A New Foreign Policy for the United States* two years ago—a book which already seemed to indicate a certain flagging of intellectual powers, since what it termed a "new foreign policy" was little more than a rehash of the pioneering work of the "Neo-Isolationists," or, more accurately, the advocates of an abstemious and limited American intervention a decade earlier.

It must be said at the outset that the new book does little to enhance Professor Morgenthau's reputation. But *Truth and Power* is more disquieting than that. Perhaps unfairly, it calls much of his earlier work into question. For while any given book may stand apart from a serious man's main body of work, *Truth and Power*—a collection of forty-eight occasional essays which originally appeared in the pages of *Encounter*, the *New Republic*, the New York *Times*, the *New York Review of Books*, COMMENTARY, and other magazines of that distinguished stripe—is after all the practical expression of a political intelligence operating on daily events according to what must be assumed are Professor Morgenthau's theoretical principles.

To reissue these occasional pieces is, of course, an extraordinarily bold undertaking. It is to challenge us—to offer readers equipped with hindsight the products of political journalism produced in the thick of events. It is confidently to assert that these pieces hold their value, even if the issues have faded or events have overtaken them, as showing a refined political and moral intelligence at work. But Professor Morgenthau is even bolder than that. He asserts that the issues have not faded; the pieces remain relevant today because they fulfill the great purpose of the political intellectual, which, he tells us, is to speak truth to power: "As John Adams put it: 'Power always thinks it has great soul and vast views beyond the comprehension of the weak. . . .' Conversely, truth, by unmasking the pretensions of power, at the very least disturbs the powers-that-be; for it puts power on the intellectual and moral defensive. Furthermore, it questions the purposes and processes of power and thereby endangers the very framework within which power operates."

These are grand aims for any political intellectual; but even these are not all that Professor Morgenthau has in mind. Not only are his essays to be taken as enduring political analyses and as courageous statements of truth to power; they are apparently also to be taken as contributions to literature: "Language and thought," he informs us, "stand in an organic

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and intimate relation to each other. (Writing the preceding sentence, for instance, I pondered whether 'Thought and language' was preferable to 'Language and thought.' I chose the latter version, for I felt that its sequence of vowels and its rhythm are aesthetically satisfying and that, since we are here dealing with the problem of language, we should start the paragraph with that word, thus setting its theme.)"

Thus these essays of a decade are, it would seem, to be judged by the canons of the New Criticism as well as the canons of the New Politics.

And indeed, in keeping with the prescriptions of that school of criticism, not the least interesting problem put before us by this book is the problem of tone—the problem of what these occasional pieces reveal of the author's attitude toward his work, toward himself, and toward the world.

PROFESSOR MORGENTHAU'S tone is oddly disquieting: it reeks of disillusion, but it is not always easy to say why. There is a curious discordance between the substance of the essays themselves—these brisk political forecasts (not always accurate), the self-confident advice, the rather shrill assertions of professionalism—and the black mood of the Prologue and Epilogue that set them off.

Trends in the United States, it seems, have grown sinister of late. Power has become arrogant and the state prone to use force. In these circumstances Professor Morgenthau has made his "existential" choice. Not quite wholly believing in the prospects of a victory for truth over power, he nevertheless speaks because it is his duty to speak: "Thus the trend [in America] toward corruption of truth by power and the consequent disintegration of society, to which these essays testify, will continue, and in this respect at least, the 1970's will be an organic extension of the 1960's. For those who have made it their business in life to speak truth to power, there is nothing left but to continue to speak, less frequently perhaps than they used to and certainly with less confidence that it will in the short run make much difference in the affairs of man.

"In the long run, however, the voice of truth, so vulnerable to power, has proved more resilient than power. . . . Historical experience assures us that truth can indeed make people 'see a lot of things in a new light.' And when people see things in a new light, they might act in a new way."

Just what the "new way" might be that Professor Morgenthau urges we shall come to in a moment, but it is sufficient for now merely to point to the grandeur of his aspirations—and his own despairing assessment of the practical effects of what he has written: "If one must admit the failure of these essays, insofar as they had an immediate political purpose, to influence political action, one cannot help noticing either that the experience of their futility is not a private, personal matter but coincides with a collective experience of futility that pits American youth not only against American politics and society but against the modern world itself. And that American revolt, in turn, is but a national manifestation of a worldwide revulsion against the world as it is."

In other words, if these essays, accurate in their diagnosis and forthright in their prescription of remedy, have still failed, the failure is not theirs or their author's; it is the world's. And the consequences of this general failure—of which Professor Morgenthau's own failure to affect policy is but one more telling bit of evidence—are going to be severe. "While [at the time of writing these essays] we stressed the opportunities over the dangers, we now put the emphasis the other way round. For it has become obvious that the great issues of our day—the militarization of American life, the Vietnam war, race conflicts, poverty, the decay of the cities, the destruction of the natural environment—are not susceptible to rational solution within the existing system of power relations."

In other words, revolution—of one or another sort. And here, the puzzlement comes again. Why the parading before us of *these* essays of the past decade? What is there in *this* selection of opinions and critiques, presumably the best, from the Kennedy years through Nixon, to support the claim that here truth spoke to power and was rebuffed?

The answer, shockingly, is: Nothing. What is exposed to view in this book is a political wisdom that, despite its affectations of high seriousness, is no better than the mere journalistic wisdom of others. Indeed, in case after case, the wisdom paraded before us in *Truth and Power* is nothing but the conventional wisdom, the received wisdom, that has led America into so much trouble.

What then ails Professor Morgenthau? Clearly he has given up on us, and not only on America, but on democracy itself. But why is *he* complaining? On the actual evidence of these pages, what contrary advice did *he* give?

I SHALL now try to de-escalate.

A reasoned defense of the book would surely point to two issues on which Professor Morgenthau's analysis seems to stand the test of time. Those two issues are the challenge to the Kennedy administration's Grand Design in Europe, led by Charles de Gaulle, and America's present prospects in Vietnam.

To begin with the Grand Design, Professor Morgenthau understood very well that Gaullism in the 1960's was more than the deviant (and archaic) political vision of a deluded old man. Writing in 1963 of the General's scheme of a Europe independent of the United States, Professor Morgenthau said: "While none of us has gone so far as to suggest, as did the London *Economist* on January 26, 1963, that de Gaulle's scheme was 'demented,' we have certainly proved the point that the distinguished Italian paper *Giornale d'Italia* made on January 22, 1963: 'It is perhaps easier to criticize de Gaulle than to understand him.' De Gaulle's policy may be wrong in that it will prove either unsuccessful or, if it should succeed, detrimental to France. It may also run counter to the interests of the United States and, if so, must be opposed by American policy. Yet, whatever one's conclusions are, they ought to derive not from emo-

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tional reactions, but from a rational understanding of what de Gaulle is after."

All this was true enough as far as it went—but how far was that? I can only quote Professor Morgenthau's own ill-tempered rejoinder in 1964 to U Thant's argument that the Soviet Union after Stalin no longer wanted war: "I submit that this analysis is trivial, insofar as it is correct, and that it completely misses the decisive issue."

To exhort us to use our heads, not to let a bloody mist of emotion cloud our eyes . . . Who is going to argue against that? And note how little trace there is in Professor Morgenthau's words of the suspicion that possibly, just possibly, de Gaulle may have been exercising a *right*, not merely demonstrating a quality of rationality, in his effort to attempt to break the American grip on Western Europe. In detecting that on this issue de Gaulle spoke for many of his countrymen, and France for more of Europe than had the courage to speak, Professor Morgenthau stood above most contemporary American analysts of the matter; but how high did *they* stand? It is impossible to review the issue of the Franco-American clash in the Kennedy years without sadly concluding that had Americans only *listened* to the Europeans they could not have gone so far wrong as to propose the Multilateral Nuclear Force or to humiliate Britain at Nassau or to undermine the Franco-German rapprochement. Here, clearly, Professor Morgenthau did better than Secretary of Defense McNamara's whiz kids who had scant experience of Europe, and, indeed, scant idea of what politics was about at all. But to do better than the likes of the whiz kids is not to storm Parnassus.

And anyway, just what are we to make of Professor Morgenthau when he tells us, writing, mind you, in 1963: "De Gaulle has made clear what some of us have pointed out for a decade without anybody listening—that the political, military, and economic foundations [of NATO] are in the process of erosion or have altogether ceased to exist. . . ." Surely he cannot have been arguing, even before Stalin's death in 1953, that the Atlantic Alliance had lost its fundamental purpose or that even in the mid-1950's, after Stalin's death, Western Europe, whatever the case may be today, had the political will and physical power to defend itself against Soviet encroachments? If Professor Morgenthau is today, or was, even in the early 1960's, against NATO, or tired of its stereotyped solutions, that is very likely common sense. But surely diplomatic timing is everything; and if Professor Morgenthau's antipathy to NATO dates from the *early* 1950's, that is very possibly evidence that he is a congenital nay-sayer and little more.

Be that point as it may, one certainly cannot judge Professor Morgenthau's record as a prophet on the basis of this book alone. *Truth and Power* is a collection of the best essays of a decade, a selection. Much that is embarrassing has been left out, not the least Professor Morgenthau's warning in 1965, after a self-important trip to Moscow, that while the war in Vietnam was remote from American interests and probably unwinnable—and anyway, Southeast Asia lay in Communist China's "inalienable" [*sic*] sphere of influence—the real danger to America, and the world, was that Moscow, mindful of its responsibilities and its threatened prestige, would sooner or later find itself forced to resort to war, and very possibly nuclear war, against us. We may let that prophecy lie.

IT IS just this quality of faulty prophecy, wedded as it is to an extraordinary self-adulation (a self-adulation exactly matched by a lack of generosity to his intellectual foes) that makes the book such unpleasant reading. U Thant can hardly be held up as a model of the clearsighted and impartial analyst of contemporary politics; but surely Professor Morgenthau does not come off well in the following exchange.

First U Thant:

> . . . The system created and maintained by Stalin was manifestly obsolescent even before his departure. Mr. Khrushchev, who is now in control of the reins of government, belongs to a different category of leaders, with a coherent philosophy of the world based on a thesis, not of the inevitability of war but of the imperative of a competitive coexistence.
>
> We may or may not agree with his philosophy or with his aims, but we have very good reasons to believe that he does not want war. The West does not seem to appreciate the full significance of this obvious change of political climate in the Soviet Union.

Now Professor Morgenthau:

> I submit that this analysis is trivial, insofar as it is correct, and that it completely misses the decisive issue. No statesman in possession of his senses wants war as an end in itself; that was as true of Stalin as it is of Khrushchev. . . .
>
> The real issue, to which U Thant does not address himself at all, is whether certain statesmen pursue objectives that can only be achieved at the risk or through the actual employment of war. The Communization of the world by the Soviet Union and the establishment of an Asian empire by China are two such objectives. The difference between the foreign policies of Stalin and Khrushchev is a matter of method, not of objectives; Mr. Khrushchev's words and deeds testify to that. . . . How would U Thant have the West react?
>
> His answer is: through bargaining and the give and take of compromise. These are indeed instruments of foreign policy that, as I have tried to point out for 15 years, have been too little used by the government of the United States. But they must be used with discrimination; they are not universal principles. There are situations for which compromise is appropriate, there are others for which it is not. After all, the Munich settlement of 1938 was also a settlement, was also a compromise! To return to the present, how do you bargain with a nation that believes in the inevitable universal triumph of Communism and regards its mission to be that of bringing about your doom? What can you give a nation by way of compromise, if that nation is bent on taking all? How can India bargain with China if China seeks its downfall?

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In the light of this passage, we are justified in asking in what way, had the United States followed Professor Morgenthau's advice consistently over the past fifteen years, we would be in any different pickle from the one we are in today.

To take the "trivial" point first —U Thant's opinion that the Russians were not seriously about to risk war for any reason, certainly not for marginal political gains— Professor Morgenthau does not even seem to understand the difference between a contemporary rhetorical Soviet commitment to world revolution and an actual belief in it such as someone like Trotsky, say, held forty-five years ago. Apparently, where Soviet aims and actions are at issue, Professor Morgenthau subscribes to a demonological theory of his own; apparently, for Professor Morgenthau, the Soviet Union, unlike any other polity in history, does not change with time. Its myths do not fade and lose their power to motivate practical policy. And did we need yet another banal warning against Munich? John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon learned at least *that* lesson so well that we are still fighting in Vietnam.

On the record, then, it would appear that the allegedly trivial political analysis offered by the Secretary-General has stood up to history a little better than that of the realist Professor's. A calm reading of the events of the last decade will not suggest that the Soviets have really carried the world to the brink of war. The Soviets will huff and puff and trick and dodge and mess about in the Middle East and the Mediterranean, not really knowing what they are doing. They will "show the flag" in the Indian Ocean where their fleet could not last twelve hours in combat. They will bully small states like Czechoslovakia and try to bully small states like Israel. Like us, they will waste vast sums of money on military aid to incompetents. But they do not and *will not* threaten nuclear war against anybody who can hit back.

The one time they found themselves dangerously out on a limb was Cuba in the fall of 1962; history records that they climbed down quickly enough once their move was discovered. And they would seem to have done so at great cost. Khrushchev did not long survive the humiliation. But characteristically Professor Morgenthau could not even credit the Kennedy administration with a victory in the Cuban missile crisis: Kennedy, he told us in 1964, had left Fidel Castro in power, a potential contagion within *our* zone, the Western Hemisphere, which presumably ought to have been wiped out: ". . . it cannot be too often repeated . . . that the Soviet Union has achieved what it set out to achieve in the summer of 1962 and what we declared to be intolerable: the transformation of Cuba into a political and military base for the Communization of Latin America under the auspices of the Soviet Union."

Well, it can be repeated too often to me. The only conclusion that I can draw from Professor Morgenthau's obsession with the allegedly deadly danger posed by Castroism in Latin America is that, had the "truth" he spoke to power on that occasion been followed, we would not be in Vietnam—O no!—but we would be defoliating the Sierra Maestre or floundering around in Venezuela or Brazil. For no one, despite Professor Morgenthau's recent donning of figurative love beads, should think he has been a man of peace all along. His bellicosity is formidable—*vide* (1964): "It is of course true that there has been no direct military confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union since the Cuban missile crisis of October 1962. But can it be said that this is due to the Soviet Union's drawing back 'from extremely aggressive policies' (as Senator Fulbright tells us)? Or could it not be said that our unwillingness to face up to Soviet challenges made a direct military confrontation unnecessary for the Soviet Union? Cuba and Cyprus are cases in point."

Or this (1963), advocating that the United States get rid of Ngo Dinh Diem and find a better government for Vietnam: "Where is it written that it is morally indefensible to intervene in order to compel President Diem to pursue the policies for the sake of which we installed and kept him in power, or to remove him from power when he has proved himself incapable of pursuing those policies? The Western tradition of political philosophy justifies revolution against a tyrannical government, and even tyrannicide. Intervention in support of such morally justified undertakings is by the same token morally justified." *That* time when "truth" spoke out, it would seem somebody in power was listening. Diem died soon after at the hands of assassins—setting in train a sequence of bloody events in Southeast Asia whose end is not yet in sight.

America has committed many sins in recent years, and so one ought not really mind being lectured in the tones of Jeremiah. But then neither does one want to listen to a Jeremiah who has been cutting it up all night long in the Sacred Grove or worshiping at the altar of Moloch or Baal. Which is to say that Professor Morgenthau's moral stance is as flawed as his political vision. Yet his certitude, moral and intellectual, remains formidable.

Have I been too harsh?

I do not think so, at least if turnabout is fair play. I think I have pretty well demonstrated what spirit of rancor, what spirit of ungenerous contempt for intellectual difference, what spirit of shrill self-regard inform these essays of a decade. But there is more.

We are warned in the Prologue and Epilogue that it is very nearly up with the United States. It is not only, as Professor Morgenthau tells us, that we are beset by enormously difficult problems. It is that "these issues have been created and maintained in their unsolved state by powerful social groups [so that] any approach toward reform that leaves the relative distribution of power intact will at best mitigate the social ills or at worst convey to the victims the soothing appearance of remedial action while confirming the status quo. In brief, the overriding single issue of which all others are but specific manifestations, is the distribution of power in American

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society, and that distribution has in its determining essentials survived all reform movements, from Populism through . . . the contemporary anti-war movement. . . . They all appear in retrospect as essentially futile attempts to accomplish through rational and moderate reform what can be accomplished only as a result of a new distribution of power, either through the spontaneous disintegration of the existing power structure or through revolution."

Again this is intellectually derivative stuff (and again, characteristically, no credit is given to that other unwise old man, Herbert Marcuse, who, like Hans Morgenthau, having fled from Hitler, ought at least to know better than to think that America, as they both charge, is in an incipiently totalitarian condition). But the crux of the matter lies elsewhere.

I put it to Professor Morgenthau that there are others who have fought a good deal harder in a more discouraging battle than he ever fought, who have more often been right, and more honest, and more generous to their enemies all along than he. They have not yet given up the fight. And even if they are wrong and the fight is lost and the society is doomed—because its goals were flawed and it honored false prophets, and because it could not tell the good and the true from the merely pretentious or the false—then Professor Morgenthau has even less right, in yet one more modish effort to howl in a different key while all along running with the pack, to counsel today's distracted and tragic young to hasten that society's demise. For he himself has been one of the prophets honored by that blind and defective society. He has not been one of the *victims* of power, but in truth one of *Them,* the wielders of it.

It is not only that, in the by now banal phrase, Professor Morgenthau by writing in the way he now does, has become part of the problem. On any reading of these essays of a decade, he has been part of the problem for a long, long time.

The Figure of the Dybbuk

Harold Fisch

Raymond, Raymond, thou art mine!
Raymond, Raymond, I am thine.
In thy veins while blood shall roll,
I am thine!
Thou art mine.

Mine thy body, mine thy soul!

THE FIGURE of the revenant—in the form of a ghost or in some other shape—stalks through Romantic literature. He is a presence not to be put by. In a time of radical novelty, of emancipation from tradition in all its forms, the past nevertheless lays its palsied hands on the present. The doggerel verses quoted above are spoken by the Bleeding Nun, a figure from the past who threatens to blight the life and loves of the young hero in M. G. Lewis's Gothic novel *The Monk* (1795). She is got rid of eventually, her bones being decently reinterred and laid to rest. And paradoxically enough her removal is accomplished with the help of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew. It is he who releases Raymond from the spell of the revenant, and thus enables him to go forward into the light, liberated from inherited guilt. Raymond might very well have remarked, in the words of Joyce's Stephen Dedalus, that history was a nightmare from which he was trying to awake. It was the Jew who helped him to wake up.

But the Wandering Jew is himself a revenant, a compulsive visitor who comes to remind us of such past events and responsibilities as we would rather forget. Thinly disguised as the Ancient Mariner in Coleridge's ballad, he lays his skinny hand on the Wedding Guest and forces him to hear his tale of woe and deliverance, of old unhappy far-off things. And yet the same Wandering Jew is for Coleridge a *persona* of the poet himself, a rebel and iconoclast. It is Ahasuerus who, in Shelley's early poem *Queen Mab* (1813), announces that a new era is beginning, and that Reason and Freedom are "now establishing the imperishable throne of truth" and thus frustrating the curse of ancient religious tyranny. Ahasuerus, a great favorite of the Romantic poets, seems to be both Disraeli and Karl Marx wrapped up in one.

The Romantic writer's relation to the past is thus nothing if not ambiguous. With the French Revolution, modern man had the sense of being out in the open air, freed for the first time from the heavy weight of traditional loyalties, and yet never has the mesmeric force of the past been more sharply rendered than at that time. Romantic literature, says W. J. Bate, is "crazily split down the middle by two opposing demands."* He notes that there is both a nostalgia for the past and a sense of the inexorable need to be liberated from it. How was the man of imagination to arbitrate between the two? Or to keep to our imagery of ghosts and revenants, how was he to exorcise the demon? It was no easy task.

This is the problem which underlies, for instance, many of Edgar Allan Poe's short stories. He tries to show the dead burying their dead in "The Fall of the House of Usher." But it is the ancient house itself, fatally flawed though its fabric is, which holds our attention. Until we have come to terms with it, we can hardly come to terms with ourselves. It oppresses the imagination, and when it falls (as it does at the end of the story) it

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* *The Burden of the Past,* Harvard University Press, p. 133.

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leaves us shocked and horrified. "There was a long tumultuous shouting like the sound of a thousand waters." Chaos is, so to say, come again.

The most insistent of all the revenants for the Romantic poets is probably John Milton. Keats was obsessed with the Miltonic model and Wordsworth declared in a famous sonnet: "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour!" Some would say he was, because Wordsworth himself bore a remarkable facial, as well as stylistic, resemblance to the dead poet. But it is Blake, the most dialectical of the Romantics, who celebrates Milton's return to the England of 1800 in full and meticulous detail. Arriving in the poet's garden at Felpham in the year 1803, Milton enters blake's body through his foot. It is a moment of incomparable revelation, and also one of disaster. Following "the vast breach of Milton's descent," Blake tells us that

all this vegetable world appeared
on my left Foot
As a bright sandal form'd immortal of precious stones and gold.
I stooped down and bound it on
to walk forward thro' eternity.

—"Milton," Plate 23

The significance of this event is that Blake may now draw directly on the biblical vision of the 17th century, an age of faith and vision. It is an age in which Ololon (the "Emanation" of Milton) can be pictured as a "sweet river of milk and liquid pearl" flowing through Eden. And fortified with this vision, Blake, now the reincarnation of Milton, can become the true poet of Revolution. The present has become suffused with the glory of the past.

And yet, viewed from another angle, this long "prophetic" poem of Blake's is one long fierce contention with Milton and all that Milton had stood for. Blake rejects the older poet's Puritan world-view, the "thunders loud and terrible" which his presence conjures up. His body, he says, "was the rock Sinai"—which is about as bad a thing as Blake could say about anyone's body. And, as a result, when Blake gazes at his left foot in another passage he sees "the black cloud redounding spread over Europe." All that is bad in the Europe of Pitt and George III, its blindness, its institutionalized forms, its social tyrannies, may be traced back to the evil authority of the past, with Milton as the dark Urizenic figure looming up out of the center of that past!

Blake's way of dealing with this "crazy split" in his own relation to the inheritance of the past is typically Blakean. It even bears a slight relation to the solutions offered by the Marx Brothers when they run into impossible situations. In brief, the past has to change. In the course of the poem Milton is cured of his Puritan proclivities. We see him at the end casting off and annihilating his selfhood. He "bathes in the Waters of Life, and washes off the Not Human" (Plate 48). Thus the irreversibilities of history are abolished, and the poet can come to terms with a past that has become plastic and malleable. It is like space travel. Blake's world is one in which the law of gravity no longer operates. Time itself is abolished, so that in the infinite space of metahistory he may build the great city of Golgonooza, where mankind is delivered and all contraries are made one. It is a notable achievement, but not surprisingly there are many of us who cannot go along with Blake all the way. There are many who feel that precisely at the point where the past confronts us, there we reach the limit of our freedom. It may change us, but we cannot change it. It is this consciousness which invests the revenant with his peculiar pathos. He is fixed and determined by the tale that he tells. And telling it to us he reminds us that our liberty, too, has its bounds, and that we, too, shall eventually be transfixed in the resin of history as it flows inexorably on.

II

THERE IS A Jewish formulation of this paradox which I think is of more than local interest. In fact, I would like to suggest that it is rather like one of the archetypes discussed by Northrop Frye, those fundamental myths through which mankind articulates its basic existential responses.* Except that Frye in his "archetypal criticism" is concerned with Myths of Nature which derive their authority from the seasons of the year or other such permanent repetitive factors of human experience, whereas here we have what may be termed a Myth of History, a strategy designed to deal with a situation of a non-cyclical, non-repeated kind—in this case, that of modern man in the era of emancipation following the French Revolution. He is liberated from the past, and yet the past, whether conceived as his own personal prehistory or as the collective vessel of tradition, authority, and moral law, has him in thrall.

The extraordinary popularity of S. An-ski's play *The Dybbuk*—the play on which the new Hebrew stage, its actors and producers first cut their teeth a half century ago†—suggests that here we have a collective myth of great power. Its portrayal on the stage under the direction of the great Vakhtangov, had, like the classic dramas of ancient Greece, the effect of a ritual. In this case it was a ritual designed to assuage the anxieties created by the impact of the past upon the present, as indicated by its subtitle: "The Two Worlds." The date, 1916, need not surprise us, because for Jews the crisis of emancipation reached its acute phase in the early 20th century, in the writings of Brenner, Tchernichowsky, and Bialik—the latter two incidentally are among the chief Hebrew translators of the English and German Romantic poets of the early 19th century. Bialik also translated An-ski's play (which had originally been written in Russian and then in Yiddish), and it was in Bialik's translation that it finally reached its true audience, namely, the new *Yishuv* in Palestine, the new Jew who found himself at the crossroads of history. He had cast off the old world, and had eagerly turned to the new, but his soul was not at rest. The Burden of the Past was upon him. And it was

* Cf. *Fables of Identity*, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, pp. 7-20; *Anatomy of Criticism*, Princeton University Press, p. 133ff.

† See M. Kohansky, *The Hebrew Theatre: Its First Fifty Years*, Ktav, p. 32.

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a schizophrenic burden: he could neither live with it, nor without it.

In the Dybbuk-archetype the relation between the past and the present is conceived under the image of possession. It is not merely a case of a revenant, but of a revenant who enters and controls the personality of the living. What had been for Monk Lewis a bit of Gothic fustian, now becomes the main theme of the literary work, and a serious theme at that. "I am thine!/Thou art mine./Mine thy body, mine thy soul!" said the Bleeding Nun. This, in effect, is what the Dybbuk says to the person whom he invades, in An-ski and the other Jewish writers whom we shall mention.

THE WORD "Dybbuk" comes from a root meaning "to cleave," and goes back to Hasidic legends relating to unfortunate people possessed by the spirits of the dead. The Kabbalistic (or possibly even Pythagorean) sources of the archetype do not concern us here, nor do its implications for parapsychology, if any. (I know a man who once witnessed a Dybbuk in action in a Jewish village in Poland.) What concerns us here is its psychic power as myth, as a literary structure serving to articulate the special problem of the new Jew confronting the challenge of the past. In An-ski's play, the heroine Leah is in the grip of the spirit of her dead lover Hanan. She had been promised to him by her father before their birth, but her father, Sender, had failed to honor the terms of the pact. Central to the whole drama is the ambiguity in the personalities of the two chief characters and also the ambiguity in the experience of possession itself. Hanan is an intensely devout student of Kabbalah: we see him in a central scene gazing in rapture at the Scrolls of the Law in the Holy Ark:

> The scrolls of the law . . . there they stand like comrades, shoulder to shoulder, so calm, so silent. All secrets and symbols hidden in them. And all miracles from the six days of creation, unto the end of all the generations of men.*

He is, in other words, himself a witness to antiquity (like the Wandering Jew), to the compelling force of ancient inspiration. But elsewhere he declares that "I am one of those who sought new paths." He is a witness to the new restlessness. In the climax of the play, speaking through the mouth of Leah, he confronts the rabbis who have come to expel him and fiercely claims his right to love and freedom. The symbolism is utterly clear: he is the new emancipated man, a rebel in league with the devil, like Cain in Byron's play.† Leah, too, is attached with the utmost devotion to the memory of her deceased mother. This is the hinge of her personality, and yet she is also (through a Kabbalistic word-play on the letters of her name) literally "the godless one" —her love for Hanan symbolizing her rejection of her father's authority and of the traditional society to which he belongs. The same "crazy split" is to be noted in the nature of the union between the Dybbuk and his victim. Hanan's lodgement in the heart and body of Leah is a source of ecstasy, a traumatic release from an environment dominated by bourgeois narrowness and rabbinical obscurantism. But it is also a state of subjection; the dead lover, whose power over her stems from ancient solemn obligations, relentlessly invades her personality. In an important sense the theme of the drama is her struggle to be free from the grip of Hanan. This she finally achieves when the Dybbuk is expelled with bell, book, and candle. But she does not survive the expulsion. As in the fall of the house of Usher, the collapse of the fabric of antiquity and with it the breaking of the spell, are themselves disastrous. Leah dies. As for the basic problem of the "Two Worlds," An-ski's solution is sentimental. The two lovers will be united beyond the grave in an after-life where the pressures of history no longer operate. Unlike Blake, An-ski is not in a position to change history itself. He cannot magically change the terms of the pre-contract, the inexorabilities of the historical forms we have inherited; but he can and does console himself and his audience with the dream of the lovers going hand in hand in some paradisal world to come. In other words, there is no solution, and the audience, whose basic spiritual problem the play has ritually enacted, go home, wiping their tears away, comforted only by the thought that in death all contraries are made one.

IN S. Y. AGNON'S remarkable short story "Edo and Enam,"** the heroine, Gemulah, has two "lovers." There is her husband, Gamzu, a one-eyed antiquarian bookseller who is clearly a man of the tradition with a warm attachment to the synagogue and the house of study. And there is also Dr. Ginat, a man likewise engaged in the study of ancient things, but in a modern spirit, his approach being objective and scientific. Once a month when the moon is full Gemulah loses her normal personality and is possessed by what one can only describe as the Spirit of the Past. She leaves her bed in a trance-like state, and walking in her sleep toward the lodgings of Ginat, she sings the strange hymns of her ancestors in the lost language of Edo. These are the Enamite hymns to the study of which the philologist Ginat has devoted his life. And something of his passionate involvement flows over into the imagination of the reader.

For Gemulah, too, the Dybbuk-experience is dualistic. She is in the grip of an alien force from which her husband and her friends seek to ease her. But, on the other hand, the invasion of her personality is literally a matter of inspiration. It is like the recovery by Blake of the sweet milk and liquid pearl of 17th-century divinity. It is while in the agonizing grasp of this force from the past that Gemulah finds the richest re-

* From the English version by H. G. Alsberg and Winifred Katzin.

† A Russian critic, M. Zagorsky, saw in *The Dybbuk* an image of the Soviet Revolution: in Palestine, on the other hand, it was sometimes criticized as being a glorification of the life of the ghetto and its superstitions (see Kohansky, pp. 45, 94).

** Translated by Walter Lever in *Two Tales by S. Y. Agnon*, Schocken Books, pp. 232-3. For another discussion of "Edo and Enam," see "Agnon's Quest" by Baruch Hochman, COMMENTARY, December 1966.

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lease of her personality. Of course, the tragic dilemma is ultimately insupportable. Gemulah falls to her death from a roof in Jerusalem during one of her somnambulistic excursions, and Ginat dies in a vain attempt to rescue her. The ending is non-sentimental: there is no hint of comfort beyond the grave. But there is a hint of comfort in the ongoing processes of history. For Ginat's work on the Enamite hymns, in spite of his request that it be destroyed, will in fact be published, and it will have its effect—slow but sure—on the world we know:

> As usual the dead man's orders were not carried out. On the contary, his books are printed in increasing numbers, so that the world is already beginning to know his works, and especially the Enamite Hymns with their grace and beauty. While a great scholar lives those who choose to see his learning, see it, those who do not, see nothing there. But once he is dead, his soul shines out ever more brightly from his works, and anyone who is not blind, anyone who has the power to see, readily makes use of his light.

Salvation, if it comes, will come in our everyday environment. But the hope of it is faint and problematical. It stems from that light which, if we have eyes to see, will one day shine from the scholarship of Ginat, a scholarship which brings to bear the spirit of the present upon the heritage of the past. But will there be eyes to see? The only survivor of the trio, after all, is Gamzu; and he, we are told, is blind in one eye. The exorcism of the Dybbuk, therefore, leaves us with questions which still await an answer.

THE DYBBUK in altered form, but still quite unmistakable, continues to haunt the pages of more contemporary Hebrew literature. In Aharon Megged's recent novel *The Living on the Dead,** the past presses down upon the present in the form of the dead hero, Davidov, a figure from the nation-building, road-making, swamp-clearing era of pre-State Israel whose epic life-story a young author, Jonas, has been commissioned to write. The situation is a little like that projected in Henry James's *The Aspern Papers,* and, as in *The Aspern Papers,* the records of the life of the dead man are lost at the end of the story. What binds Jonas to the dead man is thus the written contract with the publisher which, while it opens up for the young anti-hero opportunities for creativity and fame, also depresses and cows his spirit. His problem is to escape from this intolerable burden of obligation. It may be noted that the idea of a pre-contract, a binding covenant or scripture entered into in the past and somehow linking past and present, is central to the examples we are discussing.

In An-ski, the power of Hanan over Leah derives from a prenatal promise made between the two sets of parents. In "Edo and Enam," the control over Gemulah's destiny is connected with some mysterious leaves of papyrus inscribed in antiquity which pass from the possession of Gamzu to that of Ginat. In the case of Jonas the contract which he has entered into binds him in a more than formal sense to the dead man. His private life becomes disarranged as he, in mesmeric fashion, relives the career of his hero. He becomes as heartless to his wife and unborn child as Davidov had been to his wife and family. For in the novel the heroic world of Davidov, the whole epic image projected by the *halutzic* founders of the State, is savagely pilloried, and yet it is a presence not to be put by. Davidov has constructed the world we live in: it is he who has set up for us the aims and purposes which continue to drive us forward; without them we sink back into emptiness and nihilism, a state represented in the novel by a squalid Tel Aviv night club to which Jonas resorts when his responsibilities to Davidov become too much for him.

Paralleling the strange relation between the dead Davidov and the living Jonas is the latter's equally mysterious bond with the dead sculptor, Polishuk, whose studio, with its litter of plaster casts of heroes, pioneers, and dead leaders Jonas now occupies. Most of the sculptor's junk has been tossed into the bathroom, but one particularly imposing larger-than-life figure covered in white cloth wrappings stands at the entrance to the hall, oppressing Jonas in its grotesque majesty. It stands as a metaphor for the whole relation between the living and the dead. The values of the earlier generation are no longer an ideal to be worshiped, but they are not to be eluded either. They haunt us. "I do not believe in ghosts," says Jonas, "but when I sometimes go out at night for a breath of air, I see that silent image standing at the door and I distrust it." Jonas never wholly escapes the oppressive grip of the past. At the end, when involved in a court case for breach of contract, he testifies that this paralyzes his creative work. "As long as that case is hanging over my head, I can't start anything new." This may stand as a fitting summation of the mood of a man in the grip of the Dybbuk. The past has him in thrall, and until he has come to terms with it there is no possibility of a new life.

In a recent comic example, "The Dybbuk from Neve Shaanan,"† by a young dramatist, Amitzur Eilan, the pressure upon the hero of the presence of his dead father (and of the society which the latter had helped to create) is expressed through the father's last will and testament, from the terms of which the son desperately tries to escape. In the end we witness him simply fleeing from the house on his motorcycle. It is an example of what Frye would call the "low mimetic" version of the archetype.

III

WE HAVE SPOKEN as though the obsessive presence of the past has the same meaning for the Jewish imagination as it has for the English or American imagination. But, of course, this is not so. There are important differences. Take Ibsen's *Ghosts.* Oswald is in the grip of a past which both en-

* First published, Tel Aviv, 1965. English version by Misha Louvish, Cape (London) 1970; to be published in the U.S. later this year by McCall.

† Successfully produced at the "Zavit" Theater, Tel Aviv, 1966. Published in the collection *Emptied House* (Hebrew), Tel Aviv, 1970.

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thralls him and releases his spirit. For if he owes his father his inherited disease, he also owes him his ecstatic love of life, his search for freedom and joy. So far this is like the dualistic situation of Leah or Gemulah. But Captain Alving's Ghost is a figure inviting to a life of self-indulgence and pleasure. In a word, the appeal is to Nature and the gods of Nature. For the Jewish writers, the figure from the past represents rather trial, responsibility, and effort. Even for Megged, Davidov, unattractive though he is, pulls us away from the "den" and its easy pleasures and indulgences. The Jewish Dybbuk, we may say, belongs to the superego; that of the non-Jew to the id. Captain Alving, insofar as he points to the past, points back to the Maypole, to the fertility religions which dominated Europe before Christianity got there. We find a similar downward tendency in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* another story of enchantment and spiritual alienation. If Kurtz is in the grip of the ancient barbarisms of the Congo, the narrator, Marlow, discovers in himself the same primeval heart of darkness. We sense it, too, in the environment of the River Thames at the beginning of the story, in the memory of the early savageries practiced there nineteen centuries ago, when the Romans came to settle England and bring it painfully into the light. Such a novel reveals to us the seamy side of Western romanticism. It tells us what the return to Nature is all about. It is not only Wordsworth's heart dancing with the daffodils: it is also Kurtz sinking back into the barbarous and vivid life of the jungle, and dying with the words "The Horror!" on his lips, and it is also Oswald's imbecile reaching out for the sun at the end of Ibsen's play.

To be quite precise, the Western world has two Dybbuks: one, which has clear affinities with the Judeo-Christian tradition, generally introduces himself as the burden of the Puritan conscience. We meet him as Blake's image of Milton, inspiring and overpowering at the same time, like the Rock Sinai. The other, whom we meet in Conrad and Ibsen, represents the pagan past, the downward drag of Nature. And both are at work in Western literature in the period with which we are dealing, haunting their victims and seizing them body and soul.

As THE most compendious tale of enchantment in both these aspects, and as a conclusion to this discussion, I would like to take finally a famous mid-19th-century American novel, Hawthorne's *The House of Seven Gables.* Never has the Burden of the Past been more emphatically described. It lies heavily upon the two young persons, Holgrave and Phoebe, whose destiny is the subject of the book:

> "Shall we never, never get rid of this Past?" cried he, keeping up the earnest tone of his preceding conversation. "It lies upon the present like a giant's dead body! In fact the case is just as if a young giant were compelled to waste all his strength in carrying about the corpse of the old giant, his grandfather, who died a long while ago, and only needs to be decently buried. Just think a moment, and it will startle you to see what slaves we are to bygone times—to Death, if we give the matter the right word!" . . . "We read in dead men's books. . . . We worship the living deity according to dead men's forms and creeds. Whatever we seek to do, of our own free motion, a dead man's icy hand obstructs us."

The dead hand of the past is symbolized in this novel by the fathers of the Pyncheon race, in particular the old Puritan Colonel Pyncheon whose presence lies upon the living in the form of an oppressively realistic portrait on the wall of the family mansion, and who is reincarnated in the person of the contemporary Judge Pyncheon, a gloomy figure who casts his shadow over the present inhabitants. He in a manner haunts the house built by his ancestors two centuries before, and will continue to haunt it until his death at the end of the story. Only then will the young people be freed from the spell of the Puritan past and be able to emerge into the sunlight.

But the dead hand of the past also operates through another parallel influence, that of the rustic sorcerer, Matthew Maule, another figure from the early period of settlement in New England. In a recalled central episode we watch his son, a low-born carpenter, casting an evil spell over the beautiful Alice Pyncheon. It is an enchantment involving the invasion and corruption of the latter's personality. "She is mine!" said Matthew Maule. "Mine by the right of the strongest spirit." (Almost the words of the Bleeding Nun to poor Raymond.) Alice becomes subject to somnambulistic fits, like Gemulah in Agnon's tale, during which Maule's power over her has the effect of dragging her down into the abyss, into the Conradian heart of darkness. The overriding metaphor is that of abasement.

> A power that she little dreamed of had laid its grasp upon her maiden soul. A will, most unlike her own, constrained her to do its grotesque and fantastic bidding. . . "Alice dance!" and dance she would, not in such courtlike measures as she had learned abroad, but some high-paced jig, or hop-skip rigadoon, befitting the brisk lasses at a rustic merrymaking. It seemed to be Maule's impulse not to ruin Alice, nor to visit her with any black or gigantic mischief . . . but to wreak a low or ungenerous scorn upon her. Thus all the dignity of life was lost. She felt herself too much abased, and longed to change nature with some worm!

Maule's curse lies like a heavy burden upon the Pyncheon race and the curse will not be expiated until Phoebe (the last of the Pyncheons) marries Holgrave (the last Maule). Then the contraries are made one. It is an ending marked by the imagery of the Garden of Eden, signifying a return to a remoter and more wonderful past than that suggested either by Puritan New England or by the witchcraft of the jig and the Maypole.

Interestingly enough, the image of a written document or contract is central to this tale. An old roll of parchment (actually a legal contract conveying a great tract of Indian land to the first ancestor of the Pyncheons) is hidden in the house. It testifies to the greed of

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the early Puritan settlers, and it also, in a way, controls the destiny of their offspring and provides the ground for the retribution which overtakes them. Until the document is found, the past will continue to haunt the present. The controlling influence thus given to a record or contract drawn up in antiquity will immediately remind us of the Jewish Dybbuk stories we have considered. But there is a characteristic difference. When the past gives up its secret, and the parchment is finally recovered, it is found to be worthless. The past no longer binds. Its dreams of wealth and conquest turn out to be mere will-o'-the-wisps in the light of 19th-century reality. The driving force of 17th-century Puritanism no longer moves us. For, after all, we can opt out of American history and move out of the House of Seven Gables to retire into a pleasant cottage and garden —as Phoebe and Holgrave do at the end. With the young lovers of the Jewish tales it is different: but then, Jewish history is different, too.

Four-Party Race?

Herbert F. Margulies

In a recent syndicated column, Roscoe Drummond—articulating in public what many have been saying in private—suggests the possibility of a four-party race in 1972, similar to that of 1948. Drummond casts a radical faction headed by Eugene McCarthy, Senators McGovern, Harris, and Hughes, and former Attorney General Ramsey Clark in the role played by Henry Wallace and his Progressive party in 1948, likens Senators Muskie and Humphrey to the Truman Democrats, sees George Wallace paralleling the Dixiecrats in 1948, with President Nixon assuming the role of Thomas E. Dewey. Though Truman won in 1948, Drummond claims that the Nixon forces relish the prospect of a break by the Democratic Left from a party controlled by Muskie and the centrists. He agrees, arguing that the schismatists of 1972 would have a far more damaging impact on Muskie than Henry Wallace's breakaway group had on Harry Truman. I doubt that this judgment is correct.

In 1972 some would bolt Muskie or another centrist candidate—those out of office, like Eugene McCarthy and Ramsey Clark; perhaps a Senator or two not up for reelection in the immediate future; the New Left intelligentsia and those of the young and near-young under its influence, together with a sizable number of famous names from the worlds of culture and entertainment. But the great majority of liberal Democratic politicians, especially the officeholders, would remain.

Apart from exaggerating the extent of a left-wing defection, Drummond mistakes the likely effect of such a bolt. Contending that it would prove more serious than that of 1948, he says that "the Wallace party [of 1948] was tainted by Communist participation and the current Democratic Left is free of such taint." That is certainly true. But the current Democratic Left bears a strong taint of its own. It is not easily labeled—words like "permissiveness" and "soft mindedness" suggest themselves—but its presence is undeniable. Equally undeniable is the fact that it is a political liability, as witness the disaster TV coverage of the 1968 Chicago rampage wrought on the Democrats, and the effectiveness in the same campaign of the anti-Clark "crime in the streets" appeal.

But now as in 1948 much more is involved than taints and images. In 1948 Henry Wallace represented that segment of the old New Deal Left which declined to take seriously the threat of Soviet expansionism. His departure from the Democratic party removed not simply the symbolic taint of Communist association, but the actual influence from the party of a faction that the electorate felt (and with considerable justification) could not be trusted to defend the national interest. Harry Truman, not Thomas Dewey, turned out to be the gainer.

A bolt by part of the Democratic Left in 1972 could in similar fashion prove far more helpful to Muskie or some other candidate of the Center than to Nixon. There are three considerations here.

First, in 1972 the majority of the American people will want to vote for a man who will reaffirm the traditional ideals of equal opportunity for all, special privilege to none, and of even-handed justice under the firm rule of law. Strong feelings are involved; the majority believes that this nation has achieved outstanding successes and that these ground rules have contributed substantially to those successes. No one really thinks that such lofty guidelines have ever been adhered to fully; but most people feel that they have exerted real constraint against gross abuse, and that they still can. What the majority wants is reassurance that the Democratic nominee, if elected, will not put his moral authority behind those who would cater to the tactics of the youthful overprivileged or yield to coercive measures by or on behalf of the underprivileged, lest the system of fair play for all be destroyed in the process. If the apologists for those tactics and those measures bolted the party, such reassurance could more convincingly be expressed.

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Second, involvement in a land war on the continent of Asia was a massive mistake, as Eugene McCarthy helped the country to realize. The majority of the American people are clearly in favor of efforts to extricate us from that war. But most people are disturbed by that part of the protest against the war which has taken the form of indictments against the United States as a racist, imperialist, and criminal power. They will not support a candidate who is equivocal about the need to maintain American power as a counterbalance to the power of the Soviet Union and the Communist world in general. On this issue, too, a left-wing defection would be an advantage to the Democratic nominee.

Third, since 1929 economic policy has been the Achilles heel of the Republican party. The Democratic nominee in 1972 will have ample opportunity to exploit that weakness. But he will himself be weakened to the extent that his liberalism, and that of his party, goes beyond certain limits. Most Americans are willing to support a considerable degree of social welfare to soften the impact of economic failure. They are not so much committed to one economic approach or another as they are to an underlying system of values and common understandings. As against more fashionable currents of thought on the Left, the majority affirm that in our past self-interest has been accompanied by moral restraint and by social purpose. The immigrant generations that struggled for a place of decency and honor, and achieved some measure of success, believed that they gave fair value for what they got back. The majority today, silent or otherwise, will not acquiesce in a denial of that heritage, whether in denigration of their forebears or of themselves. Such a denial is implicit in much of the rhetoric of the dissident Left today.

Thus a bolt that would leave the Democratic party free of ideas and attitudes that have attached themselves to it through the dissident Left could be, for a man like Edmund Muskie, or some other candidate of the Center, an immense electoral advantage.

Theater

Shakespeare and Beckett

Jack Richardson

A *Midsummer Night's Dream* is one of the few plays by Shakespeare that appear to have no definite source. No known Roman text, Italian narrative, native chronicle, or earlier play provides the basis for this mixture of English rusticity and Greek myth. Indeed, if the play is a dream, it is the dream of a mind that has an outlandish originality where place and time are concerned, a mind that can as easily put an ancient hero in the Forest of Arden as it can a Warwickshire joiner in the court of Theseus. True, a few snatches of the common stuff of an Elizabethan education are mixed among the unique caprices of the dream, but there is nothing of such definite shape as might suggest that the dreamer is doing anything more than making a gentle appropriation of a heroic name or two, perhaps, as some believe, with the intention of celebrating an important contemporary marriage by thus blessing it with both humor and the literary pomp of classical allusion.

Like *The Tempest*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is almost a definition of what we mean in English by the word "fanciful," and the problem of mounting it on the stage is the formidable one of giving pure imagination a dramatic "habitation and a name," of making certain that a balance is kept between the lyric mysteries of Shakespeare's forest and the rough shenanigans of his comedy. Peter Brook's recent production makes a good attempt at striking such a balance. He has, first of all, decided to entrust the evocation of a woodland summer night to Shakespeare's language and to eschew the traditional technical gadgetry that the modern theater has on hand to effect visual aids for its audiences. Happily, Brook has seen fit to give us no mists, moonbeams, animated foliage, or sequined fairies; and if he does use a trapeze bar or two to get the play's ethereal characters airbound, this is at least preferable to having them whisked about on guide-ropes through the chiaroscuro of a set designer's notion of fairyland quaintness. Oberon, Titania, Helena, Lysander, Hermia, Demetrius, Bottom, Puck—all those characters who are "ill met by moonlight" are placed upon a walled-in, bare, white stage that is drenched in a fierce, clear light. On top of the walls is a runway, made accessible by two ladders on either side of the set, which the actors use for their chases and acrobatic squabbles. There are the aforementioned trapeze bars and an occasional bit of coiled wire meant to simulate a vivacious bush or tree. However, apart from these artifacts, Brook keeps his stage unencumbered and allows his actors to fill up the open space with vigorous, well-timed movements that have no need of pastoral clutter to make them seem the result of a night's bewitchment in Oberon's forest.

EXCEPT for the set's gymnasium-like appearance, little else about the production could be called radical. There is, as I have said, a more modest approach to the dress and appearance of Oberon, Titania, and their attendant fairies than one has come to expect after seeing productions in which the King and Queen of

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Night are smothered in brocades, velvets, and gossamer gowns, and in which Pease-Blossom and company sprout antennae, transparent wings, and other articles designed to turn them into whimsical bugs. In Brook's view, it is enough that Oberon and his mistress dress in light, brightly-colored robes, while his fairies are attired in loose-fitting sweat-suits and have about them a terrene quality that may unsettle those who demand that a woodland sprite appear at least poetically capable of sleeping in an acorn shell. (I must admit that I, too, was somewhat perplexed at seeing Mustard-seed weighing in at a good two hundred pounds and sporting a thick beard. I can understand wanting to scale down preciousness in a democratic age, but when Titania's fairies seem as much the "hempen homespuns" as do Quince, Bottom, and the other clowns, then perhaps aesthetic egalitarianism has gone a bit too far.)

THE subject of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is, of course, love—or, more specifically, the type of passion that leads to a permanent union between a man and a woman. Shakespeare gives us three examples of such joinings. First, there is that of Oberon and Titania, spirits with a sex, who, although they quarrel through the better part of the play over the possession of a beautiful boy, spend most of their aeons in lightly sensual revels, creating for each other momentary diversions in the courteous manner of two people who know that it is a sin against nature to be bored. Then, descending into mortal passions, we have Theseus and Hippolyta, both of whom prepare for their nuptials with the courtly affection that befits the coupling of two noble houses and two aristocratic bodies. Finally, of course, there are the four lovers, the foolish mortals of the play who are all athrob with yearning and desire, and who, in the intensity of their passions, will commit any excess of rhetoric or endure any indignity of courtship in order to consummate their love.

It is the main excellence of Brook's production that these modes of love are subtly colored and distinguished. Oberon and Titania, when the latter was not bewitched, had just the proper amount of melancholy over their existence in a perpetual night of magic and mischief to make all their antic intrigues seem simply loving ways of passing time. And when the same actor and actress turned to the roles of Theseus and Hippolyta, they made that regal couple appear ready for all the formal demands of a political marriage that may or may not have a little love mixed in among its expediency. There is, for example, a moment in the last scene, when Theseus is patiently trying to make his future bride accept with some grace and gratitude the rough entertainment of Peter Quince and his players, that was acted with just enough pleasant vapid graciousness to make us realize that a mortal marriage, even for a Theseus, will prove to be something less than perpetual bliss and wonder.

As to the young lovers, Brook has decided that their aspects should be less than those of perfect princes and ladies. He gives them to us as ordinary, homely young people who are buffeted about by passions and spells and who are made to seem as comical as their loves are capricious and extreme. It may be objected that ebullient, youthful desire is made to seem too clownish by Brook and his actors, but it would be, I think, wrong to deny the play any of the humor that such febrile behavior occasions in our unromantic age.

AND THEN the clowns, Quince, Bottom, Snout, Flute, Starveling, and Snug—those redoubtable amateur actors who, through all the high and low passions of the play, resolutely work at putting together their own dramatic homage to love. Perhaps their efforts to bring to life a playlet about the tragic end of Pyramus and Thisbe is meant only as subplot buffoonery, as a joke about rustic bumpkins trying to fathom a style and emotion far above their stations. But the satire cannot help but work both ways, and in the troupe's bumbling efforts to make common speech and sense serve the needs of heroic love, some blows are delivered to romantic convention and its poetry from which they are hard put to recover. I, for one, have never been able to watch a lover's or a hero's suicide on stage without remembering Bottom's lines in the role of Pyramus:

Come tears, confound;
Out sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop;
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

In this production, Quince and his company wear modern work clothes and obviously fill jobs at the lowest levels of an industrial society. Their old occupations have indeed vanished from the world, and there is probably no longer any forest nearby to which they might steal for a secret rehearsal of a freshly-written tragedy. I felt, watching them in overalls and undershirts, that their sensibilities must have changed too, that, even though the actions depicting them were faithful to Shakespeare's conception of country "mechanicals," they nevertheless seemed, in the raiment of modern workingmen with unions and years of a dignity-of-labor philosophy behind them, less comic when trying to satisfy the aristocratic taste of Theseus's court than would their class-clogged ancestors. For this reason, I would have preferred to see them dressed in garments that didn't bring such extrinsic considerations to a play that can bear almost any meaning except that of social pointedness.

But this is perhaps only a subjective cavil. On the whole, Brook has been fresh and vigorous in his interpretation, insisting that we listen to the language and allow it to create rich visions against the backdrop of three white walls. In the end, Puck makes his famous plea for our indulgence and then he and the rest of the actors, taking their cue from a rather literal interpretation of the text, walk among the audience shaking hands. It is a simple conclusion to an evening that offers one many ways of viewing all the deep and various hoppings of the heart.

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THE heart of *Waiting for Godot* is still beating at a steady, even pace. In the current excellent revival directed by Alan Schneider, Beckett's tramps are caught on the same bleak terrain as they were fifteen years ago when Bert Lahr gave his classic performance and his producers took newspaper ads calling for, I believe, eighty thousand intellectuals to come to the support of their playwright's debut in New York. Indeed, there is little room for scenic interpretation within the landscape prescribed for *Waiting for Godot.* A desolate plain and a stunted tree. *That is that!* Hamlet's Elsinore may alter from era to era; Uncle Vanya's furniture may be rearranged to suit a directional mood; but the setting for Estragon's and Vladimir's parable of stasis will go through the future unaltered, a dry reminder of as absolute a depreciation of human existence as any artist has had the genius to sustain.

Watching the play performed in 1971, it is hard to believe that its bleak estimate of human teleology and its "absurd"—how long has it been since that word had its vogue—universe could have once been so popular. And by popular, I do not mean that Beckett's world simply suited the taste of a number of important intellectuals and artists of the time. On the contrary, its despairing conclusions almost became a philosophy for the middle class, a sort of solid bourgeois virtue in Europe and a ready-made justification for a generation of more or less cultivated Americans to have little hope for a personal salvation and none at all for a political one. My reaction when I saw *Godot* as a student was something like, "Well, someone has finally found a way to say it. *Verebar* Godot *ne veniret.*" (In those days, whenever I peeked into the fashionable void, I always fortified myself with a little Latin, thereby taking the sting out of the encounter and making it, through classical allusion, just one more literary moment to be savored.)

Well, in the intervening years I hope I've become a bit less callow about *Godot*'s meaning. It still, however, seems to me an extraordinary work. Excepting Beckett's own later plays, there is simply nothing like it in our history. Eliot's *Waste Land* at least allowed one to remember a former beauty and purpose inherent in life, but with Beckett, the past, present, and future are all bracketed behind a negation sign, and sighing for the golden age is as out of order as building for either a natural or a supernatural paradise. And this most general conclusion about life is not delivered to us in vague, moral jeremiads, but in a dramatic prose that seems to encompass all the modes of speech in our language. From the play of contradictory hypotheses down to the most gritty, concrete images of human functions, the words swirl about, embracing all the nuances of existence and making them add up to a universal nullity. *Waiting for Godot* is a morality play without capitalized names, a searingly specific deduction from a dark premise about life, which many dramatists have entertained but which none has ever followed to such a precise conclusion.

Gogo and Didi, and even Pozzo and Lucky, the archetypal master and slave, have been given the details of art, and it is these details that infuse *Waiting for Godot* with theatrical life and humor. It may be a bad joke that has been played on man, but it is nevertheless a joke, and there is some laughter to be had from it. As bewildered and tattered as Gogo and Didi are, they still have their full share of questions to ask, hates to be accounted for, hungers to be satisfied, and cruelties to be forgiven. They possess, with human tenacity, existences palpable enough to touch and amuse us even while we are watching ourselves being absorbed into their bleak fate. Gogo and Didi may be futilely waiting for Godot to keep his appointment with them, but their lives are not without incident, and those who dismiss Beckett's representation of life because it does not take into account the complex, delusive ways in which man really passes his time should remember that Gogo and Didi, too, try on hats, philosophize, give and receive affection, and fret over their bodies' inadequacies. In short, in the deepest human sense, they live richly, and it is because, in existential extremis, they worry over the condition of their feet and bladders that we let them stand as our temporary deputies on a barren stage festooned only with a stunted tree.

Temporary because, in the end, we cannot accept the implications of their destiny, with or without Godot. Most of us are really Pozzos, dashing on without any particular purpose, but dashing with an abundance of energy and a necessary sense of self-importance. With a mind trained to babble consolations of philosophy not quite so incoherent as Lucky's, we will pass again and again through Gogo's and Didi's desolate place of rendezvous, and each time we will be worn away just a little more. But we do keep moving: Beckett on to other plays, and I to the end of this short tribute to him.

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Equal Time

William S. Pechter

Alex in Wonderland is about a crisis in the life and art of a young film director in Hollywood, searching for a new project and life style with the success of his first film just behind him. If one were simply to place a value on it, a price tag reading "marked down from *8 1/2*" would be about all that was called for. *Alex in Wonderland* simply wouldn't exist without *8 1/2*, for all of the differences, and, no matter how it may attempt to forestall or disarm such criticism by mocking its indebtedness to the Fellini film, the self-mockery in no way diminishes the degree of dependence.

And yet the curious thing is just how little like *8 1/2 Alex in Wonderland* really is. This is not simply a question of the latter film's inferiority to the former, though I think even those who admire *8 1/2* less than I would have to admit that, compared with the self-indulgence of the imitation, the original is a model of toughmindedness. Nor is that inferiority itself inherent in the relations of imitations to originals, as *Modern Times*'s indebtedness to *A Nous la Liberté* might remind us. In any case, were one to press charges of plagiarism of *8 1/2*, Fellini himself has more to answer for than Larry Tucker (co-author of *Alex in Wonderland*) and Paul Mazursky (co-author and director). If *8 1/2* can be made to look bad, it is more by the desperate self-exploitation of *Juliet of the Spirits* than by the frank homage of *Alex in Wonderland*.

Though the director *in 8 1/2* both is and is not the director *of* the film, it is clear that the penultimate works of both directors bore striking similarities. The director of *Alex in Wonderland* and the director in the film have both made one successful film previously, the previous work of the director of the film being *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*. And what of Alex? One never knows, though from what we learn of him and from some oblique comment on his first film it is difficult to believe that the earlier works of the two directors had much in common. Mazursky himself makes an appearance in *Alex in Wonderland*, playing a new-style, long-haired, Philistine producer who suggests some properties for Alex to consider for his second film, and presumably he is meant to be the object of some satire on how little Hollywood has changed. Yet, though Alex rejects the producer's ludicrous projects (Huck Finn as a young revolutionary, an interracial *Love Story*, etc.) out of hand, his own ideas when we hear them (black guerrillas taking over Los Angeles, etc.) sound scarcely different; nor, for that matter, does the idea of *Alex in Wonderland*: a now generation *8 1/2*, or Fellini with beads and headband.

Is this perhaps the butt of the joke: that Alex, the one-film director of no discernible distinction, should fancy himself soul-searching with Fellini? If so, it is inseparable from the idea of Larry Tucker and Paul Mazursky making an *8 1/2* in *Alex in Wonderland*. Is it a joke that, when Alex fantasizes, what fills his mind are not images from his own life but second-hand fantasies of Fellini's—Fellini's popes and priests and choirboys and circus people; that Alex cannot even fantasize except parasitically? If so, it is no less a joke that, when Mazursky directs into one of Alex's fantasies, he telegraphs it by archaically moving the camera into close-up of Alex's head, in utter insensitivity to the marvelously fluent continuity of the film which he purports to honor. There are some decent things in *Alex in Wonderland*: the sequence in which Mazursky acts is amusing, and the scenes of Alex's family life capture some rather sweet and genuine sense of a dense and ongoing complex of relationships among parents and children, these family scenes aided greatly by the performance of Ellen Burstyn as Alex's emotionally vulnerable wife. (On the other hand, the non-fantasy scenes with Alex's mother suffer most, and in ways I doubt Mazursky and Tucker are even aware of, from their film's feeding on Fellini.)

YET FINALLY the film is as much a symptom of the new Hollywood as a satire on it. Alex, Mazursky, and Tucker soul-search for what to do next, but I suspect they need nothing so much as a flourishing studio system to save them. So far, the best work that Mazursky and Tucker have done in films remains their script for *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas*, anonymously directed by a nonentity, and immeasurably bettered by a performance from Peter Sellers. In the 30's and 40's, Mazursky and Tucker (and Alex) would probably be right where they seem suited to being—on the assembly line; and probably making better films and running up smaller analysts' bills for it. Now, rudderless in the new Hollywood, such light-comedy technicians not only have to make their monthly payments but must find something to say as well, and the strain is proving too much for them. If one really wants to know how far Mazursky and Tucker are from being capable of what they're attempting, the film to compare (and to club) *Alex in Wonderland*

WILLIAM S. PECHTER *writes on movies regularly in these pages.*

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with is not *8 1/2* but *Sullivan's Travels,* Preston Sturges's film about a successful comedy film director trying to "say something"; one of Sturges's most compromised and equivocal works, but nevertheless a film by a director with a spark of comic genius, and one made in 1941 for Paramount in its heyday. I wonder if the most significant thing about *Alex in Wonderland* isn't that this film, which begins by seeming to be about the crisis of a director who can't decide what his next film should be, ends up by seeming to be about the crisis of a new-bracket taxpayer who can't decide whether or not he can afford to buy an expensive house.

I SUSPECT that for many readers of COMMENTARY, Arthur Penn's films are of interest mainly as they document a case history of the filmmaker's flirtation with all the "progressive" social and political fashions of his times: teen-age rebels, romantic outlaws, folknik hippies, etc. For me, in my aesthetic frivolity, Penn's work remains chiefly an episode in the history of bad taste. When Ingmar Bergman calls Penn "one of the greatest directors in the world," one can understand what he sees in Penn's films—energy; that quality in which Bergman's own later work has generally been so critically deficient. Penn's films do have energy—a visceral energy which survives even the loudest and showiest excesses of the director's style. What they lack finally is artistic energy, the unifying energy which comes from an artist shaping his materials to the dictates of some controlling vision. Penn's films bound restlessly all over the place, but they just don't come together.

There is energy in *Little Big Man,* though rather less than usual by the director's standards, and rather more of the gentleness which Penn communicates as a person in his television talk-show appearances. As a *quid pro quo,* this isn't necessarily all to the bad, and the scenes between Dustin Hoffman, the white man adopted by Indians, and Chief Dan George, the tribal patriarch, do achieve a certain real tenderness despite the somewhat labored version of the Indian chief as bountiful, food-pushing Jewish mother. (In contrast, the scenes between Hoffman and his Indian bride strive for tenderness and succumb to salt-of-the-earth-like banality.) Hoffman himself impresses chiefly for a vocal *tour de force* as the film's one-hundred-and-twenty-one-year-old narrator, but he is always at least interesting to watch in his other guises, and more than that as a slit-eyed, black-clad gunfighter in a hilarious and affectionate parody in which he is joined by Jeff Corey as an equally deft Wild Bill Hickok. But while such virtues might be almost enough to bring off a little film, *Little Big Man* is unfortunately a big film, or rather a little film swollen by its aspirations to being an epic and making a statement. And, as an epic, *Little Big Man* simply lacks scope, both in space and time. The episodic nature of the early scenes in the narrator's life as he is shunted between white man and Indian is appropriate to the picaresque tale he is telling, but the first part of the film both misses any sense of progress from episode to episode and fails to convey any feeling of the passage of time—the sequences with Faye Dunaway and Martin Balsam in particular are merely instances, and not very funny ones, of hip revue humor, the new bane of film comedy. And the sequences of battle and massacre in the final part of the film seem equally cramped, muffed by Penn's inability to delineate a large-scale physical action with cogency and coherence. Despite the "big picture" appurtenances, the film remains a closet epic, with little more than its budget to match the size of its ambitions.

It might be sufficient to leave it at this—the purely artistic failures of *Little Big Man*—were it not for the film's insistence on being taken seriously in another way, to be seen, like *Alex in Wonderland,* to be saying something. For, in *Little Big Man,* Arthur Penn has moved on to the subject of Indians, even by-passing Negroes in his progress (unless they can be presumed to have been covered by the South-baiting of *The Chase,* and by the Indian chief's remark in *Little Big Man* that blacks are "not as ugly as the white, but . . . just as crazy"). The film is, in fact, about nothing less than the history of the white man's decimation of the Indian; its charge genocide, and its indictment against the white race *in toto.*

Now I have little doubt that such a charge could be made to stick were it leveled judiciously at a more precisely defined target, nor do I think it would be a bad thing for us to be given an honest account of our westward expansion. The trouble is that such things rarely reach the audience that most needs them; I could enjoy the thought of *Little Big Man* being seen by Richard Nixon, but Nixon, as we know, is busy studying *Patton.* In any case, for such a work to ask more of its audience than guilt feelings, something more than a piling up of atrocities is required. One needs to know: why the genocide? One needs to be given some sort of historical analysis, if only on the level of the principals' egomania, as in *The Charge of the Light Brigade,* Tony Richardson's and Charles Wood's somewhat similar exercise in the debunking of history (and, compared with which, *Little Big Man* has more "heart" but less wit). Is all the bloodshed attributable to the vainglorious folly of Custer? *The Charge of the Light Brigade* at least sketched in a large cast of characters to support this history-as-bedlam view.

INSTEAD OF a view, what one is given in *Little Big Man* is simply an Indian-fighting Western with its conventional demonology reversed: bad white men riding against good Indians. Nor are the Indians merely good; they alone are "human beings" (according to the film, the translation of the word "Cheyenne"), and are given to saying such things as, "There is an endless supply of white men, but there always has been a limited number of human beings," and the like. When one of the Indians calls the narrator a white man, the narrator explains that the Indian was merely delivering the "biggest insult he could give me"; at another point, the Indian chief remarks sententiously to the narrator on the time "before you became a human being." Though the Indians aren't exempt from the film's burlesque, an effeminate Cheyenne seems fin-

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ally to attest chiefly to the Indians' enlightenment on the homosexual question, while the narrator's white butch sister testifies rather to the perversion of white society. Indians fornicate, and we are to see it as earthy and healthy; whites do likewise, and it is testimony to the bankruptcy of their religion. When the whites massacre the Indians, we are spared no painful detail of the bloodletting; when the Indians attack whites, it is either the work of some tribe that the narrator "never had no use for," or to perform a *Bonnie-and-Clyde*-like comical killing-to-music, even the victims expiring with smiles on their faces.

If *Little Big Man* is indication that we are now in for a spate of good-Indian versus bad-white Westerns, certainly no one can claim we don't have it coming to us, if only in the name of equal time. Perhaps it is even true that beyond the specific injustices and cruelties, the particular historical oppression perpetrated by the white man on the Indian, there can be discerned the dichotomous archetypes of white devils and "human beings"; that the white man really is revealed as a creature of inferior virtue. But I'm inclined to believe, to quote Conor Cruise O'Brien (reviewing Edmund Wilson's *Apologies to the Iroquois*), it is rather a case that "All weak peoples are apt to cherish a sense of superior virtue, corresponding to the magnitude of the crimes they have been powerless to commit." The ultimate failure of *Little Big Man* is in its inability to perceive that it is not one or another demonology but demonology itself which brutalizes an audience, and is the enemy of humane feeling. The notion that art may be ennobling, may offer us noble images to which to aspire, is not a very powerful one at the moment, and understandably so, given our art and culture. But when John Ford (who had already portrayed a megalomaniac Custer in an earlier work) depicts the patriarchs of both Indian and white nations joining together to foil the war plans of the hotheaded young (in *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*), the sense which emerges may not correspond with our actual history but does command the power of an ideal, of a vision of ideal fraternity. I remain unconvinced, at least, that such a vision constitutes a less desirable myth to be lodged in the national consciousness than that of immutable enmity, or that the contemplation of it is less edifying than the spectacle of affirming guilt to the already guilt-ridden.

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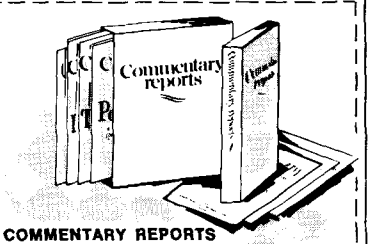

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Wartime Leader

ROOSEVELT: THE SOLDIER OF FREEDOM. By JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS. *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 722 pp. $10.00.*

Reviewed by R. H. S. CROSSMAN

IS THERE REALLY such a thing as contemporary history? Or does journalism stop and history begin when the concepts and emotions of the participants are no longer shared by those who write and read about them? It is tempting to contrast the historian's imagination brooding over the evidence with the immediacy of the journalist busily chronicling contemporary events. But then one thinks of Thucydides and Trotsky and realizes that the natural historian can recreate the present as history just as well as he can the past. Whether a book is to be reckoned a work of history or the chronicle of a journalist depends not on when it was written or the period it deals with but simply and solely on its quality as literature and the impact it makes on the judgment of its readers.

Judged by this criterion I have no doubt in welcoming James MacGregor Burns as a fellow "academic-in-politics." He belongs to that hybrid but select group—suspect among the professional politicians, the professional historians, and the professional journalists—who know that you can't hope really to get inside contemporary politics and understand them if you remain a mere bystander in a university or in a newspaper office. The academic in politics is normally literate rather than numerate, with little aptitude for the exact sciences but with a strong desire to understand how the modern power structure works, how decisions are taken, how leaders are made—or arise. We discovered while we were at the university that though we could make a living by remaining dons we were not true academics for whom research (enlivened perhaps by a little teaching) is a sufficient way of life. Emotionally committed to the Left in the great controversies of the 1930's, we were not content to become professional academic bystanders. Propelled by a sense of commitment, we were driven to participate in great events at the same time that we were seeking to record and understand them. It was during our war service overseas that most of us finally convinced ourselves that no one could write about politics, diplomacy, or war with any assurance that he really understands the motive forces of each unless he has, in however humble a capacity, participated in them. (To which I would now add that political experience without academic training provides almost as bad a background for the historian as academic training without political experience. The memoirs of the politicians and the generals and administrators provide rich material for the political scientist, but their authors rarely get beyond a personal apologia or achieve objective appraisal.)

This much introduction is necessary in order to define both the kind of book Professor Burns has given us and the kind of criticism he will get from this particular reviewer. He will not, I am sure, expect to be treated as a professional historian consciously writing for posterity and reserving himself a niche in the Pantheon alongside Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Instead he will be content if *Roosevelt: The Soldier of Freedom* is assessed as the wartime counterpart of the "warts and all" portrait of the New Deal politician which he gave us earlier in *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox*.

When that remarkable book was published, I welcomed it as the first really understanding analysis of elitist "public-school morality" (in our English sense, of course, of that phrase) and Machiavellian cunning which was the secret of FDR's political leadership. Because he was an extrovert patrician, not a middle-class intellectual ("a second-class intellect but a first-class temperament" was the penetrating comment of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes), he was able not only to consort with the city bosses but to adopt their standards without suffering any agonies of self-conscious guilt. He could tell lies, betray confidences, let down friends with a good conscience, sharing the serene conviction of a Cecil or a Cavendish that in matters of state the means justify the end.

What elevated him above all the other democratic politicians of the 1930's was not his long-term vision—he had none—not his administrative talents—they did not exist—but the sheer virtuosity with which he played the game of American politics; the inner strength and buoyant courage which the conquest of his illness gave to his leadership; and the captivating *joie de vivre* with which he met his appointment with destiny. He was a politician who reveled in politics, a "happy warrior" who enjoyed every aspect of the power the Presidency gave him, including the ceremonial, the frivolous, and the seamy sides. In the first crisis since the Civil War when the United States was threatened with national disintegration, his personal leadership alone saved the nation and enabled the medley of talent he had gathered around him to rig up the ramshackle structure of the New Deal.

I CAN THINK of few occasions in history when the man matched the moment more perfectly than Roosevelt throughout his first term. The second term, while disclosing a tenacious grip on power

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and resilience in defeat, also confirmed the skeptical view of his limitations as an administrator and political strategist. When Hitler's war began, the American economy was still perilously underemployed and, apart from a few exceptions such as labor relations and the TVA, the New Deal had thrown up very few new agencies of permanent value. It had precipitated an exhilarating movement of social change, but that movement had not solidified into a firm framework of economic planning and social security. In terms of structural reform the impersonal requirements of war production after Pearl Harbor produced more positive social changes than all the New Deal legislation put together.

What then of the third and fourth terms? What of Roosevelt as a war leader? To judge from the title he has chosen for his second volume, Professor Burns set to work on the assumption that Roosevelt's main contribution to history was made in his role as Commander in Chief. Describing Roosevelt's visit to the Pacific Front in the summer of 1944, Mr. Burns writes:

> He had not invited Marshall or King or Arnold to take part in the Honolulu Conferences; this time the President wanted to deal with his Theater Commanders alone except for Leahy. He would be tested in the Fall as Chief Executive and Chief Politician; he also wanted—indeed he preferred—to be tested as Commander in Chief. He relished the title, according to Hull. . . . But it was *more than that.* Roosevelt *not* only assumed the role of Commander in Chief but he embraced it and lived it.

Actually, the evidence collected in this biography makes fair nonsense of this claim. No one is likely to emphasize the role of either Stalin or Churchill in controlling the conduct of the actual fighting in World War II. Nevertheless, each of them in his own way played a far more active part in the execution of military operations than FDR. As Mr. Burns himself admits, Roosevelt showed remarkable restraint in influencing the selection of generals, and he quotes Stimson's comment that his record "was unique in American war history for its scrupulous abstention from personal and political pressure." The truth seems to be that in defining his role as Commander in Chief Roosevelt very wisely put all the emphasis on the representational aspects.

> To observe the superb coordination of arms and units in mock combat, to cause the face of a wounded soldier to light up with surprise and pleasure, to lie in his bunk in the skipper's cabin and feel the engines of the great cruiser strain and pound underneath him, to find Pearl Harbor expanded with ships and docks back in service, to explore with Nimitz and MacArthur the imposing alternatives in the Pacific —never had Roosevelt assumed the role of Commander in Chief more intensely than in his days in the Pacific.

In this truthful and intensely revealing definition of the matters which properly concern a Commander in Chief, Mr. Burns finally surrenders his claim that any serious importance can be attributed to Roosevelt's role as a practical soldier. Each of the activities he lists in this passage is something which in 1944 King George VI was doing with equal conscientiousness and effectiveness. He was playing the role not of active Commander in Chief but of a constitutional monarch who in war as in peace can do no wrong because he acts on the advice of his ministers.

BUT IF "Roosevelt: The Soldier of Freedom" is a misnomer, how is his statesmanship to be rated during these four years of war? Here Professor Burns makes no false claims. He frankly admits failure and seeks to explain it. In his preface he writes:

> The proposition of this work is that FDR as war leader was a deeply divided man—divided between the man of principle . . . on the one hand; and, on the other, the man of *Realpolitik*. . . . It was because Roosevelt acted both as a soldier bent on a military victory at minimum cost to American lives and as an ideologue bent on achieving the four freedoms for people throughout the world that his grand strategy was flawed by contradictions that would poison American relations with Russia and Asia.

This is too simple—indeed too ideological—to fit the facts; and it is the great virtue of Professor Burns that when we have finished his book we realize the inadequacy of the theory with which it begins. Roosevelt was just as divided a personality when he displayed his superb leadership in 1933 as he was at Yalta when he played into Stalin's hands. The question to be answered is why the contradictions which were fused into a living unity during the early New Deal period remained disastrous contradictions under the stresses of wartime leadership.

Part of the answer is surely that a style of leadership which was acceptable in American domestic politics became intolerable when carried into international relations. Roosevelt's behavior to Henry Wallace in the intrigues which preceded the nomination of Harry Truman as the Vice Presidential candidate at the 1944 convention was mean even by the standards of the city bosses. Having promised him his support, the President quickly agreed to accept Truman as his running mate and then solemnly assured Wallace that he had not done so! Politicians are not loved for such double-dealing, but in the stress of an American political convention it is, I suspect, accepted as neither unusual nor intolerable conduct. Certainly Roosevelt did not suffer as a result, nor did the Democratic party.

But when he tried a similar trick on Mr. Molotov the result was very different. May 1942 was a desperate period of German victories in Russia and Japanese victories in the Far East. Stalin feared a collapse of his armies if the British and Americans failed to stage a second front in the fall. Churchill knew this was a sheer impossibility and the American Chiefs of Staff conceded his case for postponing the landings until 1943. At this point Roosevelt invited Stalin to send a representative to Washington and told Churchill:

"I know you will not mind my

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being brutally frank when I tell you that I think I can personally handle Stalin better than either your Foreign Office or my State Department. Stalin hates the guts of all your top people. He thinks he likes me better and I hope he will continue to do so."

Molotov arrived in Washington on May 29, having talked with Churchill on the way and heard his account of the situation. On the very same evening Roosevelt authorized him to tell his government that he could expect the formation of a second front "this year." Professor Burns does not conceal the extent of the deception the President perpetrated. "All the discussions with Molotov clearly implied," he writes, "a cross-Channel attack by all the ground and air power Britain and the United States could muster in August or September of 1942." Despite British protests, the communiqué reporting the result of the conversation stated that "full understanding was reached with regard to the urgent tasks of creating a second front in Europe in 1942." Roosevelt was delighted and wrote to Wynant, then American Ambassador in London, that his Russian visitor had "actually got chummy toward the end." On his return via London, Churchill warned Molotov orally and in writing that he could not promise a second front in 1942. Nevertheless, when he flew back to Moscow, Molotov was able to quote the communiqué to a jubilant meeting of the Supreme Soviet. The damage had been done.

A SECOND and even more flagrant example of Roosevelt's double-dealing was his laborious effort first at Teheran and then at Yalta to get close to Stalin by abjuring his solidarity with Churchill. "I am inclined to say that at the meeting with Marshal Stalin and the Prime Minister, I can put things on a somewhat higher level than they have been for the past two or three months," Roosevelt wrote to Harold Laski a few days before leaving for Yalta. Putting things on a higher level involved the President in breaking faith in order to woo Stalin. Here is the official record:

> He would now tell the Marshal something indiscreet, the President went on, since he would not wish to say it in front of the Prime Minister, namely that the British for two years had had the idea of artificially building up France into a strong power that could maintain troops on the eastern border to hold the line long enough for Britain to assemble an army. . . . Stalin did not disagree. The mildly anti-British exchange must have seemed to Roosevelt an auspicious start to his effort to establish personal rapport with Stalin.

In American politics Roosevelt could indulge in this kind of disloyalty to an ally, but the effect of such crude dealing at Yalta was catastrophic. Sniffing disunity between the democracies, Stalin instinctively stiffened: he became more rigid than ever, and the main result of Yalta was to confirm the Russian determination to impose satellite governments on Poland and the other liberated nations of Eastern Europe.

Only one thing could have impressed Stalin—the realization that the Anglo-American alliance was unbreakable and that he would have to deal with it in terms of *Realpolitik*. Churchill understood this perfectly as he had shown when he offered the Russians a cynical deal a few months earlier:

> Stating that London and Moscow must not get at cross purposes in the Balkans, he pushed across the table to Stalin a simple, stark list giving Russia 90% predominance in Rumania and 75% in Bulgaria, Britain 90% in Greece and dividing Yugoslavia and Hungary 50-50 between Russia and the West. Stalin had paused only a moment, then with his blue pencil made a large tick on the paper and passed it back to Churchill.

This was the only moment when it seemed conceivable that the West and the East could reach an intelligible, workable agreement. Yet when Churchill tried to enforce his share of the bargain by suppressing the Communists in Greece, he got no support from the White House, and when Roosevelt died the Russian strategy was clear, whereas the Western powers were in a complete disarray, from which they only recovered when Harry Truman finally announced the Truman Doctrine.

Roosevelt's conduct is all the more puzzling when we remember that by far his greatest achievement as a war leader was the accord he reached with Churchill, first during the period when his country was neutral and Britain was fighting alone and then in the disastrous twelve months after Pearl Harbor. The Anglo-American alliance came naturally to him. It was both politically desirable and strategically sound: but it required real statesmanship after Pearl Harbor to defeat MacArthur's demand for a "Pacific first" policy. Roosevelt did not hesitate to veto this tempting plan and Professor Burns tells us that "watching him turn it down Marshall decided that all his doubts about the President were negated—here was a great man." Then why, when a solid basis had been created for defeating Germany and Japan and then facing up to the Russians in the confrontation which was bound to ensue, did Roosevelt indulge in a flirtation with Stalin which contradicted decency, strategy, and common sense?

Is the explanation to be found in Roosevelt's physical collapse? Professor Burns records a curious episode which occurred just after his return from Teheran when he succumbed to flu and was persuaded to submit to a check-up at Bethesda. The doctor's findings were grim: hypertension, hypertensive heart disease, cardiac failure. But at the time this diagnosis was kept completely secret and Mr. Burns does not suggest that physical factors were decisive in this change of policy.

Instead he points to deeper reasons. In the first place, Roosevelt was obsessed by memories of Woodrow Wilson's failure in 1918. Looking back at the Congressional repudiation of the League of Nations at Versailles, Roosevelt was determined to learn from Wilson's mistakes. Under his leadership the United States would be the cre-

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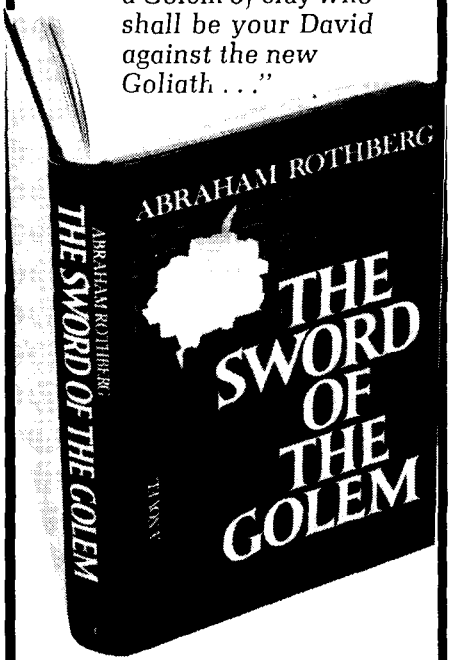

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ator of the new world organization; and for this he felt it was essential that he win the support of Stalin, even if this involved a breach of Anglo-American solidarity.

And here the major obstacle in Roosevelt's view was the existence of the British, French, and Dutch empires and Winston Churchill's determination that their restoration should be one of the fruits of victory. Professor Burns gives a careful and fair account of the reasons for Roosevelt's deep personal opposition to French colonialism in Indochina and British imperial policy in India, and I agree with him that they provided the internal justification for the President's double-dealing:

> Churchill's strategy was Western-oriented; Roosevelt at least glimpsed the explosive energy lying dormant in the billion people of Asia, especially when that energy was released and focused by the call of freedom that the anti-fascist leaders were trumpeting throughout the world.

But much more than a "glimpse" was needed to make Roosevelt what he dreamed of becoming, the effective spokesman for the colonial peoples, the American creator of a World New Deal. The trouble with Roosevelt's international policies was their negative vagueness. As a result, whenever decisions had to be taken the President's determination to adhere to liberal principles faltered. Though he grumbled behind Churchill's back, he failed to give any effective support to Gandhi or Nehru; and despite all his high-flown talk about the Chinese Republic as the Asian member of the Big Four, Chiang Kai-shek was denied the arms priority he had been promised.

ONE EXPLANATION for these failures was that on the central issue of race and color Roosevelt's liberalism was fatally flawed by his patrician upbringing; in the hard test of action he showed himself scarcely more liberal than Churchill. Mr. Burns records three critical failures. The first was his support for the wholly indefensible evacuation on racial grounds of 160,000 Japanese-Americans from the West Coast into Midwestern concentration camps. Roosevelt compounded this violation of constitutional rights by the assurance he gave to Governor Lehman of New York. Asked whether this would affect the position of Italian- and German-Americans, the President replied that he was "keenly aware of the anxiety that German and Italian aliens living in the United States must feel as a result of the Japanese evacuation from the West Coast," and he asked the Governor to assure them that "no collective evacuation of German or Italian aliens is contemplated at this time." Roosevelt instinctively felt that German and Italian aliens were members of the white world, whose rights must be respected, whereas "little yellow men" were not, even if they could claim to be American citizens. In this respect he was on a par with General MacArthur, who when asked to explain how his invincible Philippine air-defense could have been pierced, remarked that "the Japanese planes had been brilliantly handled and he thought that some of them had perhaps been handled by white pilots."

Roosevelt's attitude to the American Negro was equally reactionary. Throughout the war the American navy remained an all-white service and, although Negroes were admitted into the army, they were grouped in segregated divisions in order to insure that no white American would serve under a black officer. At home the toleration of racial inequality was just as bad. Wherever Americans moved to war industries the President tolerated segregated federal housing. And when he was chided by Negro publishers, he replied: "It is perfectly true there is definite discrimination in the actual treatment of the colored engineering troops and others. And you are up against it as you know perfectly well. . . . The trouble lies fundamentally in the attitude of certain white people . . . and well you know the kind of person it is. We all do . . . it is a question of the personality of the individual and we are up against it, absolutely up against it." As a statement of principle by a President seeking

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Stalin's help in founding a World New Deal for the colonial peoples, this takes a lot of beating.

As usual Professor Burns exposes the weaknesses of his hero with candor:

> The fact that his faith was more a set of attitudes than a firmly grounded moral code, that it embraced hope verging on utopianism and sentiment bordering on sentimentality, that it was heavily moralistic, to the point, at least in the view of some, of being hypocritical and sanctimonious—all this made his credo evocative but also soft and pasty. . . .

The mushiness of Roosevelt's liberalism was revealed most tragically after his death. Mr. Burns tells the story of the decision to use the atomic bomb with punctilious fairness. Roosevelt had been frequently warned by some of his closest advisers as well as by the scientists of the fatal incompatibility between the concept of a new world organization based on a Russian-American consensus and an Anglo-American strategy which by concealing its development from the Russians sought to retain the atomic bomb as a Western military monopoly in the war against Japan. Actually, of course, the secrecy was ineffective. Russian espionage had successfully broken the secret so that Stalin was forewarned, and merely regarded Roosevelt's behavior as proof of his unreliability. When Roosevelt died the cold war had already begun, and all that remained was for Harry Truman to show the statesmanlike ability to reconcile idealism and realism which eluded Roosevelt throughout the war.

LIKE its predecessor, *Roosevelt: The Soldier of Freedom* manages to combine a staunch liberal support for FDR with a determination to leave nothing unfavorable unsaid about Mr. Burns's hero. It is a very long and sometimes a very longwinded book, which lacks the sheer gusto of the first volume. But if the style becomes wearisome, this certainly matches the content. The sad truth is that the last traces of Roosevelt's greatness faded away in the years after Pearl Harbor.

La Vie du Poète

COCTEAU. A BIOGRAPHY. By FRANCIS STEEGMULLER. *Atlantic-Little Brown. 583 pp. $12.50.*

PROFESSIONAL SECRETS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JEAN COCTEAU. *Writings selected by* ROBERT PHELPS; *translated by* RICHARD HOWARD. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 331 pp. $8.50.*

Reviewed by RENEE WINEGARTEN

IN 1965, two years after Jean Cocteau's death, a splendid exhibition of his life and times was mounted at the Musée Jacquemart-André in Paris, presenting an unforgettable display of more than half a century of art, literature, and greasepaint. For although Cocteau did not belong to any group, and is thus especially hard to classify, there was scarcely any manifestation, important or trivial, with which he was not in some degree associated. Now the modernist clowns and harlequins, the blue trains and megaphones have entered history; the violent battles of a bygone avant-garde seem almost as remote as that of *Hernani*. Yet after so long in the spotlight, at once hated and adulated beyond measure, Cocteau remains a subject of continued fascination and controversy. How to find the thread of Ariadne to guide us through the maze of this protean and willfully elusive Minotaur—the thread of the poet's life or of his work?

"I wonder how people can write the lives of poets . . .," said Cocteau. "There are too many mysteries, too many true lies, too much of a tangle." The biography of a poet can be helpful insofar as it enables the reader to penetrate the artist's work more easily and to set this solidly in its cultural moment. In such a view, the poet's life merely provides a form of scaffolding, for it is only partially out of direct experience that the intangible architecture of his work is

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RENEE WINEGARTEN, *a frequent contributor to these pages, is the author of* French Lyric Poetry in the Age of Malherbe. *Mrs. Winegarten's article, "Jews in the Mind of France," appeared in our November 1970 number.*

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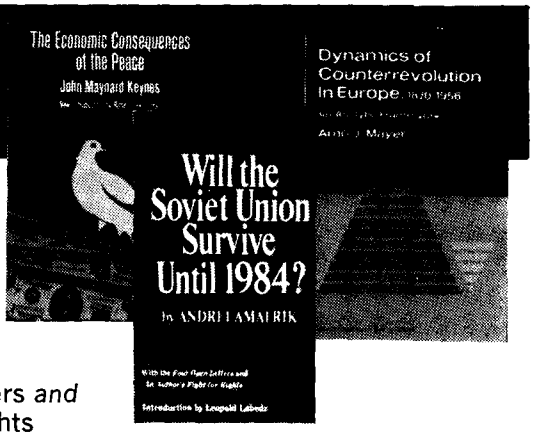
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shaped. This is not quite how Francis Steegmuller sees his purpose in his biography of Cocteau who, though he worked with acclaim in a bewildering diversity of fields—lyric verse, novel, drama, ballet, opera and oratorio, drawing, mural painting, cinema, and the rest—conceived all of them as a unity, as expressions of personal poetry and of his own inner mystery and phantasmagoria. In Francis Steegmuller's view, "Out of his life, so often derailed, came the work that makes the life worth recounting," that is, the work justifies the life. It is rather as if *Kubla Khan* raised the value of the visitor from Porlock, instead of determining our interest in the mysterious imaginative road to Xanadu.

The trouble is that Cocteau continues to pose considerable problems for all who try to approach him. One of these difficulties is how to disentangle the frivolous prince from the dedicated professional artist he indubitably was (although some would deny him the title). Before a meaningful relation between life and work could be established, it would be necessary to distinguish between those works which principally affected the taste of the day and those of more enduring merit. Otherwise, the Cocteau story becomes in large part an adjunct of the salons, the Diaghilev ballet, the music hall, the backbiting and infighting of the Parisian literary world, to say nothing of the tormented destinies of his various "angels" or "adopted sons." All this is rich and fascinating enough and a tempting (if poisoned) gift to the biographer. A straightforward approach certainly has the merit of clearing the air, but it also leaves the main difficulty unresolved. Legend is painstakingly sifted from fact: curiously, though, the effect is rather like quenching Aladdin's lamp, since Aladdin-Cocteau thrives in that poetic region where fantasy and mystery prove more potent than actuality.

Cocteau the witty and scintillating enchanter, the dazzling conjurer whose legerdemain could produce a magic rose out of sordid and prosaic soil, or evoke El Greco's Toledo out of a dead frog

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and electricity; whose extravagant theatricality made him akin to his own "sacred monsters"; whose blood (as he liked to say) was ink, becomes the cultural chameleon and modish self-advertiser. He appears as the man who was snubbed by Apollinaire and who was not nearly so intimate with Stravinsky as he cared to pretend. Doubtless this diminution of the role he claimed in his need to be loved is one aspect of the truth about Cocteau, yet it is not the only truth, perhaps not even the most important truth about him. Francis Steegmuller's biography is as elegantly composed and as pleasurable to read as his *Flaubert and Madame Bovary* but—perhaps unwittingly—it encourages one to feel less confident about and less well-disposed toward Cocteau; whereas what one should be remembering is that Cocteau was not the first highly gifted artist to be an equivocal human being.

MUCH AS the author seeks for something agreeable to say about Cocteau's character, stressing notably his generosity to friends, there are only too many elements that he finds hard to take, beginning with the small boy in a tantrum who frightened his mother into concealing a gift of cigars for their manservant, and then denounced her to a railway customs inspector. Cocteau could be bitchy, and was not above betraying a colleague, like the designer Bakst, with a word. And for the middle-aged deceiver and self-deceiver, noisily indulging in an affair with a high-born lady for the avowed purpose of begetting a son, while keeping concealed behind her photograph the picture of a narcissistic and elastic ephebe capable of a striking feat of sexual acrobatics (a description discreetly left in French), a certain amused and urbane distaste is manifest.

Significantly, Cocteau never alluded to his father's suicide in 1898, though he was not averse to hinting that the latter's unhappiness may have been caused by repressed homosexual tastes. At fifteen, Cocteau had escaped from his well-connected bourgeois milieu to spend some months in the male brothels and the underworld of Marseilles. In 1908, when only eighteen, he was launched by the homosexual actor Edouard de Max, and became the darling of the salons frequented by Proust, later dropping the poems written in this period from the canon. The impact of the Russian ballet, of Stravinsky and Picasso, and of World War I made of Cocteau the poet upon whom the mantle of Apollinaire had fallen, the advocate of Satie and the composers known as the Six, the arbiter of taste who enlarged the sensibilities of his contemporaries.

Young men began to hang about outside his home and address their prayers to his photograph. Meanwhile, the droll poet, Max Jacob, a convert to Christianity, had introduced him to the tough-minded youthful prodigy, Raymond Radiguet, author of *The Devil in the Flesh*, who inspired some of Cocteau's finest poems and whose untimely death at the age of twenty led Cocteau to despair and opium. Through the offices of the neo-Thomist philosopher, Jacques Maritain, and his Jewish-born wife, Raïssa, he momentarily returned to the Catholic rites, taking with him his (then) admirer, the shady Maurice Sachs, of whom a friend said, "When we heard you were in the Seminary, we thought it was a new night club." A novelist was later wittily to characterize this extraordinary episode of religious conversions in the 20's as "pederasthomism." Maritain was shocked to discover that Cocteau did not intend to sacrifice opium or his association with Jean Desbordes, apostle of self-indulgent sexuality. Art and religion did not mix, suggested Cocteau in an interview in 1928, above all art must be free, and he added: "Art is the spirit made flesh, and the spirit is made flesh through a marriage between the artist and himself, and other extremely dubious forms of incest."

Narcissism and egotism—the reverse of Cocteau's gift of prolonged childhood—led to imperviousness or callousness. A lack of proportion, typical perhaps of a

From The Diary of Rabbi Siegel:

APRIL 8

When I arrived at my office this morning, a secretary greeted me, most improbably: "I don't think I really believe in the formal God," she insisted.

"Are you rejecting a concept," I asked, "or are you rejecting the whole God reality? Your concept of God is unimportant. The only thing that should matter is your own personal relationship to God."

It was the best I could do before I had my coffee.

DECEMBER 19

I conducted a funeral this morning, and afterward, during the traditional meal of consolation, a member of Temple Israel came up to me. "Rabbi," she said, "what do you think of the new ballroom at our temple?"

"I think," I said, "that it is morally and esthetically grotesque."

The woman gave me an icy look.

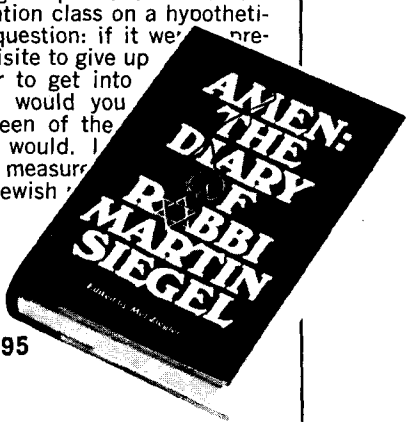
"When your salary is as large as Rabbi Zion's," she said, "then you'll be able to talk."

MARCH 29

The mother-daughter service this morning was a sell-out. It happens every time we have any program involving children. People today have moved away from an external God, yet really aren't satisfied with just worshipping themselves, primarily because they realize they don't stand for anything except their Cadillacs and Puccis. Thus the children, because they provide all the things God used to provide (immortality, love, relationship, etc.) have been moved in to become the center of value, the living idols.

SEPTEMBER 4

Tonight I polled the new confirmation class on a hypothetical question: if it we[re] pre-requisite to give up [in] order to get into [col]lege, would you [?] Thirteen of the[m] they would. I [am] good measur[e] the Jewish [re]



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certain kind of poetic temperament, caused him to show more emotion at a personal attack upon himself than at the fall of France in 1940. He made the mistake of writing in praise of Hitler's favorite sculptor in 1943, though he also did his best to obtain the release of Max Jacob, who died in Drancy prison. Like so many others after the war, he needed to justify himself, and absurdly told Harold Nicolson that he had felt he owed it to his art not to join the Resistance.

Basically, Cocteau was lost in the world of politics and affairs: all he cared about was the Left and Right of art. He represented the fading flowering of a poetic outlook derived from Baudelaire. Perhaps, too, Baudelaire's yearning to plunge into the Unknown in search of the *new* was to do Cocteau, who echoed it, more harm than good. He became self-conscious about the modern, and ended by doing the opposite of what was going on at the moment. This preoccupation with modernity was one side of Cocteau that particularly aroused the animosity of Gide. But along with Gide he figures among the last of those larger-than-life French literary myth-makers, skillful manipulators of their own public image.

What seems to be missing from Francis Steegmuller's book is any strong view about Cocteau's place and contribution as a poet in the widest sense (as distinct from his role as historical figure and as witness of his era). While not, of course, attempting an assessment of Cocteau, like most observers he sees the high point of Cocteau's career in the poems, plays, novels, essays, and other works that came out of World War I and the opium-smoking 20's. With the dramas of the 30's he perceives an evident decline, followed by a renewal in the films of the 40's. Such a standpoint determines the pattern of his book. He therefore concentrates on the period up to 1930, and tends to skip over the later plays, feeling perhaps that these have been more than adequately dealt with in English by critics like Grossvogel and Guicharnaud, among others.

This judgment makes for tidiness but it appears especially hard on a play like *The Infernal Machine*, first produced in 1934, which some noteworthy critics have considered Cocteau's greatest dramatic achievement. As Robert Phelps observes in his introduction to his useful anthology of (rather truncated) excerpts from Cocteau's miscellaneous writings in translation, the Sphinx's incantation in that play was one of the best prose passages Cocteau ever composed. The revival in 1954 at the Bouffes-Parisiens, with the enchanting Elvire Popesco (for whom the part was originally written) as Jocasta, Jeanne Moreau as the Sphinx, and Cocteau's devoted protégé Jean Marais as Oedipus, proved impressive at a moment when the postwar Parisian stage was at its liveliest. Moreover, Cocteau's films seem overpraised here at the expense of his plays. Leaving aside the extraordinary experiment, *The Blood of a Poet*, his best movies, *Beauty and the Beast* and *Orpheus* (based on the play of 1926), have their place in the history of the cinema no doubt, as examples of the way a director could succeed in imprinting on film an intensely personal form of poetry; yet in the light of his early works they appear largely as the exploitation, in another medium, of a familiar vein of imagery.

What the biographer seeks—the inner man—is just what Cocteau was anxious to preserve behind his masks. As Cocteau often maintained, the outer visible appearance protected an inner inviolate core. To put the worst construction on this—Eric Bentley's—is to presume that the visible conceals nothing but a vacuum. To put the best construction upon it would be to say with Keats that the poet lacks identity. For Max Jacob (and for himself) Cocteau was "the Poet" with a capital P. Cocteau believed in the conception of the poet as accursed, a creature apart, possessed by and suffering under the weight of the god. He was the instrument of he knew not what. The Muses who sought neither to please nor to displease visited him . . . and left him. In the end, one is no nearer knowing the "real" Cocteau through his biography—the "real" Cocteau who exists and will survive in his best work.

Highmindedness

NEW YORK JEWS AND THE QUEST FOR COMMUNITY: THE KEHILLAH EXPERIMENT, 1908-1922. By ARTHUR A. GOREN. *Columbia University Press. 361 pp. $10.00.*

Reviewed by RONALD SANDERS

EARLIER in the century, spanning the years 1908 to 1922, a curious and rather highminded experiment in local community organization was carried out in New York under the initiative of some of the city's most prominent Jewish residents. Known as the Kehillah, it was an attempt at recreating, in American terms, some of the aspects and functions of the body of the same name that, in an earlier age, had enjoyed widespread prominence among the Jewish communities of Eastern Europe. There it had been a phenomenon of medieval corporatism, a system of self-government—centered mainly around the synagogue—which drew its impetus as much from the fact of enforced Jewish separateness from the society at large as from the desirability of presenting a united front to the sovereign power. Under despotic and anti-Semitic regimes, the Kehillah became the sole means of political expression available to the Jewish communities. Speaking of the Kehillah in its heyday, that is, in the century preceding the Chmelnicki assaults of 1648, the noted historian of East European Jewry, S. M. Dubnow, has written as follows:

> This firmly-knit organization of communal self-government could not but foster among the Jews of Poland a spirit of discipline and obedience to the law. It had an educational effect on the Jewish populace, which was left by the government to itself, and had no share in the common life of the country. It provided the stateless nation with a substitute for national and political self-expression, keeping public spirit and civic virtue alive in it, and up-

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RONALD SANDERS *is the author of* The Downtown Jews *(Harper & Row), which was reviewed in our March 1970 issue.*

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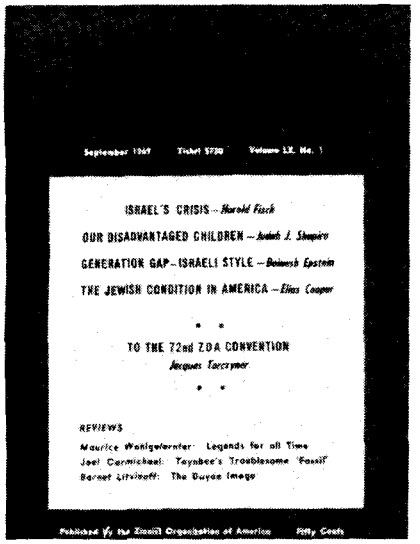
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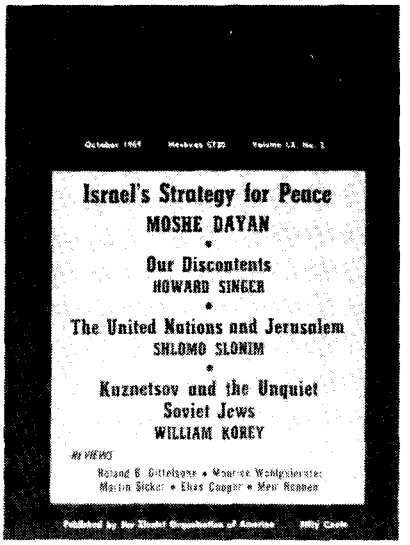

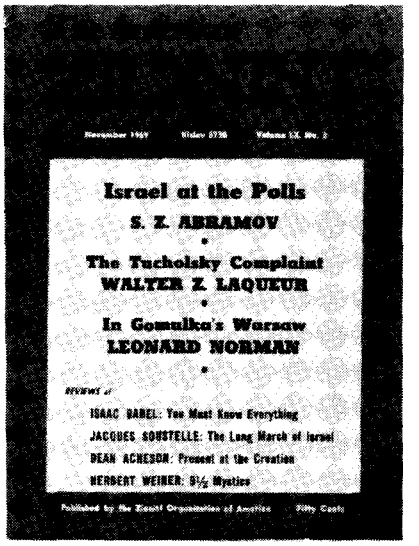

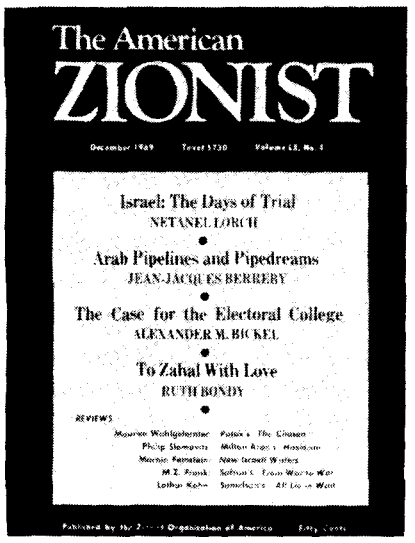

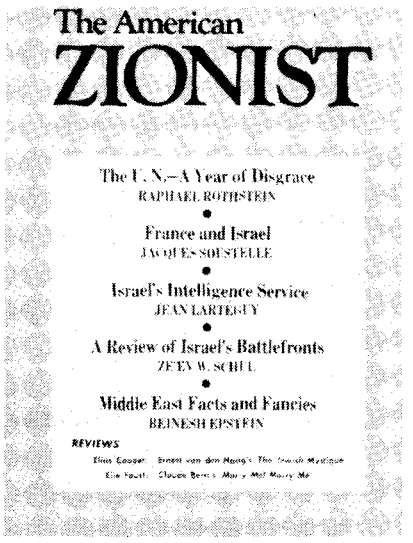

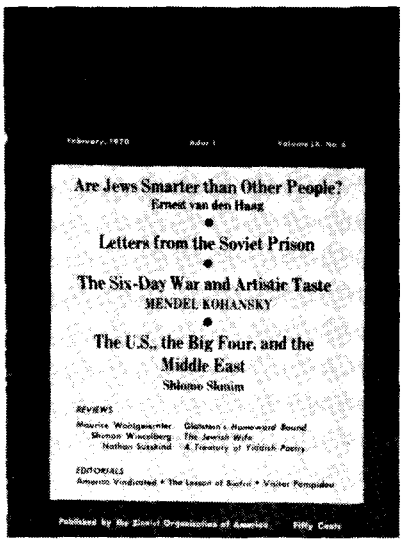
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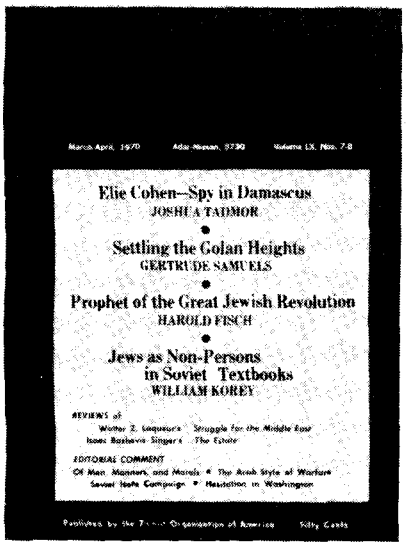

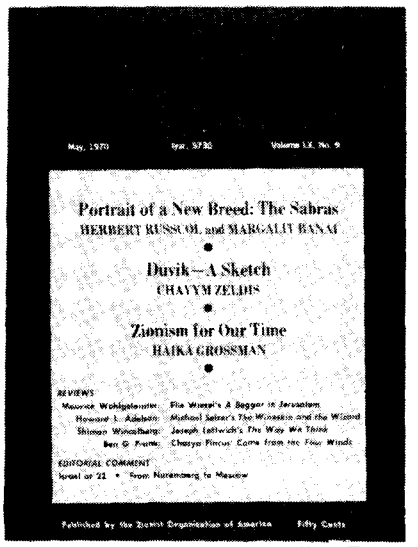

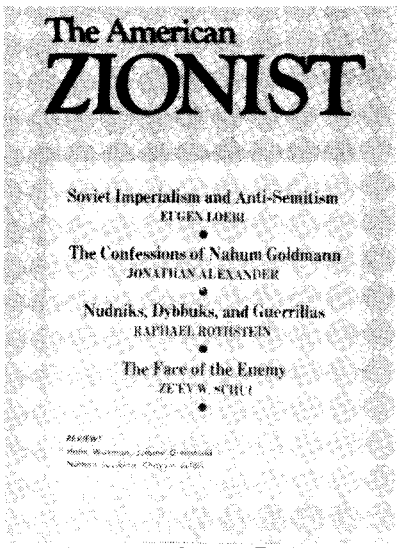

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holding and unfolding its genuine culture.

Such a body would hardly seem in keeping with the atmosphere of American liberal democracy, although one can readily see its appeal to a certain spirit of philanthropic paternalism, as had begun to assert itself among the ranks of wealthy Jewish New Yorkers at the turn of the century.

In particular, the vision which the old Kehillah held out for these patricians was that of an idyllic communal harmony that had somehow been lost. For by 1908, Jewish community life in New York was perhaps even more rent by factional strife than at any time since. The mass immigration of Jews from Eastern Europe that had begun in the 1870's and was still going on had transformed much of the Lower East Side of Manhattan into a New World "ghetto," as some liked to call it. The new immigrants constituted an enormous and often troubling counterpoise to the circles that had hitherto dominated the city's Jewish community—mainly the German Jews and their descendants, whose entry into American society had been so successful that some of them were now living in millionaire's mansions on upper Fifth Avenue.

THE GAP that separated the "uptown" from the "downtown" Jews was not merely a function of the difference between wealth and poverty. Of even greater significance were the differences in manners, folkways, ancestral languages —and even religion, as it were; together, these formed the elements of a constantly seething *Kulturkampf*. To the downtown immigrants, the Reform Judaism and the conscientiously non-ethnic comportment of the German-American Jews uptown seemed pallid and intolerably *goyish*. To the uptown Jews, on the other hand, the "unruliness" of the new arrivals from Eastern Europe, not only in manner and appearance but also in political and social behavior, seemed especially threatening—which accounted, in large part, for their abundant downtown philanthropies.

It was specifically over a manifestation of downtown unruliness —the alarming incidence of crime in the "ghetto"—that the movement to found the New York Kehillah began, as we learn from the lucid account in Arthur A. Goren's *New York Jews and the Quest for Community*. The immediate spur was an article by the then police commissioner of New York, Theodore A. Bingham, in the September 1908 issue of the *North American Review*, in which he maintained that "perhaps half" of the criminals in the city were "Hebrews." At first, the storm of protest that this charge provoked among the Jews of New York seemed about to turn into yet another conflict between the two Jewish communities. Whereas the downtown Yiddish press cried "lies" and "outrage," the uptown Anglo-Jewish journals chided their immigrant counterparts for the "excessive sensitiveness" of their reaction and spoke in tones implying a certain fear that the Commissioner's accusation might have been true. The old communal antagonism seemed for a moment to have found a new battleground; but this time something quite unprecedented took place.

Out of the welter of recrimination and counter-recrimination came the realization, on the part of all segments of the community, that New York Jewry must at last begin to act as a united force, not only so as to be able to reply effectively to scurrilous allegations, but also for the purpose of dealing with such unpleasant matters as Jewish criminals—whose existence was indeed a fact, even if Commissioner Bingham's estimate of their numbers had been exaggerated (he later issued a retraction).

To be sure, a certain traditional highmindedness manifest among the notables of both communities was appalled at the notion that anyone should even think that there was such a thing as "Jewish crime." Not that this was the only view that could be taken of the matter. The secularist and social-democratic *Jewish Daily Forward*, at the time emerging as the most powerful organ of the Yiddish-speaking masses of New York, argued that the very use of the term "Jewish crime" was misguided, since crime was the product of the evils of society in general and not confined to any one group.

But leaders of Orthodox opinion downtown—certain rabbis, along with the two religious Yiddish newspapers, the *Tageblatt* and the *Morgen Zhurnal*, who together were engaged in a struggle to reestablish some of the old-line theocratic power that had been lost in the passage to America—approached the matter in a spirit of ruffled ethnocentric pride that brought them into unlikely accord with uptown philanthropists of the traditional German-Jewish defense-organization variety. It was a meeting of two types of paternalism. These strange bedfellows —among them Orthodox and Reform rabbis who only a short time before were the most implacable of antagonists—created the New York Kehillah, an organization which would, it was hoped, be the voice of New York Jewry as a whole. It is no wonder that the *Forward*, which conscientiously ignored the entire project, looked upon it from the outset, according to Mr. Goren, "as a plot by clerics and philanthropists to dominate Jewish communal life."

It is also no surprise to read that the Kehillah approached the crime issue with a zeal that was excessive at times. First the Executive Committee passed the following resolution: "As citizens of the city and as Jews, we view with profound indignation the profanation of the Jewish name brought about by these events, and the implication of Jews in practices of vices which have, up to very recent years, been proverbially unknown among our people." Then a Bureau of Social Morals was created. Initially conceived as an investigative body, it soon turned into a semi-official Jewish vice-squad for the police department. As Mr. Goren writes:

> The heart of the Kehillah's anti-crime apparatus was its excellent intelligence network. Kehillah agents supplied the detailed information that led to gambling raids, revocation of licenses, and the arraignment of individual criminals.

The Kehillah's chief investigator,

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Abe Shoenfeld, served as secretary to one of New York's deputy police commissioners for a time; "the deputy police commissioner ordered and led raids and his secretary, Shoenfeld, commanded one of . . . two roving 'strong arm' squads." After a while, both City Hall and some of the Kehillah's financial supporters grew embarrassed by all this police activity, and the Bureau of Social Morals was discontinued.

It would be wrong, however, to portray the Kehillah strictly in terms of its crusading zeal. Certain of its programs—above all, the educational one, which established criteria for the modern study of Jewish culture and history, and which has proved of lasting influence in American-Jewish life—were of great importance. Furthermore, the organization provided New York Jewry for a few years with a spokesman of outstanding qualities. Indeed, the Kehillah's very *raison d'être* through most of its existence was that it gave a position of influence and of some power to Judah L. Magnes, one of the most gifted personalities produced by American Jewry. (Born in California of mixed German- and Polish-Jewish parentage, Magnes, who later went on to become the chancellor of the Hebrew University, devoted much of his energies as chairman of the Kehillah to seeking a reconciliation between the two communities that were joined in his own ancestry. Weaned in the philosophic and cultural liberalism of Hebrew Union College, from which he was graduated as a Reform rabbi, he combined the catholicity of outlook that this background gave him with an ardent Jewish cultural nationalism of a sort that was anathema to his Reform colleagues.)

IN SUM, Arthur Goren's examination of the Kehillah episode is a splendid work of research scholarship. Indeed, some its chapters, based on hitherto unknown material from archives in New York and Jerusalem, constitute something like a revelation about forgotten aspects of American-Jewish history, particularly those dealing with crime. Although the presence of Jewish names among "big-time" criminals has long been known and widely commented on, it has generally been too little recognized that petty crime was also widespread in the Jewish immigrant quarter of New York. Mr. Goren's book corrects this oversight, and should therefore, among other things, prove helpful in fostering a better understanding of the universality of certain urban ghetto problems.

But there are other aspects of his subject on which Mr. Goren is less satisfactory. One could have hoped for a fuller examination of the roots of the Kehillah idea—for example, a more thorough account of the conditions that had created the institution in the Old World, and of the significant variations in the New World circumstances that were likely to effect the outcome of a Kehillah project. In reading Mr. Goren's book, one has a strong impression—although it is not explicitly confirmed by anything the author says—that the conditions of American life virtually doomed the project from the outset. Yet he tends to treat its eventual failure as though that were merely fortuitous.

It may be that this somewhat ambiguous effect in Goren's treatment of the problem is the result of the peculiarities of American graduate-thesis writing, out of which this book was produced. In that atmosphere, speculation is discouraged, and any foray into related but different disciplines—in this case, sociology would have been the required companion-field to history—is a step taken only with the heaviest heart. The result is that the book shows shortcomings in the areas that would have required, for the most successful results, bold imaginative and intellectual leaps away from the strict use of archival material. There is, however, sufficient evidence to indicate that in future efforts Mr. Goren should be able to transcend the hazards of the academy. Meanwhile, on the subject of the New York Kehillah, he has provided a first-rate and solid factual base; anyone interested in further speculation on the matter will have first to reckon with this book.

Comeback

THE REBIRTH OF EUROPE: A HISTORY OF THE YEARS SINCE THE FALL OF HITLER. By WALTER LAQUEUR. *Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 434 pp. $8.95.*

Reviewed by ANTHONY HARTLEY

THIS, for many of us, was lived history, and to read about it in Walter Laqueur's excellent book brings sharply back to mind what that aftermath of an apocalypse was like. The gutted buildings, the twisted railway tracks, the ration books, the black market, the privileged military enclaves, the exhortations of politicians as another cold, hungry winter approached—one had forgotten these things: the Vienna of *The Third Man*, the Berlin of *Berlin Year Zero*. These were not "the problems of advanced industrial society," still less of "the affluent society." They were just problems—the results of famine, disease, war, and of man's intentional inhumanity to man, whose symbol and consequence were the camps for displaced persons.

Europeans have come a long way since then—it is the main purpose of Laqueur's book to remind us of it. It is a far cry from the France of the existentialists and the power cuts which forced one to read their works by candlelight to that of the Maoists and the *Club Mediterranée*. Indeed, the one remaining common factor seems to be Jean-Paul Sartre. Western Europe, at any rate, was soon on the road to recovery as a result of American generosity as well as of its own efforts. For Western Europe was the great success story of American foreign policy, and, at a time when a certain discouragement over the results of commitments abroad has set in, it is no bad thing to be reminded of it.

In Eastern Europe it was a different story. The terror institutionalized by Stalin may have ceased with his death, but the ponderous weight of a bureaucracy composed

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ANTHONY HARTLEY *is the author of* A State of England. *Mr. Hartley reviewed Leopold Tyrmand's* Notebooks of a Dilettante *in our August 1970 issue.*

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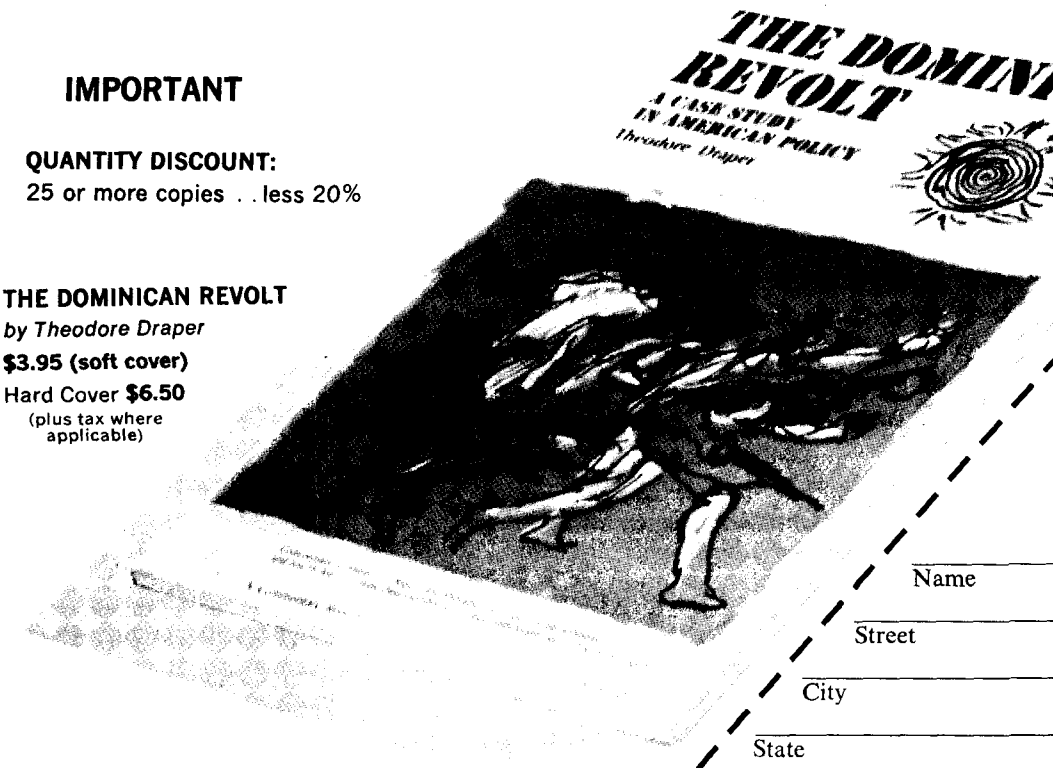

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of untalented time-servers and kept in position by the police has effectively prevented the attainment of Western European standards of living. Government in Eastern Europe has tended to be the apotheosis of the mediocre, all too concerned to suppress originality and brilliance. These are shabby tyrannies, but it is a cheering reflection that they have not wholly been able to prevent the manifestation of the free human spirit. In terms of Russia's future, it is hard not to think that Solzhenitsyn will ultimately be more important than Sputnik.

As FOR Western Europe, it must now decide what to do with its affluence. Will it do anything? Is it not rather "bound" for an eternity of bliss spent in the very best hotel in Brighton—or Cannes? The question is not without its urgency, since it now rather looks as if European integration will go ahead with the enlargement of the European Economic Community, with a start being made on such matters as a unified monetary policy and technological cooperation. What is not so certain is whether out of an integrated economic area there will arise a political entity conscious of its own personality and capable of pursuing policies appropriate to its own considerable power. The New Europe, if it is to be more than a magnified joint-stock company, will have to decide the questions traditionally posed for every state—questions of war and peace and questions of political advantage.

For, while it seems unlikely that an integrated Europe will feel much need for global self-expression, matters closer to home than Vietnam or South Africa will undoubtedly demand its attention. A "regional" Europe—that is, a Europe concerned with its own immediate interests in a geographical sense—would find that the association agreements arrived at by the Brussels Commission (and so much disliked by Mr. Stans and the U.S. Department of Commerce) have sketched out a possible foreign policy for it. North Africa, West Africa, the countries around the Mediterranean—these are the areas that will receive the economic fall-out from a prosperous Europe. These are also the areas in which such a Europe could expect to exercise political influence. That that influence might be described as an enlightened neo-colonialism should not deter anyone in 1971.

UNDOUBTEDLY, however, the biggest problem to be faced by an emergent Europe will be that of its relations with Russia at a time when the latter's military power looms larger than ever and there is talk of American withdrawal from the line of the Elbe. The dialogue between Europe and the Soviet Union is now beginning—unfortunately in dispersed order and a disadvantageous position on the European side. The present Russian regime (and any successor regime to it, whether officially Communist or not) will continue to believe in the secular European mission so dauntingly defined by Dostoevsky in his eulogy of Pushkin. Whether the desire to hug Europe to death will also persist is an open question—but not one which Europeans can assume will be necessarily answered in the negative.

The political tasks which await Europeans, therefore, are considerable ones, more realistic in their nature perhaps than the chimeras of global power or the paper exchanges of alliance politics. Laqueur's book suggests a dogged indestructibility about the Western European political community which might lead one to optimistic conclusions concerning its ability to carry out the tasks before it.

Europeans are, in any case, condemned to optimism. For what is the alternative? To accept being a kind of Sweden living on the good pleasure of a precarious balance of power and overcompensating by yammering on about other people's international misdemeanors? To be increasingly influenced by the preponderant power to the East? To depend forever on the United States? None of these possibilities presents Europe with an opportunity worthy of its historic past or present capacities. An emergent European political entity must exercise its own power in the measure that this is feasible and realistic. Here again history has lessons to teach—in the first place, that affluence is not enough (an intuition common to Kipling and to the French student rioters of May 1968, but more clearly realized by the former than the latter). Laqueur's book might instill some self-confidence into the hearts of European statesmen. It might also suggest to the futurists that we can only have some idea of what the future will be when we have contemplated the past—and not only past statistics.

Personal Memoir

GOOD-BYE, UNION SQUARE. By ALBERT HALPER. *Quadrangle Press. 275 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by LOUIS BERG

ALBERT HALPER'S cool account of his experiences in the literary and radical milieu of the 1930's should not be judged as a picture of the times. It is a highly personal memoir, and a certain amount of self-centeredness is inevitable and proper in writing of this kind—one man's viewpoint. However, it is precisely the author's lack of personal involvement that makes the memoir fall short in its description both of the literary and the radical milieu.

Halper was by nature a loner—"it was a solitary, very satisfactory life," he writes of himself at a time when all around him storms were raging which he viewed idly, as through a window of his room, secure from the buffeting winds. It was a wordy period, but he took no part in the heated debates, the political and literary feuds, the charges and countercharges—not verbally and not in print. "I soon learned I could live for weeks on end without uttering a word to anyone." Even the Depression which shook the nation did not touch him, left no mark—he was jobless by choice and be-

LOUIS BERG *reviewed* The Wartime Journals of Charles A. Lindbergh *in our February number.*

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sides his writing was at last beginning to sell.

Because he wrote sympathetically and well about the people he knew best—these being, aside from his family, his fellow workers in foundry and factory, his neighbors in the wretched tenements in which he mostly lived, all poor, all beaten—the Communist intelligentsia hailed him as a proletarian writer: when they found out their mistake and turned on him with their usual violence, Halper was not affected by their abuse; suffered none of the wrench of losing a cause for which one has sacrificed one's time, one's energy, one's hope for the future, and indeed one's truth and personal decency; experienced none of the feeling of emptiness that meant tragedy for some of the victims.

IN TRUTH Halper was neither in Union Square nor of it. My strictures may be presumed to be against the title, rather than the book, which is highly readable and may even be said to have the virtues of detachment. I am moved not so much to criticize as to add a chapter of my own. I do not wish to exaggerate my involvement in radical politics, which was more emotional than practical. I never joined the Communist party, though this was probably due to their lack of interest rather than mine. The party had just discovered native America—it was at this time that the left-wing guitar and class-conscious folk music made their appearance on the radical scene.

Busy with frantic efforts to recruit into its ranks a native-born working class—preferably Nordic and Negro—the party had no time to spare for Jews and intellectuals, reasoning with some justice that it already had more of these than it really needed. "I think I can arrange for you to write for the *New Masses*," said a Communist friend to me, "but I can't get you into the John Reed Club" (the party's literary society). His tone, though he was himself Jewish, was that of a WASP member of an exclusive country club inviting a Jew to whom he was under some obligation to join him as a guest in a round of golf there, but warning him (to save later embarrassment) not to be encouraged to apply for membership.

This inverse snobbery confined my efforts on behalf of "the working class" largely to activities associated with so-called labor defense. I traveled with a Communist cameraman to Decatur, Alabama, there to write the script for a movie documentary of the Scottsboro Trial (involving some black juveniles, the youngest only thirteen years old, accused by two white prostitutes of having raped them). The Scottsboro case is all but forgotten now, but it was an international *cause célèbre* at the time.

I COULD wish that all my radical involvements had been as justifiable. Mainly they now appear as excrescences upon my youthful past—inner turmoil emerging in the form of pimples to embarrass me. Was I so insensitive as to swallow the guff (gulping to be sure) that the party was handing out? Did I condone—Halper was wiser—as temporary aberrations, the cruelties and excesses of the so-called Third Period, characterized by the party theoreticians' call for Instant Revolution? Lunatic directives were being issued for the storming of City Hall—the New York Mayor's place of business transmogrified into the Czar's Winter Palace. Dutifully the party faithful obeyed the directive and gathered in Park Place, there to be clubbed by the Cossacks (read "Pigs" today). Dutifully, zealous girl comrades in dirndls covered the waterfront (were covered there, might be a more apt description). The party did not actually enjoin them to sleep with the longshoremen they were sent to convert, but no sacrifice was too great in the service of the working class.

The Third Period was marked also by an abject but futile wooing of the Negroes (as blacks were known in those benighted days). "We can't all of us be Negroes," said Robert Minor, an excellent cartoonist who discarded brush and crayon to become a party functionary, "but we can at least try to be mulattoes."

To be sure, I had voiced reservations, which hardly made me a true candidate for party membership. I was attached to and identified as a member of the so-called *Menorah Journal* group, composed of writers, editors of the magazine, and their friends, who had become radicalized by the Depression, but who were nevertheless viewed with some suspicion by the party, though it accepted their services. We had our own brand of snobbishness—we had read Karl Marx and Engels, not to mention the collected works of Lenin. We stilled our doubts, however, as to the sanity of American Communist leadership with the reflection that the Soviet Union did not appear to be taking the American movement seriously either, and we aligned ourselves with the so-called "healthies" in the party, who did not, however, remain healthy for long.

I SOMETIMES wonder if the ridiculosities of the Communist movement in this country did not turn us against it as much as its cruelties, its betrayals, its hypocritical twists and turns. We were bound to laugh at it and laughter was heresy. In any event, amusement soon turned to anger. We could not stomach the Moscow Trials, the betrayals of the Lincoln Brigade in Spain, the brutal disregard of even elementary democratic procedure, not only in party meetings to which we were privy, but even in Communist-front organizations. We made public our objection to the attempts of the Communists to break up a meeting held by Socialists in commemoration of their own martyrs in the fight against fascism in Austria, and of course were forthwith consigned, as the fashion was, "to the dust heap of history."

Mike Gold, whose book, *Jews Without Money*, I had reviewed favorably for the *Menorah Journal* and who had heretofore greeted me with enthusiasm, now glared at me in the manner reserved for deviationists, Trotskyists, traitors, and the like. "We accept your help now," he said, "but that won't keep us from lining you up against the wall when the time comes."

Other minor absurdities, straws

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in the wind, come to mind. I was playing a silly game, "Categories," with an Irish comrade (called Kevin O'Malley in Halper's book) and his fanatically dedicated Stalinist girl friend. Not altogether innocently I listed Stalin under "Dictators" and was immediately challenged by the girl. "O'Malley" made the mistake of half-heartedly defending my listing—he was getting shaky himself. It marked the end of the romance. I never saw the girl again; neither did my Irish friend. When war broke out, he enlisted in the Canadian Air Force in defiance of the Hitler-Stalin Pact, and was killed, poor fellow, in combat.

To RETURN to Halper's book, some of his portraits of the personages of the period are excellent—notably his strangely moving description of Maxim Lieber, his agent, a mysterious character who discovered many a writer and ruined many, all apparently in the service of the party. Halper is less fortunate in his description of the late Elliot E. Cohen, then *de facto* editor of the *Menorah Journal*, and later editor until his death in 1958 of COMMENTARY, which he founded. Here, for the first time, I must really quarrel with Halper's account. I knew Elliot Cohen perhaps better than Halper did and loved him dearly, but it does no justice to the memory of this complex and tormented man to present him as a saint. Patron, mentor, the truest of friends he was indeed to Halper and to many another young writer. Like most dedicated people, however, he could be ice-cold to those who seemed to stand in the way of his goals. No man had warmer friends, but at the same time no man ever earned bitterer enemies.

Cohen had been an infant prodigy. In his early twenties, he was tutoring at Yale, and editing a magazine which H.L. Mencken (no mean editor himself) called the best-edited magazine in the country. For all his wit, knowledge of literature, skill as an editor amounting to genius, composition was agony for him. His thesis might be, and usually was, bold, original, and sound, but it became in the writing so overloaded with parenthetical thoughts and superfluous argument as to vitiate its force. He was aware of these faults but could not correct them, blue-pencil as he might; indeed, his constant revisions may have butchered his style. We once agreed to prepare an article jointly for V.F. Calverton's magazine on the subject of the workers' May Day. I was to do the first draft, upon which he was to impose his editorial judgment and his own ideas. Weeks passed before I was called in to read his version. His study floor was lined with neat piles of paper marked Version A, Version B, and so on, literally through the alphabet, and all bearing the mark of paste and shears. It was frightening.

Halper refers to Elliot Cohen's wit without giving us a sample of it. I am in a position to remedy the lack. At a meeting, which dragged, on behalf of the Scottsboro Boys, Elliot stretched himself and yawned. "The Scottsboro Boys," he said, "must be pretty tired of this case by now." Such levity was not to be tolerated. "Easy to sit there and make jokes," snapped a comrade. "It is?" said Elliot. "Let's hear you make one."

Good-bye, Union Square, in sum, is readable, even-tempered, and eminently sane, even if it does less than perfect justice to the period and to some of the personalities with which it deals.

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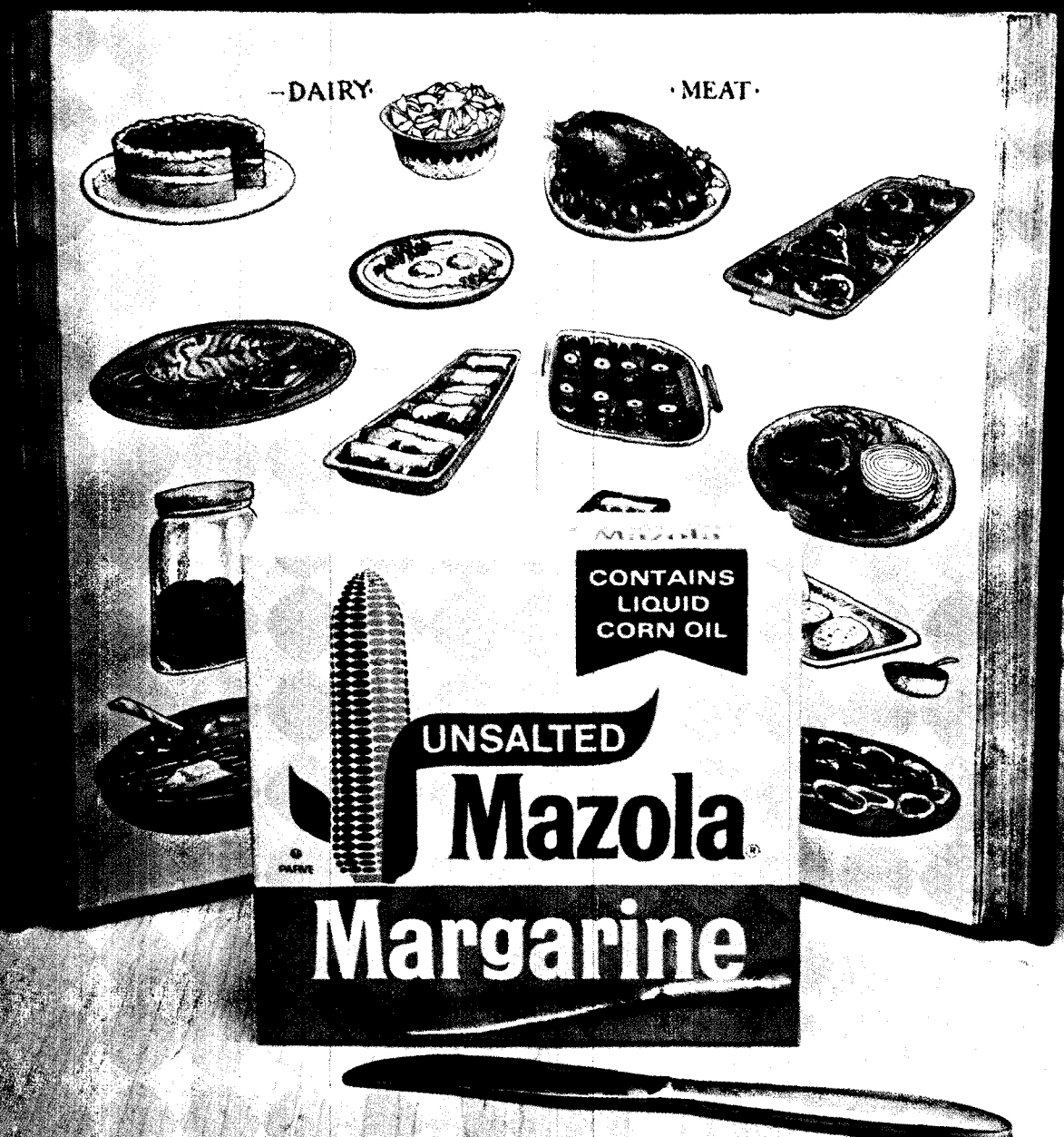

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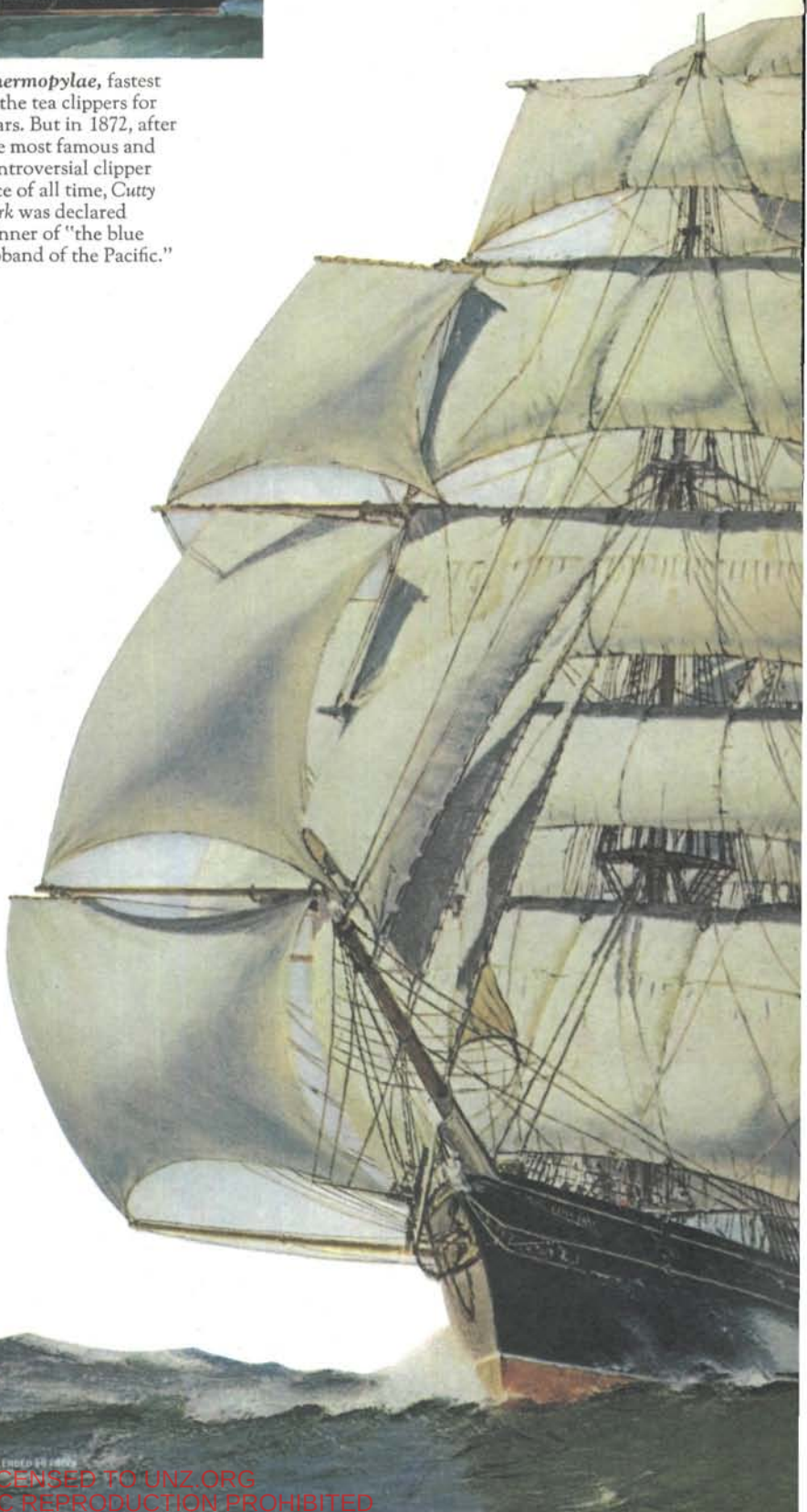
For exact replica of antique 3-pint "Liverpool" Cutty Sark pitcher, above, send check or money order for $4.95 to: Cutty Sark Pitcher, P. O. Box 56, New York, N. Y. 10046. Offer void where prohibited.



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